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ANNALS OF  
A BUCKS COUNTY FAMILY  
OF  
OLD TAYLORSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

BY  
MARY SNYDER TAYLOR

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MARY SNYDER TAYLOR

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*Father*  
*in*  
*His Ninety-third Year*

*"The main enterprise of the world, for splendor, for extent, is the upbuilding of a man.*

*"The private life of one man shall be a more illustrious monarchy, more formidable to its enemy, more sweet and serene in its influence than any kingdom in history."*

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON



To  
FATHER AND MOTHER  
AND  
ALL OTHER LOVERS OF BUCKS COUNTY



## FOREWORD

This is Father's Story. He has supplied most of the information contained in the three parts of the book and has been the inspiration for such supplemental portions as have been added by the author. The chronicle is the life history of a humble, good man who lived an uneventful life, a life of unselfishness, cheerfulness and staunch loyalties; a life of interest in that it witnessed more material changes than any other ninety years in the world's history; a life whose very simplicity made it beautiful and worthy a tribute.

It was a life rooted in an English Quaker ancestry, whose descendants came to Pennsylvania in the earliest years of the colony and settled in Philadelphia and Bucks County. They were men and women who were neither ordinary nor extraordinary. Home-loving, thrifty, upright, they built plain but enduring Meeting Houses for worship and substantial homes of lasting beauty. Their simple, sturdy habits of industrious and righteous living won the confidence and respect of neighbor and friend. Many held responsible positions and faithfully served their country, their community, and their God.

The story of Father's life would not be complete without some chronicles of the neighborhood in which it began—a neighborhood always fondly recalled and now set apart as one of the historical shrines of the Country.







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## PART I

### FATHER'S NINETY-THREE YEARS





## CHAPTER I

### BOYHOOD — TAYLORSVILLE

Twice a year or oftener my father and I make a pilgrimage to a little village on the banks of the Delaware in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. It is now a State Park neat and trim with well kept green lawns and open spaces, large overhanging trees and old fashioned houses of spotless white.

This spot was famous even in Father's day although its inhabitants seemed scarcely aware of it as they led their busy, quiet lives. Of course all knew it was the spot from which Washington had embarked on that bitter Christmas night when he crossed the Delaware. And all knew he had hurriedly marched his soldiers during the short winter day from the big old stone house more than three miles away, hidden back of the Jericho Hill, where they had been quartered for ten days — the house which still stands and has ever since been known as Washington's Headquarters. Less than twenty years ago the state purchased the village and surrounding land for a park to commemorate this event.

In Washington's day there were no houses of spotless white and no bridge spanned the river. The place was known as McConkey's Ferry and McConkey was the man who ferried Washington across the river. For his soldiers Washington had commandeered the Durham boats on the river during his three days of preparation for the crossing.

A few years later came the Taylors to settle in the very spot made famous by the Father of His Country. Benjamin purchased the ferry and several acres of adjoining land, in 1777, and two of his sons, Bernard and Mahlon K., secured extensive tracts of this land. Between the years 1816 and 1821 both built comfortable homes on their respective acres. The home Bernard built is now the new Inn and Mahlon's old home is the Museum.

In honor of the new owners the name of the village was changed from McConkey's Ferry to Taylor's Ferry and later to Taylorsville, which name it bore for approximately a hundred years.

A block down the street from the museum a modest old time house attracts us, for here my father was born, and all his brothers and sisters. His father built the house, simple and trim without, cheery and compact within. In the house next to this one on the west Grandfather and Grandmother began housekeeping, living there while their own home was being built more than a hundred years ago.

The few substantial old homes and the gray stone Inn within a distance of two short blocks, now form the nucleus of this historic spot even as a century ago they formed the main street of the little village of Taylorsville.

As we stand and gaze about us the quiet peaceful scene weaves over me a spell and transports me to the middle of the century now gone. The pleasing steel structure that spans the river gives place to the old covered bridge; the doors of the spotless houses and the gray stone inn open, and the electric lights wink out and tallow candles emit their mellow gleams; the concrete drives disappear and a road of dark red shale with gravel paths on either side once more holds sway.

My father is a little boy of eight or ten romping with the Phillips' children, Theodore Young, Johnnie Colligan, the Search girls and his own brothers and sisters—running into Dr. Harlow's or his great-uncle Mahlon K.'s home to eat a meal or spend the night; driving his uncle's and his father's cows to pasture in the morning and bringing them back at night, jumping into the river for a swim in summer, or skating on the canal in winter; walking a mile and a half to school and going to church and Sunday School each Sunday at the same little school house; or perchance, riding with his father across the covered bridge, listening, as I dimly remember doing myself, when a small child, to the thud, thud, of the horses' hoofs, echoed from the arched roof, tensely looking for each little window through which he may catch a glimpse of sunshine and a bit of the



river and watching the little hole at the other end grow bigger and bigger until it disappears and he is once again under the open sky.

Eight decades have passed since then, and now sitting in his favorite corner in the big rocker by the south window Father reconstructs piecemeal, the chronicles of those by-gone days as he patiently answers my questions and supplies much information of his own. For each trip we make to the old home scenes stirs up many memories for Father, who, almost a silent passenger across the stretches of New Jersey through Morristown, Far Hills and Flemington, never fails to begin his reminiscences as soon as we reach the Bucks County soil at New Hope. He suddenly becomes the most talkative member of the group—for usually close friends or relatives accompany us on these pilgrimages—and recounts one incident after another: Here, along the canal below New Hope his youngest brother's horse stumbled, lost her footing, and plunged into the canal, dragging the sulky behind her, but losing her driver, who jumped in time to avoid a wetting. On the left as we drive on toward Taylorsville is the fine old house, with the handsome front door and beautiful stairway, now standing empty and falling into decay, where as a boy of twelve he went to live with "Uncle Tommy Betts." Or, there, opposite the old schoolhouse in Taylorsville is the exact spot where, when a boy, he found a one-dollar gold piece which he proudly invested in a sheep. On the big hill along the road from Dolington to the Highland School he points out the very causeway where the faithful old family horse of his wife's cousin gave one kick which broke the quiler strap and then stood quiet as a lamb, holding the carriage in place while the distressed driver called for help when he found that the one kick had broken his wife's leg. And so the stories continue as we wind along the old country roads. Father calls by name the neighbors who lived in the old homesteads when he was young; he knows each bend of the road, just what is beyond, how far one must go before the next road turns off, whose place will be on the right or the left, and where the road will lead. When our trip is ended and we reluctantly turn our faces from the old home scenes, Father once more lapses into silence. But in the quiet of his own



home he lives again in the past and takes me with him as he tells his story of those days when he was young—a story which is ever fresh and which brings some new incident to light in every retelling.

My father, Frederic Taylor, was born in 1842 and was one of a family of nine children, two of whom died in infancy. His father was a cabinet-maker and regarded as a superior workman. The furniture he so carefully turned out was of such merit that in advertising a sale, the clause, "Furniture made by Samuel B. Taylor," was inserted as a drawing card. He learned his trade from Stacy Pickering, an excellent furniture maker, whose advice to Grandfather when learning the trade was, "Sammie, learn to do your work so well that everyone will want to buy your furniture; then you will get your name up so that you can lie abed till noon, but your furniture will always sell." His furniture sold but he never lay abed till noon.

Grandfather employed journeymen, two or three at a time. Four work benches were used in the shop, which stood east of their dwelling house, where a street now runs. This shop, which has been gone for many years, was similar to the one\* still standing in the lane of the Highland farm. The work bench which Grandfather always used for himself, the best one of the four, has twice been moved to Kansas and back and still stands, staunch and firm as ever, a respected article of furniture in our basement.† "That fine old bench ought to be in a museum" a craftsman friend said when he saw it.

Grandfather was an incessant worker. Everything had to be made by hand and from early morning after family prayers and breakfast, until nine at night, or until they "burned out a candle," except on Saturdays, when no work was done at night, he and his journeymen sawed and planed, varnished and polished in the two story shop. "They thought no more about working than we do about eating!" said father. "That was their business and they expected to work until nine."

\* See page 150 for illustration.

† It has recently been given to a grand-nephew of Father's.

Often after the day's work the men would go down to the store—a few rods away—where neighbors gathered to gossip. Or they would go to the Inn for a game of dominoes. When Grandfather was ready to go to bed, he went to the door and whistled for the men, as he never locked up for the night until they were all in. Grandfather's household, including the workmen, recognized his authority; his word was law, and that whistle was as speedily obeyed as a shrill factory siren is today.

The fastest, neatest, and best workman Grandfather ever had was Bennett Bowman, who came to live with him at the age of sixteen, about 1846. He continued as Grandfather's trusted assistant for many years, living just outside Taylorsville after his marriage, and, with some intervals of helping elsewhere at times, continued his work in the shop until Grandfather's death. And even after that he turned out a mahogany marble-top dresser for Mother, which is still in our possession. Another apprentice was Peter Wampole, who lived "back of Doylestown," and who, Father says, was quite a stylish young man, taking great pride in his boots, with long toes turned up in the style of that day, as Mark Twain describes in his "Tom Sawyer." Peter gave a good deal of time to those boots—regularly oiling them and keeping the toes carefully tied back during the week so they would stay in the proper position for Sunday.

The impressions I gather of my grandfather, whom I never saw, are that he was a man whose chief business in life consisted in serving the Lord, and whose secondary duty was his daily round of toil. The former prompted his many acts of neighborly kindness, his absolute lack of fear of any contagious disease, or hesitancy in going anywhere that help was needed, his habits of daily family worship, his regularity of attendance at church, his service for years as a trustee and exhorter, his religious reading, his devotion to his family, and his well-known integrity and business honesty. His daily toil was no drudgery to him—into it he threw himself wholeheartedly, although no day was too busy for him to stop for a friendly chat with a neighbor who might drop in, nor to enjoy a good story and pass it on.



Grandmother was no less busy in the eight-room white house than her husband in the shop next door. I hope she had time to enjoy the beauty of the low-lying hills and the tranquil old river. Grandfather had many a ride across this lovely country when delivering his furniture but Grandmother must have spent most of her hours within the walls of her home. She too, was fond of her jokes and her fun. One of the few things I remember about my grandmother is her hearty laugh. I can picture her yet as I saw her in childhood—a merry-faced, bright-eyed, round-formed woman, sitting at the little dining-room table, laughing heartily at some amusing joke or incident, and, like the Santa of the poem, shaking all over like a bowl-full of jelly as her brown eyes crinkled and her contagious laughter brightened the whole scene. She was a great talker, full of animation, fond of reading, and a general favorite with relatives and friends. The roots of her goodness, industry, patience, courage, friendliness and devotion to her family were just as firmly embedded in a religious faith as were Grandfather's. She may not have prayed in public but she practiced in private, always kneeling at her bedside for her morning and evening prayer. She never served as a church steward, but in the stewardship of her children she served faithfully, teaching them to lisp their evening prayers, encouraging them in the daily practice of right living, winning their abiding affection, and, at the end of her busy life, their universal "Well Done."

Her family was not a small one: She had seven children to feed, clothe, and discipline; her husband's mother, who lived with them for some years, to care for; and afterwards her own Aunt Susan to board and wait upon; then the two or more journeymen who usually lived in the home, a hired girl, and sometimes a boarder. All had to be included in the family plans. The young doctor, Lewis Harlow, so much beloved by them that their youngest son was named for him, lived with them before his marriage, and the young minister, Alfred Cookman, who later became a celebrated preacher, was one of the family for a time. Besides this regular family of twelve or more, numerous relatives and friends, and always the



preacher, whoever he might be, found an extra plate, a comfortable bed ready, and ever a warm welcome in this hospitable home. The many decades lived since then have not wiped out my father's inherited love of keeping open house.

With Father's help, I try to follow my grandmother through some of those busy winter days: First, that breakfast for the entire family which did not consist of a plate of cereal and a slice of toast; instead, she served sausages and buckwheat cakes, or broiled mackerel—which were always bought by the half-barrel and kept in the cellar—or a big dish of frizzled beef with cream gravy and fried potatoes. Then the children must have lunches put up for school, they must have clean hands and faces and combed hair, they must be bundled up and started off in time to walk the mile and a half by nine o'clock in the winter and by eight in the summer. After that came the daily routine: dishes to wash, with always the same steel knives and forks to be scoured; beds to be made up in the cold rooms—for none of the bed rooms were heated except her Aunt Sue's; stoves to be replenished with coal, and ashes to be carried out; rooms to be swept and tidied up; fresh candles to be put in all the candle-sticks and the noon-day meal to be prepared for all the family except the older children, who were at school. After this her morning dress must be changed for the afternoon one, and the busy afternoon of mending or sewing or visiting or finishing some left-over household task, was followed by the evening supper for the large family. Then there were stockings to darn, patches to fell down over the holes in torn clothing and buttons to sew on by the candle-light after the more arduous duties of the day had been completed. And many other tasks must be crowded into the busy days. There were dirty clothes—oh so many—to wash and iron, there were bread and pies and cakes to bake, when much of the baking was done in the big out-door stone oven, capacious enough to hold twenty loaves of bread. It must first be heated with coals which were then drawn out and the bread or pies put in. The oldest son, Henry, coming home one day, and seeing a tempting row of pies just out of the oven, told one of his brothers to go in and tell the hired girl there



was a Hen at her pies. One can almost hear the boyish laughter as the girl rushed out, broom in hand, to offer chase, no doubt as much vexed by the Hen she found as she would have been at the one she expected to see.

Then there were the extra times of intensive work. There was the candle-making—tallow to be procured from the butcher and melted, and the wicks to be cut for several hundred candles. A small portion of the melted tallow would be poured into the molds for the larger candles for best and the rest left in the large kettle for the big dipping of the hand-made ones. This meant festooning six or eight wicks on each rod, which, one by one, must be dipped in the tallow and hung up on a frame to harden, only to be re-dipped three or four times until the candles were of sufficient girth for use; after which, when all were set, they must all be removed from the rods and carefully packed away, ready for the daily use.

Butchering time was another special occasion. Grandfather kept a horse, a cow, two hogs, and chickens. In winter the hogs were butchered about Christmas and no one who has not experienced it can imagine the results of this two or three day invasion of a butcher shop into an ordinary family kitchen. The prevailing orderliness must give way to confusion and a general messiness. Various piles of meat would occupy every available space. There were big juicy hams which must be trimmed and put away in brine for two or three weeks, then dried off and smoked. In another pile were the tasty spare ribs and the delicious tenderloins to be trimmed and hung in the cellar for ready consumption. The piles of fat must be cut up into small pieces, then cooked for hours in large kettles until rendered and ready to pour into firkins holding twenty-five pounds or more of the fine white lard which, stored in the cellar, would furnish the year's supply for doughnuts, pies, and other delicious indigestibles.

The lean meat must be ground in the chopper and seasoning mixed in just the right amount to produce the tasty sausage that even to this day no other recipe on earth turns out to equal the Bucks County brand. And lastly there was left the motley pile of portions of the head and all sorts of bones with meat still clinging to them

which must be cleaned and thoroughly cooked in big vessels until the meat was tender, after which all must be picked from the bones, chopped fine, mixed with meal, and seasoned to the queen's taste, then packed in large pans and covered with grease—the famous dish known as scrapple, which, cut in slices and fried with a rich brown crust, is another Bucks County delectable.

Then there were the sewing days. Grandmother's shopping in Philadelphia was on a wholesale scale. She bought bolts of material to be made into suits for Grandfather and the boys, lots of forty or fifty yards of shirting and quantities of dress materials. The suits were made by a tailor, probably Father's Uncle Mahlon H. while he lived in Taylorsville; the other sewing was done by Margaret Slack, sister of Sammie, a neighborhood seamstress who would come for a week and transform the materials into neatly finished shirts for the men and boys and aprons and dresses for the girls. Aprons must be made as carefully as dresses for they were worn to school by the little girls over their dresses in the manner of Amy in the screen version of "Little Women." All this sewing had to be done by hand, as the sewing machine had not yet been invented, and one can imagine that week of confusion with scraps of cut out garments ready to be put together, draped all over the sitting-room. Boys in those days wore long trousers as soon as they were old enough to discard dresses, and were so anxious to reach the suspender age that Father recalls how the little boys in play would tie on strings for "galloveses." He remembers his little brother, Sam, in his first trousers, standing in front of the village store while the men teasingly asked, "Who is that boy in trousers, anyway?" As early as nine or ten years of age boys wore top boots which were the fashion for many years for both men and boys—calf-skin boots for best and neat's leather for common. Father even wore them for his wedding. The handy "boot jack" to assist in removing their boots was always kept by the men in a convenient place.

Then there were the old-fashioned house-cleaning days when, every spring and fall, each room must be completely stripped, windows and woodwork cleaned, and big feather beds aired, straw



beds re-filled with clean straw for the summer; carpets tacked to the floor, taken up, hung out on the line and beaten, only to be tacked down again by dint of much stretching and pulling; and finally the furniture carefully dusted and put in place. When all was done, Grandmother and the "hired girl," with fitting name of Lib Snooks, must have taken time to sit for a few moments and, in spite of aching bodies, enjoy with a housekeeper's glow of pride, the spick-and-span appearance and the sweet clean smell of the spotless room.

Pleasant interruptions came in the form of visits from friends and relatives, who, unannounced, often came driving in to spend the day; "any new preacher on the circuit always came to our house first," said Father, "and often stayed for two or three days." Any acquaintance coming to take or meet the train would usually come in an hour ahead of time and run in to have a chat with "Margery," ever a genial and friendly hostess. Every Sunday afternoon the family en masse attended Sunday School and church services which were held at the old Betts school a mile and a half away, until the Taylorsville church was completed in 1855.

On Christmas Eve each child put a plate on a table in the parlor for Santa to find. On Christmas morning the children were up betimes and raced to see who would be the first to look at his gifts, which were simple and few. I imagine those bright brown eyes of each Taylor youngster were as shiny over his single plate with a few hard Christmas candies, a doughnut, an orange and an apple, and perhaps a simple gift, as the eyes of a child of today with his elaborate tree and numberless toys. When asked whether special turkey dinners were prepared for Thanksgiving and Christmas, Father replied, "I don't remember; we always had good dinners—chickens, and mince pies and other good things. I don't recall the special turkey dinners, though I suppose we had them, because we raised our own turkeys and had plenty."

Most of the life and thought in this busy household must have centered around the children. They were taught to be obedient, industrious, truthful, and kind. They had their daily tasks, their studies, their play, their prayers. Father's daily tasks as a small boy



were to carry in the kindling, take the cows to pasture and bring them back at night, and run errands. Once when yet a boy he tried smoking a cigar and says of it: "When my father asked me if I had been smoking I told him I hadn't; he then whipped me pretty hard and after he finished, told me he didn't whip me for smoking, but for not telling the truth. I don't remember ever telling another lie."

Both parents seem to have received from their flock an unquestioning obedience. Says Father, "When my father spoke we always knew he meant what he said and we were brought up to mind both him and Mother, without question. If Mother told us not to go outside the gate when we played, we no more thought of opening it than if it had been locked. We were never allowed to run and play in the streets at night. We were sent upstairs after supper, long before dark in summer, though we didn't always go to bed at once. Mother would let us play up there as much as we pleased but we never thought of going down no matter what we wanted. She always said she knew where her children were when they were upstairs in their own home and not running the streets. Sometimes in summer the rest of the family would go down to the river after supper and leave Sallie and me alone upstairs, and I remember we used to cry at the top of our voices for a drink until Pap came to us. I suppose it wasn't because we wanted the drink so badly, but because we wanted to be down at the river with the rest of the folks."

On special occasions the children might go down to the woods opposite the church to play, or go swimming in the river or out in a boat fishing with an older guide. Father remembers on one fishing trip his big cousin, Bob Taylor, picked him up and threw him into the river, saying, "There's no use going fishing unless you get wet!"

Father started to school at the age of five or six to a Sallie Dawes who taught a small private school in her own home—the old canal house about half a mile west of the river. He remembers very little about this school and none of the pupils except his sister Sallie and Louise Watson, who later became a warm friend of the family. He also went for a time to a private school in Titusville held in the Presbyterian minister's home. The first public school he attended



was in the old Betts schoolhouse which all the children, except Lewis, the youngest, attended. Little Sam at four toddled along with the other children, and even at that age displayed his venturesomeness and love of fun by trying the thin ice on the creek and falling in. Fortunately he was pulled out by his older brother, Henry, who carried him into a neighbor's house to dry off before taking him on to school.

Some fifty pupils attended this school, and well-known neighborhood characters were among the teachers—Nelle Graham, Ellie Beans, Bob and Will Tomlinson, and Seth Ely. The seats in the school house were the old-fashioned double rows, eight desks in a section, with four pupils on each side facing the four opposite them. Three or four of these eight desk seats were in rows on opposite sides of the room with a middle aisle between.

The pupils had a wonderful playground of some fifteen or twenty acres in the beautiful woods near-by, with a clear creek running through. These woods belonged to Tommy B. and Tommy C. Lownes, who were cousins. The memory of that wonderful playground is to this day a vivid picture to my father, who over and over refers to its beauty and its luxuriant growth. If a stretch of woods anywhere is admired Father is sure this childhood playground surpasses it. "I tell you that was about the nicest piece of woods you ever saw, back of the old Betts school where we children used to play; nearly everything grew there—all the different herbs that grew anywhere around were there and nearly every kind of wild flower; and the woods were so nice and clean and the water in the creek so clear."

In those days the school year was divided into three sessions—the summer session lasted from August 1 to October 1, then three or four weeks' vacation for harvesting the crops intervened before the winter session began. This lasted until nearly April, when another vacation time for planting the crops was given. The spring session began sometime in April and lasted until July. In summer the school began at eight and a two-hour recess was given at noon, for playing in the woods and possibly even wading in the creek.

The groups at school and the smaller group of playmates at Taylorsville made merry over such familiar games as Hide-and-Seek, Drop-the-Handkerchief, Hide-the-Thimble, Anthony-over, and Steal-Clothes—a game in which sides were chosen with a line between and various articles of clothing laid on the ground to capture and take to the home base before the owners were caught and held as prisoners—and a game called Fox-and-Geese, played with pegs to be moved on a board with holes cut in a certain pattern.

In the shop Grandfather made sleds for his children which they often took to school, near which was a fine hill for coasting. Good and safe skating was provided by the shallow water left in the canal after it had been drained for the winter. In summer there was the shallow, clear water of the old Delaware where, says Father, "We might go and swim almost any time during the day that we wanted to, although we never thought of going without asking."

But there came the days in this well-ordered religious home that come to all homes—days of anxious waiting when a dear one is ill, when the house must be quiet and the regular routine is forgotten. At about thirty-eight, Grandfather was stricken with brain-fever, and lay dangerously ill for weeks. The children were sent away to the homes of kind relatives; Father remembers he, a small boy at the time, was sent with his older sister Mary, first to his Uncle Mahlon's, and then to his Uncle Tommy Betts's to stay until his father was well.

And other sad days came—days when the children had to leave the home nest, and the first breaks were made in the family circle. Grandmother must have arisen with a lump in her throat the day her little son Hutch left home at the age of eight, to live with her brother, Samuel Baker, even though his home was at that time only a quarter of a mile away. Grandfather had the fixed notion that boys were better off on a farm and so consented to let little Hutch go to stay with "Uncle Sammie," and "Aunt Lib," who needed a boy. But the poor child had a dreary time of it—all work and but little play. The dominant personality in that home seems to have been "Gram," the mother of Uncle Sammie's wife, who was an in-



defatigable worker and apparently could not endure the sight of any one idle. One of the lad's duties was to help Gram churn. When she came to rest him, her instructions, "Now Hutchie, while I rest you a bit you can just go out and cut some wood," must have struck an unresponsive chord in that young breast. Later when his uncle's family had moved to the Betts' farm across from the school, if the boy happened to start to school a bit early, thinking perhaps to enjoy a few minutes of play before school began, he would be met on his return home with, "Hutchie, there's no use in your starting to school so early; why, I heard those boys just hollering and doing nothing but playing and running around before the bell rang." She seems to have been far more exacting with the boy than either his uncle or aunt, although they often kept him out of school to help with extra work.

The youngest daughter, Sallie, when but a child, was sent for a time to board in the home of the Presbyterian minister in Titusville, the little village across the river in Jersey a mile away, in order that she might attend the private school taught by the minister's sister, Carrie Davis, afterwards Mrs. Burroughs Blackwell.

Then one morning the eldest son of the family started off for boarding school at Pennington. Grandfather had the opportunity to pay for Henry's schooling at the seminary by making furniture for the dormitories, some of which may be there even to this day, no doubt standing the wear and tear better than modern furniture, as his pieces do in our own home.

Mary, the eldest daughter, ambitious to become a teacher, had the opportunity of attending the Philadelphia Normal, and of living with another brother of Grandmother, Thomas Baker, at that time engaged in the printing business in Philadelphia. Mary's ambitions of becoming a teacher were abundantly realized when later she became one of the most successful teachers in her home neighborhood.

Then on the morning of November 20, 1854, when he was twelve years old, my father, the third son, started out with a little bundle in his hands, to walk the three miles to his new home with "Uncle



Tommy Betts," who was then living on his farm near Brownsburg. Thomas Betts was the husband of Grandmother's Aunt Margaret Baker, whose inherited money her husband invested in Bucks County farms, of which he owned four. At the time Father went to live with him he was about seventy-two years of age, active, but doing none of the heavy farm work himself, because he had sufficient means to hire all the help he needed. His farm hands all liked him; he trusted them and was kind. Father says he was such a genial man—"I never knew him to be cross with anyone," and as honest as the day was long; a devoted Friend (Quaker) and a faithful attendant of the Makefield Meeting. He was a widower for many years and his daughter Mary, unmarried at the time, kept house for him when Father lived there. Uncle Tommy lived to be ninety-six, and at ninety-three was able to hitch up his own horse and drive to the post office.

When Father arrived at his new home that day in November he remembers that the men were hauling in their corn fodder and he went out to the field with them to kill mice. "When the men took up a sheaf there would sometimes be mice running in every direction, and I would kill as many as I could, which was fun for me then," says Father. He soon started to school, having a mile and a half to walk each day. This walk he often took alone, unless the Heston or Woolery boys were starting as he passed their homes. His life here was far more pleasant than his brother Hutch had found on a farm. His duties were to carry in wood and coal, milk the cows, gear and ungear Uncle Tommy's horse, clean the horse and stable, run errands and make himself generally useful. Once he remembers driving a yoke of oxen to haul a load of grain to Taylorsville following another yoke driven by the hired man. His kind Uncle Tommy allowed him to go home almost any Saturday or Sunday afternoon that he wished. Father says, "Bert Flanagan, the two Heston boys, the Slack boys, Will Woolery and I used to race around at a great rate, running all over the barn playing I-Spy and other games. They all loved to come to Uncle Tommy's. He never scolded and I often wondered that he never did. He would



let me go wherever I pleased except that I must always be on hand every First Day (Sunday) and Fifth Day (Thursday) morning, to hitch and unhitch his horse when he attended Friends' Meeting." The next year his Uncle Tommy moved to the "Old Betts Home" near the schoolhouse, but, unfortunately for Father the school also was moved that year to the new Taylorsville schoolhouse, so that he still had his mile and a half walk each day to school—for the youngsters of those days had no help in locomotion, such as roller skates or bicycles or comfortable school buses. But this daily constitutional in childhood perhaps laid the foundation for his vigor in later life, and for such feats as his walk on an errand to a village three miles away and back when over eighty because, as he nonchalantly explained, "I just missed a trolley so concluded to walk instead of waiting twenty minutes for the next one; then, since it didn't seem to take long to get there, I decided I might just as well walk back." And his more amazing achievement of the all day climb to the top of Pike's Peak and back when past seventy-two—a feat accomplished by less than one in a hundred, the guides told him—may have been another result of those early, daily walks.

The community life of those days was as far removed from our present day experience as was the family life. Instead of Packards or Fords there were one-seated Rockaways, Jenny Linds, Falling Tops, and Sulkies; two or three seated family carriages with curtains and side doors; and covered market wagons resembling prairie schooners but with springs and comfortable for riding, which were used for hauling produce to Philadelphia, and were often requisitioned for parties. In winter the family carriage gave way to the old-fashioned two or three seated sleigh with the high back, or the smaller double seated sleigh with high seat in front beneath which the back seat passengers tucked their knees. The wagons for hauling were replaced by the strong heavy sleds and the one-seated carriages by the little light cutters, which, dashing over the snow behind a spirited team with sleigh bells jingling and snow flying from under the horses' hoofs, afforded a thrill not equalled by the fastest auto on record.



Longer journeys were made by stage. The picturesque four-horse stage coaches rumbled through the village—those of the “Swift-Sure Line” making the trip from New York to Philadelphia in two days, and those of the Trenton-Easton Line doing the trip from Trenton to Easton in a day. It was an exciting time for the small boys when the coaches stopped at the Taylorsville Inn to load and unload passengers and mail. Sometimes Father would be the lucky boy allowed to carry the mail across the street to the Post Office, for which service the stage coach driver handed out a few pennies.

Railroad trains were in their initial stages. Father remembers the first train ever run on the Belvidere. Standing in the kitchen door of their home in Taylorsville, he watched the engine with its huge smoke stack puffing out the black smoke, as the train came in sight around the bend in New Jersey near “Comely’s Mill.” “Wood was used for fuel in the small locomotives and as the night train started up after stopping at Washington’s Crossing on the other side of the river we children loved to watch the bright sparks which would come out of the smoke stack in streams,” says Father. “Behind the locomotive there was a little sulky box which provided a seat\* for the brakeman to ride backwards so that he might watch his train to see that no cars fell off. Passenger cars had side doors and no steps—the floors of the cars were on a level with the platform.”

In Father’s boyhood days shipping was carried on by canal boats, which busily plied the canal through Upper Taylorsville carrying loads of limestone, pig iron, lumber, coal, and other commodities. Two men accompanied each boat, one in the boat to steer and the other on the tow path to drive the horses or mules harnessed to the long ropes from the boat, which, thus pulled, glided noiselessly along in the smooth water of the green banked canal.

The boat loads of eighty to one-hundred-twenty-five tons of material were sometimes unloaded by hand. Coal was unloaded in wheelbarrows filled by one man and wheeled by another. One of the best workers at the wheelbarrow was Pete Wilson, a neighborhood negro of such deep dye that Father’s pet phrase, “as black as Pete”

\* See page 175 for illustration of a similar train. Note the brakeman.



Wilson," has been for years the household expression to describe blackness of a superlative degree. Much of the lumber carried by the boats came from White Haven where Mahlon K. Taylor owned several acres of timber. The lumber was shipped down the Lehigh River to the Delaware and thence to Taylorsville in large rafts containing as many as a thousand rails. Here the rafts were landed and broken up, and the rails, ready for delivering, were piled on the shore south of Mahlon Taylor's residence.

Coal was loaded at Mauch Chunk and brought down the Lehigh to the canal at Easton until 1864 when the dams in the river were washed out and never rebuilt. From Solebury and Buckingham came the limestone from which lime was made in the large kilns on Marshall Taylor's place. Alternating layers of limestone and coal were piled in the kilns and then set on fire and burned for four or five days, after which the lime was ready for sale to the farmers, whose custom it was to spread it over an entire farm once every five or six years.

The men who ran the canal boats owned them and the horses or mules and paid a toll to the Canal Company. Pat McCarn, a boat owner, hauled from Solebury a boat load of building stone for the foundation of the Taylorsville church which he, although a Catholic, insisted on donating to the church because of his admiration for Grandfather. Another boat owner, John Dillon, the father of seven sons and one daughter, named his two boats, "Seven Brothers," and "The Only Sister." Sometimes these boats were rented for all-day pleasure excursions when large parties would make the trip to the attractive grounds near Neely's Mill, or to the interesting "Ring-ing Rocks" above Lambertville, another popular picnic resort.

As soon as the weather was freezing, the Canal Company drained out the water and left the boats to sit all winter wherever they happened to be. Then the men had to take all their belongings from the boats on horses or mules and convey them to their homes for the winter—sometimes as far as fifty or sixty miles.

Father's great-uncle Mahlon K. Taylor, told of the shipping industry before the canal was built and long before a railroad was



dreamed of, when rafts and boats were used on the river. He used to buy up pork, store it in a warehouse between his Inn and the river, work up the pork, pack it in barrels, and ship it to Philadelphia on the Durham boats. These boats were twenty to thirty feet long, somewhat like a scow but more rounded in the center and coming to a peak at both ends. An adze used by him and his men for hooping the barrels was given to Father by Uncle Mahlon's son Oliver, and is still in our possession—one of the century-old family relics, treasured for its associations and its age. One of Oliver's occupations was picking stones out of the bed of the river, loading them in a boat, and unloading them in a heap on the ground. When the pile was sufficiently large he hauled them to the canal and shipped them to Philadelphia, where he sold them for paving.

Father's father told him of the ferry boats used on the river before the bridge was built at Taylorsville. They were not run by engines as are the ferry boats of today, but were common scows propelled across the river by "setting poles." These were poles from ten to fifteen feet long and two or more inches in diameter, with a sharp iron on the end. The ferryman would go to the front end of the boat and put the pole into the river until he got it solid, then walk to the back of the boat, thus propelling it a boat's length at a time. Back and forward in the boat he would go, until the river was crossed, a slow method of reaching the other shore, three hundred yards away.

When Father left his Taylorsville home that November day in 1854 to go and live with his great-uncle Tommy Betts, he did not know that he would never again return to live in it. However, the boyhood memories of those twelve years in the village home were never effaced, and the new home did not sever the ties, for the family still came to the village for mail during the week and for worship on the Sabbath.

## CHAPTER II

### YOUTH—THE HIGHLAND FARM

March 25, 1856, was a never-to-be-forgotten day for the Samuel B. Taylor household, for on that day they moved to a new home. For nearly a quarter of a century Grandfather and Grandmother had lived in the little village of Taylorsville. Here they had set up house-keeping, here Grandfather first went into business for himself and here all the children were born. Here the new Methodist church for which Grandfather had toiled so unceasingly had been dedicated the year before, and in the same year the new school had been opened in Taylorsville, to take the place of the old Betts' School. Relatives of whom they were fond lived in the homes near by and were loath to see them leave the village. But the new home was only two and a half miles away, and mingled with their regrets at leaving the little home so full of pleasant memories were anticipations of the new and larger one ahead. The chief motive that prompted the move was Grandfather's great ambition to keep his family of growing boys and girls together in a safe and wholesome place such as a farm would provide, away from the temptations of village idleness and tavern enticements. Then, too, the invention of machinery had so increased the manufacture of ready-made furniture as to cut down his cabinet making industry, thus necessitating a more adequate means of support.

The new home was on an upland stretch of ground, and was always called by the family, the "Highland Farm." The two and a half mile stretch to it seemed a long and weary way on that muddy day in March as the six or eight loaded wagons wound slowly up the hill, sinking in the mud up to the hubs, while the horses plodded through the deep ooze of those country roads. The short stretch from the Carey place to the Radcliff corner was the worst of all. It had been drifted all winter and shovelled out just the day before.



Moving days in that long ago were neighborhood affairs—pleasant social occasions, which made a lighter task of the heavy work involved. Men left their work at any time to help with a moving, and brought their big market wagons in which to load the heavy furniture and other household effects. Some of the wives came along to help prepare the big dinner for the hungry workers, who, after first feeding the tired horses, were ready to do full justice to the tempting meal. Seated at the long table where the first meal in the new home or the last one in the old was served by the efficient housewives the fifteen or twenty tongues made pleasant chatter discussing the neighborhood news and the possibilities of the new home. When all the wagons were unloaded and the neighbors gone, the tired family no doubt went to work with a will, to put up beds for the night and to bring order out of the chaos as soon as might be, eager to make the new home a happy one for the united family and the same hospitable shelter for friends that the village home had ever been. That ambition was abundantly realized.

On the day the family moved to the farm Father remembers coming home from his Uncle Tommy's, drawing across the fields the little sled that he had made for himself. He was then a lad of thirteen and a half and his heart must have beat fast at the excitement of moving to a new home and of being once again with his own family, after a year and a half of separation.

This farm of one hundred three and three-fourths acres, at the purchase price of one hundred ten dollars an acre, Grandfather obtained from his cousin, Marshall Taylor, in exchange for the village property and some cash. Marshall had built the house and barn, cribs and other shelters in 1850. But the barn built at this time burned down April 2, 1855, on a windy day. Father was hauling water for his Uncle Tommy Betts and saw the smoke nearly two miles away. He says of it, "We knew it must be a big fire somewhere, and wondered where it was. We heard soon after all about it. It was the first Monday in April, which was always moving day for the farmers around there, so the men were all away with their teams and wagons helping neighbors move. The women had made



an out-door fire to do the washing and the flying sparks set fire to the straw scattered about from the Saturday threshing. The high wind carried the burning straw to the barn which was soon in flames. Because there were no men at hand to fight the fire the barn was entirely destroyed and several head of colts, cattle, sheep and chickens were burned to death." Marshall immediately set about rebuilding and the new barn was completed before the family moved to the farm.

On this farm the family settled down for another stretch of years—years which witnessed the growth of the children to maturity, and the scattering of the family. Some families with less unified interests than this family possessed perpetuate the ties by having their children settle down in near by communities where they share with their family the common interests and experiences of the neighborhood. Not so with this family. Very different were the lives of the seven children, but the strong family tie always held though wide distances divided them in life, and though widely separated are their graves. Only two lie in the same burial ground, and only the eldest son rests in the family plot at Taylorsville. My father, the last survivor of the family, was the only one present at the funerals of all—Henry at Taylorsville, Mary at Newtown, Sallie and Lewis at Wilkes Barre, Samuel at Mound City, Kansas, and Hutchinson at Jacksboro, Texas.

Let us hope that the words of the rover of the family, Sam, have been fulfilled in the life beyond: "We'll all come home at roosting time, Mother."

The first two years on the farm proved to be a time of adjustment, although in the main the family habits were continued in the new home as in the old, rooted in the two most important fields for character development—religion and work. When asked one day how his parents trained their children, Father tersely replied, "They taught us to mind and to work." And in that brief rejoinder is a complete and wholesome philosophy of life. As to the ways and means of securing this prompt obedience Father's memory is hazy; he has no graphic accounts of wood-shed encounters nor closet con-



ferences with his mother, but as to the results he is quite positive. And indeed the influence of this religious home has carried over through the years in the lives of all the children, in spite of their different environments, in spite of changing customs, in spite of modern distractions and complexities. They have lived righteously, some through poverty which did not break their courage, some in comfort which did not spoil their simplicity and goodness.

After moving to the farm Grandfather kept up his shop work, usually walking down to Taylorsville and back each day, assisted at the shop by his best workman, Bennett Bowman. In 1858 he built a shop on the farm, took Bennett there and continued the same busy life he had led in the village. Sometimes he drove several miles to deliver furniture, frequently taking one of his sons along. On one such trip, which he made on the seventh of May, 1860, to deliver a casket to Hartsville, he took his youngest son, Lewis, with him. They were caught in a heavy downpour of rain, which fell in such torrents that the water in a hogshead containing fish overflowed and the fish went swimming out into the street. The incident made such an impression on the mind of the ten year old boy that he referred to it years later, and laughingly said he had seen the literal fulfillment of the old saying "a deluge rained fish on the sidewalks!"

Grandfather never did much of the heavy farm work, except to help make hay and dig potatoes. He loved gardening, was reputed to have the best one in the neighborhood, and produced a wonderful array of vegetables and small fruits from his well-tilled, tidy plot. This he assiduously and jealously tended himself, permitting no one else to work in this sacred precinct. The boys must keep to the field and were never initiated into the mystery and lure of garden culture, nor taught the watchful care needed for an orchard. I have often wondered if this accounted for my father's delight and interest in following the long furrows in the open fields and in giving but lukewarm attention to his garden, as long as he lived on the farm. And even in later years, when the big farm fields gave way to small town plots, his chief interest and pride have always centered in his large plot of sweetcorn, the crop whose planting and care



most closely resembles the field work on the farm. Fertilizers, ordered for the shrubs and my flowerbeds, have had a way of disappearing rapidly at corn-planting time, and although his father's reputation of having the best garden in the neighborhood, fell on this son's shoulders and although Father's small garden vegetables have always been planted in faultlessly straight rows and tended with care, no inducements they could offer of less work, big yields and possible surprises won even a square foot from the ground set aside for the corn. No intense coaxing to let the corn stand, that we might have a few extra last juicy ears, has ever availed to keep him from cutting and binding it in shocks at the time he had always done so on the farm. His satisfaction in seeing his small corn "field" in shock no doubt surpassed any pleasure the family might have had from a few last "nubbins" of the delicious grain.

Grandmother kept up the same busy round of household cares as in the village home, adding the new one of skimming by hand the sixteen or seventeen big pans of milk, from which she kept the sweet cream for the table and the sour for churning. Under her systematic management, each week had its daily round of duties: The Monday washing and Tuesday ironing were followed by the mid-week bread-making, the churning, the butter-making and the preparing of it for market, and by the weekly sweeping. Then the busy Saturday of baking bread, pies, and cakes, of scrubbing and cleaning, culminated in the Saturday night bath for each of the nine or more members of the family. A big wash-tub was used out under the trees for this weekly rite in summer—at least for the male members of the household, while in winter a foot-tub or bucket was placed in the warm dining-room. By the time the last member of the family had bathed and was ready for clean night-clothes, Grandmother must have felt that this final task of the week was by no means the least. Visualize the labor necessary to heat, carry and empty the water for each bath, and one can appreciate why the bath was a weekly rather than a daily feature of the household regime!

The boys of the family were taught to lend a helping hand at the household tasks, carrying water from the well or spring, doing the



churning, carrying the heavy pans of milk to and from the cellar, scrubbing the kitchen floor and the stone floor of the "Out Shed" and replenishing the wood and kindling supplies as needed.

Sandwiched in with the round of Grandmother's household duties came the sewing and mending and knitting. How many holes had to be patched and stockings darned and buttons sewed on! Sheets and pillow cases, napkins and table cloths were to be hemmed, mittens to be knitted and cast-off garments of the older boys to be made over into suits for the little ones. Dresses and aprons for Grandmother and the girls and shirts for the men needed the help of the dressmaker who came here as she had to the Taylorsville home, for days at a time to cut and fit and finish.

For outside wraps warm shawls were used by both men and women. The cedar chest still contains, as it did under Mother's regime, the big gray woolen double shawl of a neat small plaid pattern that Father wore, the large soft brown one of Mother's, a few of the old plaid ones and a Paisley. The purchase of an overcoat was such an event that Father distinctly remembers their first ones: "I bought mine in Trenton when I was sixteen and paid for it with my own money that I had saved from a two dollar investment in a calf a few years before. I sold her when a cow and used part of the money for a black overcoat which cost about eight or ten dollars. Hutch bought a similar one at the same time. Our second ones were frosted beavers of gray and brown, the best wearing material of that time. These were made by a tailor in Newtown and wore a long time."

Grandmother was famous for her jellies and preserves, her cookies, doughnuts, pies—apple, mince and the famous potato pudding—a rich custard pie apparently known only in Bucks County. Lest this pie, delicious beyond anything its homely name suggests, become lost to posterity, I append the recipe for it. The potato custard, a substitute, if economy demands, differs but little in taste from the rich pudding. These pies bear the same relation to the more juicy or soft varieties that the close grained rich pound cake bears to the fluffy layer cakes heaped with "gooshy" icings. Only those



whose taste inclines to pound cake will enjoy these old fashioned "potato puddings."

*Potato Pudding*

3 lbs. potatoes, boiled, mashed  
and sieved.  
1 lb. butter  
1½ lbs. sugar  
10 eggs

*Potato Custard*

4 lb. potatoes  
¼ lb. butter  
1 lb. sugar  
1 pt. cream  
8 eggs

Cream all together except eggs, add yolks, then whites beaten separately. Bake in open crust as a pumpkin pie until a delicate brown.

Other recipes that Grandmother used, Mother was glad to learn, and always used them. Her clear apply jelly with a few slices of lemon added to each glass, as the jelly is poured out, makes it a beautiful transparent yellow and gives it a pleasantly tart taste. Pickled cherries, made without cooking, by soaking in vinegar over night and adding pound for pound of sugar after the vinegar is drained off, then stirred until thoroughly dissolved before putting into jars are a family favorite. Cold catsup, also made without cooking, is better—to our taste—than any cooked catsup known, for fried or scalloped oysters, pot roasts, baked beans and meat pies:

½ pk. ripe tomatoes cut fine  
1 root grated horseradish  
2 red peppers cut fine  
4 celery stalks cut fine  
a few onions cut fine  
3 pts. good vinegar

1 cup salt (scant)  
1 cup sugar  
½ cup white mustard seed  
½ cup black mustard seed  
2 tsp. cloves, 2 cinnamon  
1 tablespoon pepper

(¼ cup celery seed may be substituted for the black mustard)

Drain tomatoes overnight. Then mix all together.

Canned goods were unheard of before 1856-8, when Father remembers his cousin, Sam Taylor, and a partner, introducing the use of tin cans. Grandmother began using them for fruit soon after moving to the farm and successfully canned quantities of pears, peaches, and berries. Before this time she had put up fruit in the form of preserves, jellies and sweet pickles; had dried apples and peaches and made the tediously cooked apple butter for every day sauce.

Grandfather had hopes that his eldest son, Henry, who had

learned the cabinet trade and followed it in Taylorsville, would continue it on the farm or would take the lead in running the farm. But Henry had other ideas and at the age of twenty-one, the first year on the farm, decided to become independent. He went to live with Bennie Burroughs near Dolington where he thought he could earn more than at home. Thus early was Grandfather's dream of having a united family shattered. He had to hire a man who, with his second son, Hutch, took care of the heavy work of the farm during the first year. Henry, however, soon became dissatisfied and returned home. And the following spring, while attending a sale one cold, wet day, he stood out in the chill rain and mud, and contracted a heavy cold which soon developed into consumption. He lingered for more than a year. After he was confined to his room it fell to the lot of the youngest son, Lew, to wait on him. From morning until night the little boy of eight sat in the room, reading aloud or to himself and becoming so accustomed to the racking cough that he knew the instant the sick brother needed the spittoon and always jumped to have it ready in time. Other members of the family would come in and think Henry needed help but little Lew would sit, unconcerned, until the moment came of actual need, when he was always at hand. Thus early did the traits manifest themselves, which in later life were to make him such a successful physician. Perchance his love of reading was also developed in these months of reading to his brother and of occupying himself with a book when Henry was too tired to listen.

After Henry's death, in July 1858, the brunt of the farm work fell on Hutch and Father, assisted in the lighter tasks by the two "little boys"—Sam and Lew, and in the heavier ones by Bennett Bowman, who was just as superior at farm work as he was at cabinet making. "He was the best corn husker on the place and could bind more grain than any one; he could do half as much again as I could," Father often said, "and always worked along so easily while I would be working so hard. But no matter how hard I tried, I could never keep up with him."

The eldest daughter, Mary, taught the Highland school that first



year on the farm. This was her first school and she was the first to teach in the newly placed schoolhouse, which until that year had been situated a mile west of the present location. Five of her sixty or more pupils were from her own family—Hutch, Sallie, Fred, Sam, and Lew. The following year she taught in Solebury but returned to Highland the third year when the school had increased to more than eighty pupils. How she managed this Herculean task of teaching eighty-six pupils huddled together in a schoolroom built for forty-four is a mystery. But manage she did and that so skillfully that the troublesome big boys who had tied the preceding teacher to the fence became her devoted knights errant. One afternoon a little girl whom she had told to stay in after classes ran away to go home. Three of the boys promptly captured the miscreant and returned her to their teacher. After Mary's death, some years later, one of these boys wrote a \*tribute to this teacher, whose influence he had never forgotten.

Mary began the school day by reading from the Bible, after which came the recitations through the successive "grades" based on the old McGuffey readers. Father studied geography, spelling, reading, grammar, arithmetic, and "familiar science," or "The Scientific Explanation of Common Things," in the form of questions with answers. A few questions and answers from a textbook of †Familiar Science, by R. E. Peterson, published in 1856, illustrate this interesting subject:

Q. Why is a glass broken when hot water is poured into it?

A. Because the inside of the glass is expanded by the hot water and not the outside; so the glass snaps, in consequence of this unequal expansion.

Q. Why do doors swell in rainy weather?

A. Because the air is filled with vapor which, penetrating into the pores of the wood, forces its particles farther apart and swells the door.

Q. Is air material, that is, is it composed of matter?

\* See page 224 for quotations from this tribute.

† Published by Childs and Peterson, Philadelphia.

A. It is; we do not see the air in the room because it is transparent; but we *feel* it when we run or fan ourselves, and we hear through the medium of the air; therefore, it is composed of matter, for matter is that which is perceived by our senses.

Q. What is pewter?

A. An alloy of tin and lead; 1 part lead, 20 parts tin.

Q. Was electricity known to the ancients?

A. Yes: they knew that when amber is *rubbed*, it acquires the property of attracting other bodies. (The Greek word for amber is *ηλεκτρον* – electron.)

Q. Why do cats rub their ears when it is likely to rain?

A. Either because the air is full of vapor and its humidity (piercing between the hair of the cat) produces an itching sensation; or, more probably, because the air is overcharged with electricity; the hair of the cat is overcharged also and this makes her feel as if she were covered with cobwebs.

Q. Why should not a person lean against a carriage in a storm?

A. Because the electric fluid might run down the sides of the carriage and would make a choice of him for a conductor, and perhaps destroy life.

Q. Some things are of one color and some of another—explain the cause.

A. As every ray of light is composed of all the colors of the rainbow, some things reflect one color and some another."

If all Mary taught remained in the minds of her pupils as well as the little Rhyme of the Presidents has stuck in my father's memory for nearly eighty years, she must have builded better than she knew. Father thinks she made it up and we often ask him to repeat it:

"Washington was number one  
Senior Adams next came on  
Jefferson made number three  
And Madison the fourth was he  
Monroe the fifth just here comes in  
The sixth then Adams comes again  
The seventh Andrew Jackson came  
The eighth we count Van Buren's name



Harrison made the number nine  
The tenth John Tyler filled the line  
Polk was eleventh as we know  
The twelfth was Taylor in the row  
Fillmore the thirteenth, took his place  
And Pierce was fourteenth in the race  
Buchanan was the fifteenth man  
The sixteenth Lincoln took the stand  
Seventeenth Andrew Johnson came—

“And that was as far as I learned them.”

After a few years of teaching Mary resigned and on November 1, 1860, was married to Micajah Speakman Buckman. This was the first wedding in the family and was an occasion which called for the help of Marinda, a famous cook, who presided over the wedding supper.

Marinda had been a slave, but her husband, William Harmon, a freed slave himself, had bought her freedom. She and her family lived on the Dolington road in the Johnson tenant house, half a mile away, and Marinda for years was Grandmother's stand-by in times of emergency.

Mary and her husband, who was also a school teacher at the time, rented the same house in Taylorsville in which her father and mother had begun housekeeping some twenty-seven years before. They lived here but a year. Speakman flitted from place to place for many years and in each new home Mary hopefully established her household and painstakingly continued her neat housekeeping and faithful ministrations to her family circle.

Other excitements besides the family's first wedding were in the air that fall of 1860. The political campaign for Lincoln's election was on. Father and his brother Hutch belonged to the Horse Company of the Wide Awakes, a political organization formed of horsemen and pedestrians, which held parades in the near-by towns to draw the crowds for the big political rallies, “and we generally got them, too,” says Father. To the music of the band, and carrying lighted tin lamps on long sticks like broom handles, the Wide Awakes marched up and down the streets of Yardleyville, Morrisville, Newtown or New Hope, cheering and being cheered by the big

crowds who followed them to the place selected for the outdoor meeting where the political speakers shouted their most powerful arguments for the election of "Honest Abe."

Soon followed the dark days of the Civil War and Father's brother Hutch twice enlisted. The first time was in 1862, when he and two neighbor youths joined the same company. Years after, Lew, in a long reminiscent letter to Father, wrote of this event. He, then a lad of twelve, and two neighbor boys had had an eventful day fishing. He wrote: "We were all terribly tired and kept saying on the way home, 'We will always remember the 2nd of Aug. 1862.' And yet I suppose I would not have remembered it except for another circumstance which fixed it in mind. When we got home late that afternoon I went out into the wash shed by the little shop and Mother was there washing some clothes and crying. To see Mother crying was always heartbreaking. She told me Hutch was going into the army and she knew he would never come back alive. Oh, the mother love! We never can appreciate it."

After Hutch's departure this household joined the thousands of other anxious families all over the land, eagerly reading the papers and waiting for tidings from the front. Hutch was very good about writing home, but letters could not allay the constant anxiety, especially after the news came that one of his comrades, Joe Merrick, had been killed in action while standing at Hutch's side. The family also watched for tidings from the two sons of Grandmother's cousin, Samuel Brooks, who were fighting on opposite sides. The mother, who favored the south, was solicitous for John, her South Carolina boy, who fought with the Confederates. "Ed," she said to the other son, "what would you do if you were to meet John in battle?"

"Mother," he replied, "I'd never turn my gun." But the two brothers did not meet in action and both were spared.

In one of the letters from the front Hutch wrote: "I am all the time thinking about you and wondering how you are. You must not worry so much about me for . . . I am getting along very well. The same God watches over me here that did at home and He can take care of me just as well here as He could at home."



After Hutch had gone to the War Grandfather secured the help of a hired man, Barney, who was paid the customary price of \$150 a year. Barney was a good natured Irishman, an excellent singer and an excellent worker, but he loved his liquor. When paid he would usually go to Philadelphia, saying he was going to send to Ireland for his wife and two little girls, but appetite always overcame resolve and time after time he spent every cent on liquor and had to walk home. This thirty-mile jaunt brought him back a sober man ready to pitch into his work with a will, again resolving to earn enough to send for his wife and children. But he never did.

On July 21, 1863, while Hutch was still in the army, Father was drafted. Before this draft his Uncle Sammie Baker said to him, "Fred, what would you do if you were drafted?"

"Why go, of course," replied Father.

"But you couldn't go, how could your father get along without you? He could not get a man to take your place for \$500 a year," remonstrated his uncle. Others, too, were solicitous lest father leave. A good neighbor, Joe Leedom, when he heard Father had been drafted and must report at Frankford came over to Grandfather's the night before Father was to leave and handed Grandfather three hundred dollars, saying, "Take this Sammie, it will pay for a substitute if Fred cannot be exempted."

However, Grandfather succeeded in securing the exemption without paying the money. The examiner, Mahlon Yardley, who was provost marshal at the time, was a distant cousin of Grandfather's, and he laughingly told Father he guessed he could tear a cartridge with his one good eye-tooth (Father had had all the rest of his upper teeth removed before that time.) Nevertheless the kind examiner was glad to put down "loss of teeth" as a cause for exemption, thereby freeing Father from the draft, and allowing him to continue the chief responsibility of running the farm, which he had assumed the year before at the age of twenty.

In 1863 Mary and her husband moved back to the parental home for a year or so and during this residence with her father's family, Mary's second son, Ernest Ustick, was born.



All the family except Father had some educational opportunities beyond the public school. Henry attended Pennington for two years, Mary went to Pennington and later to the Philadelphia Normal, Hutch attended the State Normal at Millersville for a year and Sallie the Pennington Seminary, which Sam also attended for a year, after which he went to Millersville for two years. Lew was graduated as valedictorian from Millersville and later completed his medical course at the University of Pennsylvania with high honors.

Father's schooling from his thirteenth year to his twentieth averaged about four months a year and that, too, as one of sixty to eighty pupils in an ungraded school, and under many different teachers, some of whom were excellent, and some very poor. His sister Mary was one of the best; Harry Hough, who was an excellent mathematician, aroused a good deal of interest in arithmetic, and Sam Ely was also one of the best teachers of the township. But one "poor fat girl could not control the school at all and had to leave, when your Uncle Speak, who was a splendid disciplinarian, took the school and finished out the term," says Father. 1214145

Father is always wistful when he speaks of his education—(or lack of it): "Henry Trego and I, the first summer we moved to the farm, had big plans for attending the summer school together. One of us went for a day and a half and the other for four days and then we both had to quit to help at home. That was the last of my summer schooling but I always used to try hard to finish the cornhusking each fall as soon as I could, so as to get a good start for the winter session." Father's favorite studies were arithmetic, geography, and spelling. He tells with a proud modesty how once on a visit to his cousin Susannah Howell's school at the Eagle, he was chosen to take part in a spelling match, which he hesitated to enter at a strange school. After some persuasion he stood up with the others and came off victorious by spelling them all down. His fondness for geography may explain the pleasure and satisfaction he always derives from the trips we have taken in later years covering many miles of sight-seeing in almost all of the States. His love for mathematics probably prompted his Uncle Joseph Taylor's offer to have father live in



his home in Philadelphia, and attend the Crittenden Business College, an offer which had to be refused because he could not be spared from the farm.

Some years later he again felt the urge to obtain a better education and decided to approach his father on the subject. He remembers the very place in the entry of the barn where he told his father he wanted to go to school as his brothers and sisters had, and asked if he could be spared. Grandfather's reply was, "If you leave home, Fred, I'll have to give up the farm." "But you have Sam and Lew left, Pap," Father urged. But Grandfather was positive: "No, Fred, if you go I can't keep up the farm; I could not get along with just Sam and Lew. I'll have to give it up if you leave."

So Father, unwilling to cause such a sacrifice, remained at home and never renewed his request. His fondness for mathematics, his splendid memory, his quickness at repartee, his relish in telling a good story, and his ability to produce one apropos to almost any occasion, his keenness in reading character and his genuine friendliness are pronounced native endowments that might have led to a fuller life and more self-confidence, had a wider opportunity for developing them been offered.

After Father's marriage Grandfather wished him to remain on the home farm and Grandfather himself moved with his family to a small farm nearby. Soon after this change, Lew had an opportunity to teach in the Highland School. The teacher there, Nell Graham, lost her father, and had to give up the school and go home. She selected this capable pupil to finish out the term urging him to take the place. Lew, however, felt he could not desert his duties on the farm, because the spring work was coming on, but Father, unwilling that his brother should be deprived of the chance for improvement that he himself had longed for, insisted on his taking the school. He and his man would come over, he told Lew, and look after the farm work for him. So Lew took the school. That first term of teaching was the beginning of a most successful career for this youngest son and prime favorite of the family, of whom Father was always proud. Like many a self-sacrificing mother who

sees in her children the fruition of her own unrealized ambition, Father, never attaining worldly success himself, rejoiced in the splendid career of this idolized youngest brother. Lew used the money he earned that spring to go to school at Millersville for his second term and from that time on climbed steadily, until, as a successful physician, he attained a position of influence and honor, beloved and respected by a host of friends and admirers. Many a time he declared that he owed Father a debt of gratitude he could never repay—that whatever success he had attained was due to Father's making it possible for him to leave the farm and get his start. He, like the great soul that he was, proved in many substantial ways throughout a long life, the sincerity of this gratitude.



## CHAPTER III

### EARLY MANHOOD — THE HIGHLAND FARM

Father was always faithful in the performance of his daily round of duties. The busy life on the farm never seemed to irk him. Like his own father, he worked with zest and with an interest in his work that has never failed him. Even now when past ninety he digs and hoes in his garden with a cheery interest, loath to give over its care to others.

On Hutch's return from the War he and Father again toiled side by side sharing the work of the farm. The yearly round of duties began with the "heavy work" of the Spring: plowing, harrowing, sowing the oats, putting in the potatoes, planting the corn, re-planting it wherever it failed to come up and cultivating it three or four times over after it was up.

In May, as soon as the water was warm enough to swim in, some bright day had to be devoted to washing the sheep. They were driven down the road to the river, a distance of two and a half miles, and put in a cellar under their "Uncle Mahlon K's" warehouse near the Inn. From there, one at a time, they were taken to the river and washed, the men squeezing and squeezing the wool until the water ran clean. As each sheep was washed it was turned loose, but those canny sheep knew enough to wait around contentedly until the last one was washed, after which they lost no time in setting off on the homeward stretch! Soon after the washing, the sheep were sheared and the wool, bringing a much better price when clean, was sold in Trenton.

In summer the days were long and the heavy work continued: cutting and putting up the hay, harvesting the wheat and the oats and spreading the manure on the fields ready for the summer plowing, which must be finished in time for the wheat to be put in by late August or early September. During the long days of summer the



men were out in the fields so early that by nine o'clock they were ready for a second meal—a light lunch of "sweet biscuit" and a cold drink that the girls carried out to the fields. These tasty biscuits were made from sweetened dough with a bit of shortening and were set to rise the same as bread.

In the autumn the peach crop had to be looked after; the potatoes dug; the apples picked and stored in the cellar bins; the corn cut up and bound in shocks, later to be husked and stored in the cribs; and after the husking the fodder had to be hauled up and put in ricks by the barnyard ready to use for winter feed. The pumpkins were piled in golden heaps and nuts were gathered for the winter. Father remembers going nutting on golden autumn days and bringing back bushels of nuts for winter eating—black walnuts in their green hulls, delicious small hickory nuts known as "shellbarks," and satiny brown chestnuts which came to light when the prickly burrs popped open.

Grandmother, too, had her heavy work in the Spring—the semi-annual house-cleaning from attic to cellar, when every room must be thoroughly cleaned, carpets taken up, and turned, and tacked down again, stoves taken down and put away until Fall, and winter garments, blankets and comforts aired and packed away in the cedar chests. In Summer she also had long, busy days, for this was the season for making jellies and for canning and preserving the fruits which Grandfather grew so plentifully. In summer, too, the cousins from Philadelphia came to spend a goodly portion of their vacations, making extra mouths to feed, but adding plenty of fun and good times to the days of toil. In autumn the fall house-cleaning was no less thorough than the one in the Spring. Each room was again cleaned, the carpets were again taken up, beaten, and tacked down with the warm-looking side uppermost; stoves were polished and put up ready for the first cold day; the kitchen stove was moved into the dining room and the old stove from the out kitchen into the kitchen, winter blankets and comforts were unpacked; the yellow pumpkins were transformed into tempting pies and the fall pickling and spicing filled the house with their pleasant aromas.



Winter brought the season when the farmer's heavy work is supposed to be "laid by." But there was still plenty to do to fill the short days, although the long evenings offered opportunity for the family group to gather around the fire in the comfortable sitting-room, or for friendly neighborhood visits, sleighing parties and other recreations. Let us follow the family through some of these typical winter days in Father's early manhood.

Up between five and six, the young people scrambled into their clothes in the cold attic rooms, then the boys and the men hurried out into the early cold to feed the horses and other stock and to milk the ten or twelve cows, while the girls helped prepare the breakfast. When the chores were done, there came the cold splash for the face and hands in the tin wash basins on the bench in the out-kitchen. Then the gathering of the entire household for family prayers was followed by the savory breakfast of sausage and gravy, buckwheat cakes and "New Orleans molasses." One of Grandmother's "hired girls," Mary Kite, won a record for speed in baking buckwheat cakes which Father says he never saw equalled. "She never wanted to begin until we sat down to eat and then, no matter how fast we ate she would always have another plate piled with hot cakes ready as soon as one had been emptied. We often wondered how she did it for the big table of ten or more of us, all with hearty appetites. She was as fast in the kitchen as Bennett was in the corn-field."

After breakfast came the real work of the day. This might be a trip to the wood lot, which Grandfather owned, three miles away, to cut down trees, saw up and haul home the wood, which later had to be cut and split for stove use. Or it might be a day of threshing with the small tread-mill threshing machine in the barn, to fill up the straw sheds and replenish the granaries. (I can remember as a small child when I visited my uncle on his farm watching the horses tramping on that treadmill, walking on it hour after hour and never getting anywhere. I felt sorry for the poor horses but I did love to jump from the big open barn door onto the pile of clean fresh straw and go sliding down to the ground only to jump up, run back into the



barn, and do it all over again.) No matter how many other days the threshing was done, there must always be a Saturday threshing to provide straw and grain for the stock over Sunday.

Or the day's work might be delivering furniture or taking the horses to be shod or filling the ice-house from Johnnie Tomlinson's pond. The big icehouse built by Grandfather in 1862 held thirty-five wagonloads of ice and afforded a generous supply for summer uses: for large freezers of ice cream, for cooling drinks, for the large cooler of ice-water and for the big cellar ice-chest constructed by Grandfather as a home-made refrigerator, lined with zinc, containing ice-chambers at either end and draining off through the cellar drain pipes.

These short winter days were never too short nor too busy for the hearty noon-day meal and the evening's chores—cleaning the stables, putting in fresh supplies of straw for bedding and hay for the mangers, watering and feeding the stock and poultry, hunting the eggs, milking the cows, and straining the milk into the big milk pans.

One of Father's chief winter tasks was the weekly or bi-weekly trip to the Philadelphia markets to sell farm produce. He usually went on Thursday night, getting up at midnight, feeding his horses, eating a lunch and starting about one o'clock in the morning in the big covered market wagon. He sat on the spring seat in front having the rear loaded with potatoes and apples, oats, sacks of shelled corn, quarters of fresh pork, chickens, butter and eggs. Pulling the loaded wagon the horses could not travel faster than a walk for most of the thirty miles. The trip was broken by stopping at Bustleton for a half hour's hot breakfast and a good feeding in a warm shed for the horses. Often on these wintry nights, in spite of heavy clothing and wrappings of shawls, blankets and the old fashioned buffalo robes, Father would get so cold in the wagon that he had to get out and walk for a two or three mile stretch to warm up. In times of a big snow four or five neighbors would meet and go together—each in turn traveling ahead for a few miles to break the road. Occasionally Grandfather accompanied Father on these trips,



for the purpose of visiting his brother or other relatives in Philadelphia while Father sold the produce. Once when Grandfather went with him they were caught in one of the worst snow storms Father ever remembers. Grandfather remarked as they were going to Philadelphia, "Fred, I think we'd better come back as far as Bustleton tonight if we can. There's going to be a storm."

"What makes you think that, Pap? It doesn't look anything like one to me."

"Well, I know it doesn't look like it now," he replied, "but all the women are on the trot today and that's a sure sign of a big storm."

And sure enough when they started back next day the snow was so deep and the drifts so high that four or five teams had to keep together to help each other in breaking the road. The wind blew so hard and came into the wagon with such fury that they hung sacks across the front to keep out the snow. At home, Grandmother was anxiously waiting for their return keeping a continual lookout for the first sight of them on the road. Mr. Large and her brother Sammie, knowing her feminine weakness for worrying over her men, and no doubt just a bit anxious themselves, joined her in the watch.

At last Grandmother spied them by the school house corner, plunging through the drifts. "Oh, how will they ever get here," she wailed, but Mr. Large and Sammie, the long tension broken with the travelers in sight, could now laugh at her. "I reckon, Margaret," Mr. Large said, "that as long as they've made the first thirty miles, they'll be able to make the last quarter!"

On these trips to Philadelphia almost any kind of luck might be in store for Father in selling his load. Sometimes he sold out the entire load on his way to the public market at Second and Dock streets. People seeing his loaded wagon would come out to inquire what he had to sell. Sometimes he had orders ahead and merely delivered his load, but at other times he might stand all day, his wagon one of many standing in rows in the open market square. By nightfall he might not yet be sold out. Then load, horses and man would put up at the American or the Barley Sheaf, at Second



and Vine, or the Rising Sun, or the Black Bear, or the Red Lion, where the charges were \$1.50 for the night, including supper and breakfast, and for the horses an extra voluntary fee of from ten to fifty cents. Father generally made it fifty—always wanting the best for his horses. Next morning early the load would be taken back to the market, for it must be sold, even if he had to stay another night. The price of a load varied from forty to seventy-five dollars but in all his hundreds of trips, Father was never robbed, although on one occasion he felt he had a narrow escape.

A man who had watched him all afternoon pretended to buy his last produce late that night. The man said, however, that he was out of money, but if Father would go with him to the house of a friend who owed him some money, he would get the needed amount and buy the last of his load. Father, tired from the day in market, and anxious to dispose of his load, left the wagon in care of another man, and started out with the stranger. "He led me down a spooky alley," says Father, "and wanted me to cross the street to a dark spot where he said his friend lived who owed him money. I didn't like the looks of the place, and didn't care about being with the man any longer either, for he had been asking me about the price I got for my load as we walked along. I told him I had received less than five dollars for this load because I usually collected the next day on my way out of town. I didn't tell him about the hundred dollars I had in my pockets for a check I had cashed for Aunt Sue, but I began to feel pretty uneasy. So instead of crossing the dark street with him I told him I'd just sit there on the bench while he got the money, as I was feeling rather tired. The minute the man was out of sight I didn't wait to get rested but hurried away as fast as I could and never saw him again."

Even if his load sold quickly, Father always spent the night in Philadelphia, often visiting with his cousins, the Brooks family, or the Malones, or with his uncle, Mahlon H. Taylor. Sometimes he attended lectures. On one occasion he went to hear Henry Ward Beecher at the Academy of Music, but he remembers more about his own discomfort than he does of Beecher's address. A corn on



his foot hurt so badly that he pulled off his boot, and at the end of the lecture he could not get it on the swollen foot. There was nothing to do but carry the boot and limp the five blocks through the snow in stocking foot back to the hotel, where he was hailed by the usual group of farmers gathered about the fire talking. Father lost no time in answering their jibes, but went straight about the business of warming his foot and drying his sock.

In good weather the return trips home by daylight and with an empty wagon were made more speedily than the trips down. Winter was the big season for marketing but in other seasons when market products were scarce, four neighbor families would join and take turns once a month in making the Philadelphia trip. Grain in larger quantities than could be taken to market was used in part for fattening the cattle which were to be sold direct to the butcher. The remainder was sold to the mills after enough had been ground for the family use. Usually about ten bushels at a time were taken to be ground into flour, the miller taking out one-tenth of the grain for toll. Father, ever ready with a homely story on almost any phase of life, tells one which probably illustrates the reputation of many a miller. A bashful boy took a grist to the mill, and while waiting for his grain to be ground, was plied with questions from the miller. To each question the boy replied, "I don't know. I don't know." At last the miller said in irritation, "Don't you know anything, boy?"

"Yes," drawled the boy, "some things I know and some things I don't know."

"Well what do you know, and what don't you know, then?"

"Well," the boy replied dryly, "I know that a miller always has fat hogs, but I *don't* know whose grain he feeds them."

The butchers to whom Grandfather sold cattle had slaughterhouses at their own homes, but marketed the meat by driving to the various country houses and selling it directly from their wagons. The first butcher Father remembers was Thomas Girtin, from Yardleyville, a good Methodist who often entertained Grandfather's family for dinner when the Quarterly Meeting was held at Yardleyville. These traveling butcher shops must have been a great con-



venience to the housewives of that day. For Grandmother's family an "errand to town" meant a five mile round trip. This was quite a journey to take on foot; if taken in the falling-top it might mean using a horse that was needed in the fields; or even if the driving horse stood in the stable, the time consumed in hitching her to the carriage, driving to town and back, unhitching and putting her back in the stable was no small interruption for these busy women. Grandfather usually had a beef of his own killed every year selling half to the neighbors and keeping the rest. The family also killed enough hogs in a year to make a thousand pounds of dressed meat, some of which they marketed, much of which they ate fresh and some of which they put down in brine.

The long winter evenings knit the family together. However varied the duties of the day in this busy household, evening saw the family gathered around the lighted center table in the cozy room, where a cheery fire burned in the little coal stove with its isinglass windows through which the red glow shone. One member of the family, Grandmother's Aunt Sue, seldom joined the family group for the evening. She usually went up to her own heated room to write or read in the quiet. She was quite a scholar and a great reader—always reading her Bible through once a year and knowing it so well she could locate accurately almost any verse of scripture or any Bible story. Although so familiar with her Bible she was a bit crotchety in disposition, very critical and very hard to please. She had had a sweetheart, a brother of Commodore Perry, but they had quarreled and parted and Aunt Sue never married.

These evenings spent around the "family lamp" must have offered the opportunity for chuckles over family incidents, for the telling of neighborhood happenings and for the re-telling of the treasured family stories of by-gone days, many of which Father recalls. Sometimes one of the group would read aloud, Grandfather liking to listen but never caring to do much reading aloud; sometimes everybody would read to himself, with Grandmother sitting by busy at her sewing. Often Nellie Barton, a cousin of the Brooks family, would come up for a visit from Philadelphia and then the



reading might give way to music, for Nellie had a sweet clear voice and would entertain the family with song after song. Always a basket of apples was at hand and usually emptied before the evening was over. Now and then doughnuts accompanied the apples or nuts were cracked and eaten, or corn was popped over glowing coals. Once in a while Grandmother made a gala evening of it by producing a big dish of creamy molasses taffy which she had found time during the busy day to cook and pull over the big hook fastened to the kitchen wall. Back and forth she would walk, pulling the great mass out in long shanks and throwing it over the hook again and again until it reached the exact creamy whiteness she knew was perfect. This candy she made from the sugar deposited in the big molasses barrels which Grandfather bought for use on the farm after the molasses had been sold out of them. Often in the bottom of these "empty barrels" a deposit of thirty or forty pounds of sugar was left which was always carefully removed for Grandmother's use before the barrels were taken over for the farm.

Occasionally a sleighing party of neighbors and friends would come to spend the evening or some young people of the family would join with other friends and make up sleighing parties of their own, to attend Lyceums at Dolington, Newtown, Pineville, or Doylestown. At these lyceums programs of more or less literary merit were presented and debating was a popular diversion, especially if one or both of the two most popular debaters of the neighborhood, Billy Lloyd or Bob Tomlinson, were among the group. Sometimes a lecturer from the city would be the attraction.

Father recalls one sleigh ride with a large party of young friends—Barclay Eyre, Ellwood and Ellie Longshore, Macre Eyre, Julia Taylor, and Father's sister, Sallie, who went to attend a lyceum at Carversville, where Maggie Longshore was going to school. "The roads were drifted so badly we could not pass even a one-horse sleigh which we met on the road. Our men and the young man in the sleigh got out, unhitched the young man's horse and lifted the young lady in the sleigh up on a high bank of snow, and then, all of us laughing like young people will and forgetting all about the



lady in the sleigh on the snow bank we drove off and left them. I've wondered many a time since how the young man got his sleigh and the young lady down from that drift."

On ordinary winter evenings the bedtime was nine o'clock and the same cold attic rooms in which they had dressed in the morning awaited the young people at night. In a snowy time the outer unsealed attic, through which they had to go, might be covered with a skiff of snow, over which they had to scurry to reach the plastered bedrooms beyond. But they undressed in a jiffy, burrowed into the deep feather beds under a generous supply of covers and were warm and asleep before they had time to shiver. And the journey up to the cold rooms in the morning to make the beds was as much dreaded by the girls as the trip to bed at night. In describing the cold of those rooms Father often recalls with a chuckle how his sister Mary felt about going up there in the cold—they teased her about it many a time afterwards—"It was a bitter cold morning and we boys were all standing around the kitchen fire, shivering over the thought of starting out into the cold to do up the morning chores, when Sis, who was all bundled up and was putting on her gloves getting ready to go upstairs, got out of humor with us and burst out, 'Well, I just guess if you boys had to go up into that freezing garret and make a lot of icy beds, you'd have something to shiver about!'"

If the evening were given over to sleighing parties or extra festivities, the retiring hour behaved much as it does with party-goers of today, and crept up into the small hours of the morning, when those attic bedrooms must have seemed colder and further away than ever. Sometimes sleep overcame the late-comers, but a faithful horse could usually be relied upon to find her own way back. Hutch, the tease of the family who could evidently enjoy a joke at his own expense, told of coming home late one night, when he fell asleep and his horse, usually so faithful, failed him. She turned off the road, walked up a neighbor's lane, where three maiden ladies lived, and came to a stop over an old cisten covered with fence rails. The stop awakened Hutch and, seeing to his horror the precarious footing of his horse, he crawled from the carriage and, as cautiously as pos-



sible, backed his horse off the dangerous boards and hurried away. Possibly his elation at escaping without detection or accident made him willing to relate the episode.

A few days later when Father passed the house of the three maiden ladies who were always fond of their gossip, they were all out at the end of the lane, waiting for a chat with a passerby. The first item of their news was Hutch's trip up their lane. "Just two nights back," they related, "some fool drove over those loose rails of our cistern. It's a wonder he and his horse didn't fall through and a pity they didn't." Father, ready to burst with laughter, lost no time in getting away before they discovered that this was no news to him.

One evening as the family came into the sitting-room to gather around the table a great surprise awaited them. And what a family this was for surprises! The youngest member, Lew, was particularly fond of them, although the other members were not far behind.

One splendid surprise of his I well remember in my own childhood while we lived in Missouri. My mother was away for a few days and had entrusted me with the duty of cooking my father's meals. That afternoon a knock sounded on the door. I answered it and found there a tall, handsome man with a dark mustache, asking me if I would like to buy some soap. I knew him instantly and the next minute was in his arms, greatly to the alarm of my small sister, who was watching me from the top of the stairs. But I would have recognized this favorite uncle anywhere, even on a desert island, which the barren little Western village may have resembled to him fresh from the Pennsylvania woods and hills. My excitement over the preparation of that evening meal for my uncle has never been equalled since, although many a company meal of far greater proportions has fallen on my shoulders since that first staggering responsibility.

But to go back to the farm and the never-to-be-forgotten surprise on that particular evening. No one but Grandmother knew what was coming. She was the first to reach the sitting-room that night



and sat there “looking as contented as you need please,” says Father, “very busy reading her paper and not looking up as the rest of us came in.” But each member of the household saw the surprise the moment he crossed the threshold. There it stood in the center of the table—a thing of effulgent glory—a kerosene lamp! How brilliant the room looked and what wonderful light there was for the reading that night! Instead of the usual candles or the little fluid lamp with no chimney, this kerosene wonder threw out a strong and steady beam—the first such light the family had ever seen. Grandmother had bought the lamp in Philadelphia, and smuggled it into the house filling it with oil and lighting it without any one discovering her.

Another innovation of that winter was the family’s first sewing machine, which Grandfather brought home on a sled in February, 1858. Father remembers making the trip with him to deliver some furniture to Ira Hogeland near Newtown, and then driving on down to Falsington to buy from Sammie Comfort two of the new Comfort sewing machines, one to be delivered to Nancy McMasters, a seamstress in Taylorsville, and the other to be given to Grandmother.

Sunday had a program all its own in this religious household. No matter how busy the weeks might be nor what the activities from Monday morning to Saturday night, on Sunday the family “went up to the House of the Lord to worship.” On that day they arose a little later than usual, did up the morning work, including, in winter, the building of a fire in the front parlor, dressed for church, and hitched up the big market wagon. Then would come the call “Everybody ready for church?” Grandfather had never studied child psychology but he understood it. His hail was never “Who want to go to church?” but always “Everybody ready?” And of course they were and off they would go in the market wagon, which was big enough to accommodate the members of the Slack family too, whose home they passed on the way to Taylorsville. The church services at Taylorsville alternated with Yardley in the morning and afternoon worship. In winter when services were in the afternoon, some



one always had to stay at home to start the evening chores before the family returned at dusk.

Such of the day and of Sunday evening as were not taken up in religious services, the family spent in the front parlor, not used on other days except for company. This custom of wearing best clothes and using the best room and of never doing any secular work except that which was necessary, such as caring for the stock, seems to have been as much a part of remembering the Sabbath Day to keep it holy, as was the regular attendance at church. The eldest daughter of the family in a homesick letter to her parents written six years after her marriage and found among her sister Sallie's pile of old letters, refers to the family Sunday evenings, "I have been trying to picture tonight in my imagination here, how you are looking in your own loved home and I see you both as I have often seen you in by-gone days—you, Father, with the newspaper and every now and then reading aloud some particular passage, and your, Mother, with the Bible, trying to read some of its sacred passages . . . I look upon the home of my childhood as a pleasant spot where I always found hearts to sympathize with me when in sorrow or rejoice with me in prosperity."

It often fell to Father's lot, after he was grown, to spend a good part of Sunday in driving the young preacher of the circuit to his various services of the day—Penn's Park in the morning, Attisville in the afternoon, and Newtown in the evening. The elder preacher on these Sundays preached at Taylorsville and Yardley, alternating with his assistant on successive Sundays.

When Grandfather first moved to the farm he started a Sunday school at Highland school house, which met at one o'clock and which he and the children attended. He acted as superintendent while the school continued but it was given up after a time.

Although regular attendants of the Methodist Church in Taylorsville, Grandmother and Grandfather were always liberal to the other faiths. Indeed, denominationalism was never a strong family trait and for obvious reasons—one of Grandmother's maternal ancestors, Thomas Ustick, was an Episcopal vestryman in Trinity



Church of New York City, and is buried in the churchyard there, at the head of Wall Street. His grandson, who was her grandfather, also a Thomas Ustick, was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Philadelphia; her father's family on both sides were Quakers; her eldest brother was a Methodist; and Grandfather's ancestors were Quakers. He and Grandmother, a few years after their marriage, were converted at a Methodist camp meeting in Jersey in the hills near Titusville, where Father remembers attending a camp meeting before he was twelve years old. After their conversion they became faithful workers in the Methodist denomination, Grandfather always holding influential positions in the local church.

On the subject of church-going Grandfather's advice to his sons as they grew to manhood was, "I'd always like you to go to church somewhere; if you don't want to go where I go, there is a Presbyterian church at Titusville, another at Newtown, and the Friends meeting at Makefield—none of them far away." Father liked the Presbyterian church in Newtown, which he often attended, and in later life used to repeat laughingly the observation of a neighbor, shortly after he had moved to a new community, "Mr. Taylor must be a Presbyterian; he has the Presbyterian walk."

Father does not remember any definite spiritual change in his own life such as his father experienced in his conversion. (My own opinion is that he was the Lord's child from the day of his birth.) Neither had he any definite convictions that he ought to join church in childhood, as did his brothers, Hutch and Lew, who united with the church at the age of eight years. Father made his decision in February, 1868, during revival services which he attended in the Newtown Methodist Church, after which he united with the Taylorsville church under the same pastor. Like his father, he became and always has remained a faithful attendant of his own church, but friendly to other denominations.

In 1866 the second family wedding occurred when Hutch was married and began housekeeping on his Uncle Sammie Baker's farm. At the reception which was held in Hutch's honor, Father had such a cough as alarmed them all, the family fearing he was



beginning with that same dread disease that had carried off his eldest brother eight years before. But one of the guests, Sallie Jane Reeder, from Solebury, an intimate friend of Father's sister Mary, sympathizing with the family's concern but not sharing their alarm, said confidently: "I know a remedy that will cure that cough of thine, Fred, if thee will try it." Father replied that he would try anything that might make him well. And this was the recipe that she gave—"Take skunk cabbage roots and soak them in water for twenty-four hours; drain off the water and with it let thy mother make a rich syrup, putting in sliced lemons at the last. Then take it every hour or oftener and thy cough will be cured."

Black Marinda's husband, William, who knew every square foot of the ground in the woods by Betts school, dug through eighteen inches of snow and brought back a generous supply of the skunk cabbage root. Grandmother lost no time in preparing the syrup, which fortunately has a more pleasing taste than name, and Father says, "I was resolved to get rid of my cough, so I took that syrup faithfully I tell you, and sure enough I did get well. None of the predictions of that night, that I would not live to see my twenty-fifth birthday, came true. Here I am past ninety-two, and haven't died of consumption yet."

Grandfather's household, as has every household since homes began, treasured and passed on many little family incidents, neighborhood events out of the ordinary, unusual happenings in days gone by, and anecdotes of ancestors. They reconstructed lost family fortunes over which they sighed vain regrets and out of which they built many an air castle.

One of the trifling family incidents at which they smiled and which they remembered was the first poetic attempt of little Lew. After moving to the farm the family had to get water for a time from a big cistern under the kitchen, by lifting a large trap door in the floor and dipping the water up in a bucket. This black gulf made a deep impression on the six-year-old boy, who produced these lines, which Father can quote today:



If I down in this big hole should fall  
I'd bump my head against the wall;  
I'd scramble and I'd try to go  
To a better land of rest or woe.

They teased Mary over getting so frightened at school one day during a terrific thunder storm that she went out on the porch and took off her wire hoops for fear of the lightning. Later this same sister was due for a tease when the subject of buckwheat cakes was broached. Father and his friend Ellwood were lunching one day with the young housewife who served them pancakes. Presently the boy in the kitchen who was baking them opened the door and called out, "Missus Buckman if I bakes any moah cakes there won't be no risin' left for mohnin'."

They remembered the queer vagaries of little Elmer who loved to visit his grandpa's home and would cry when he had to leave. Catching the oft-repeated expression "It's a little chilly," Elmer one day surprised them by asking, "Where's Big Chilly? I want to see Big Chilly." And again when asked, one day, by his Uncle Hutch if he wanted to take a ride to Taylorsville, and was told to say that he would go with pleasure, remonstrated vehemently, "But I don't want to go with Pleasure, I want to go with Uncle Hutch." Elmer would never touch a white porcelain button as a child. Even after he was grown he could remember the feeling of nausea which came over him at the touch of these buttons. (I had the same aversion as a child and can fully understand this strange sickish sensation, even produced at the sight of children playing with strings of buttons.)

One of Grandmother's hired girls was colored Annie, over whom the family had many a laugh. One of her idiosyncrasies was her ideas on correspondence. One day she coaxed Father's sister Sallie to write a long letter home for her, telling of all the news she had gathered for the past month, but when Sallie then offered to mail it for her, Annie objected, "Oh, no, Miz Sallie, I doesn't want to mail it. I wants to take it home with me and hear them niggahs laugh when they reads it." Pete Wilson, the neighborhood darky,



was another whose sayings were inclined to become family by-words. One day when Pete was sick, Dr. Harlow said to him half jokingly, "Peter, do you ever feel you might die?" to which Pete replied seriously, "Oh, no, Doctah, I *cain't* die. I'se bound to Sammie Howell until I'se twenty-one." Little Lew was always afraid of Pete's big lip. "Why, Lewie," Grandmother said one day, "Pete wouldn't hurt you for anything. He wouldn't hurt you even for a dollar, would you, Pete?" Pete stuck out his big lip and looking at little Lew with a solemn expression, drawled "I dunno, Miz Taylah, a dollah's mighty temptin'."

Sammie Slack and his superstitions caused many a smile, but strangely enough they were more or less closely followed by the very ones who laughed at Sammie. His potatoes must always be "planted in the dark of the moon," and his corn "when the white oak leaves were as big as squirrels' ears," which Father always quotes as the proper time even yet for his patch of sweet corn.

Everyone chuckled over the story told of the stingy neighbor who charged the young men, when they came to see his daughters, for feed for their horses if their visits were prolonged until feeding time. The story of the two homeliest men of the neighborhood was repeated with relish: One day Bennie, stopping for a chat with Sammie, remarked, "I met a terribly homely man today, Sammie, why he was as ugly as I am; in fact, he was *almost* as ugly as thee is."

Then there was the Kit Dillon story. This humble Irish woman was the one in all the neighborhood who had talked face to face with the great Lincoln and no one in her presence ever dared to speak a word against him. On our Bucks County pilgrimages we often pass a little old three room cottage and Father always says, "That is where Kit Dillon lived." "And who was this poor Kit Dillon who lived all alone in that little cottage?" a niece of Father's once asked as we passed the little house. "Well," Father said, "I don't know that you could say she lived *alone* exactly as she had a husband and eight children.

"She was the wife of John Dillon who followed the canal and they lost in the war two of their three sons who enlisted. Afraid



that her other boys would be drafted, she set out afoot for Washington to ask the President if they might be spared." The great-hearted President consented to see her when she arrived and gave her his personal promise that her other sons should never be taken in the draft.

It was Grandmother who passed on the story of the man in the big flood of January, 1841, which washed away so many of the Delaware bridges. He was standing on Center Bridge, which was about four miles above New Hope, watching the high waters, when the bridge went down, and he with it. Seizing one of the planks of the bridge he clung to it, calling for help as he was carried down the river in the rushing flood. As he passed under the New Hope Bridge the high water had almost reached the floor of the bridge. Lying flat on his stomach on the plank, he passed under the bridge unhurt. Still calling for help as he was carried down through the swirling waters he passed Taylorsville eight miles below New Hope where the people were watching the rising waters. Some one said, "There is a man in the river calling for help," but no one could reach him. Four miles farther down at Yardleyville he was again seen and heard by people there who were watching the flood. At this point the current carried him nearer to the New Jersey shore. One of the men on the Pennsylvania side who saw him, started across the Yardleyville bridge to rescue him. As he ran he felt the bridge shake and could hear the planks falling behind him. This bridge too went down. But the runner reached the Jersey side in safety and, keeping his eye on the man in the river who was still clinging to his plank, ran half a mile down the shore to a point opposite the man and jumping into a boat rowed out to meet him. The rescuer succeeded in getting the exhausted man into the boat and hurried back to the shore where others met them and helped the man into a near-by house. Here they took off his wet clothes and put on dry ones, warmed him by a good hot fire and gave him hot coffee and food.

After a time the man revived and was able to tell of his harrowing experience—of how for sixteen frightful miles he had been whirled in the rushing current of the icy waters, all the while cling-



ing desperately to his plank and calling for help with no one heeding until he was well-nigh spent. Then he spoke of his anxious family at home and wondered how he could let them know that he was safe. For neither the telephone nor the telegraph had as yet been invented, all the bridges were washed away and no row boat was safe in that dashing torrent. The people who had helped to rescue him volunteered a team and wagon and took him up to a place on the Jersey shore opposite his home, near the spot where Center Bridge had stood before that frightful moment when it had crashed with him upon it several hours before.

It was dark long before they had driven those weary sixteen miles. When they reached the spot some one had a bright idea which all hastened to carry out. They built a huge bonfire and stood the man in front of it so that his form was outlined against the blaze. Soon shouts were heard from the Pennsylvania side. His waiting family had recognized the familiar form and knew that he was safe!

We do not know his name nor aught of his family but surely his story is packed with drama even as that other famous crossing of the Delaware.

Grandmother also perpetuated many family stories and saved old letters and papers, many of which are still in our possession. Old wills and marriage certificates, old letters written by her grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Ustick of Philadelphia, and a book of his sermons bearing the date 1794, old letters written by her mother, Mary Brown Ustick before her marriage; and by her grandmother, Hannah (Witear) Ustick, and by her father and her uncles are among these carefully preserved old documents. One of her ancestors on her father's side was John Head who, when he and his wife landed from England, carried two of their children off the ship in a wooden wash-tub. Later he became a prosperous joiner in Philadelphia. His son, John Head, Jr., at death left an estate of no mean proportions. A \*copy of his will is also among the keepsakes of the family.

The "H" on Grandmother's old pewter plates brought from Eng-

\* See page 208



land and her middle name were both reminders of the Head ancestry. An incident concerning one of the family's well-to-do Quaker ancestors, in all probability this same John Head, is recalled with pride. In my aunt's handwriting, among her papers, I found the following account of the incident, "At one time during the Revolutionary War when the government needed money very badly Robert Morris was in great-great-grandfather's office and was telling him about it. Grandfather said, 'Being a Friend I cannot give thee any money for the war but here are my keys, thee can go to my desk and get what thee can find; it is said by some that there was a package of money waiting for him, some say £4,000 and some say £800 (pounds).'"

At least three lost fortunes tormented the family with occasional bursts of hope and many useless regrets. Like buried treasure the fabulous "Jennings Estate" in England lured them on to idle dreams. Grandmother's brother, Thomas Baker, spent hours trying to collect from all the family sufficient funds to protect their interests in this large estate to which we were all supposedly heirs. It was a topic all the heirs were talking about; their hopes were faint but Uncle Tommy's zeal was indefatigable. I remember as a small child the aircastles we built after one of his visits, for he came often to our home and my busy mother with a sigh would resignedly exclaim when she saw him at the door, "Oh, there's Uncle Tommy; that means a wasted hour on the Jennings Estate."

But even without the big English fortune, how comfortably rich the family felt it might have been if Grandmother's father, Henry Baker, who by the terms of his grandfather's (John Head's) will was an heir to the property where Moyamensing Prison now stands in Philadelphia, had not signed away his right to this before he was twenty-one! The feeling always lingered that this property legally belonged to the family and that some pleasant turn of fortune's wheel might one day restore it! And yet another lost fortune, on Grandfather's side, was often mentioned with many unpleasant regrets: Grandfather Taylor and his brothers fell heir to some Philadelphia property near the Rising Sun Hotel for which Grandfather

had an old deed. He once showed this deed to a distant cousin of Grandmother's, a suave and none too honest lawyer, who promised to investigate the matter and who took the deed. Never thereafter could this wily lawyer be persuaded to make any report concerning the property nor to return the deed, smoothly evading the issue and, the family suspected, disposing of the deed by questionable manipulations and perhaps pocketing whatever profits resulted.

These avenues of wealth being closed, the family jogged on in comfortable poverty and plenteous toil, which heritage they bequeathed to their offspring even to the third and fourth generations.



## CHAPTER IV

### MARRIAGE AND LEAVING THE HIGHLAND FARM

My father first met Ruth Anna Snyder about four years before they were married, and on this wise: To raise money for a Sunday School library the Taylorsville church members decided to give an entertainment and Mr. Large, the chairman of the committee, called upon Nell Graham to take entire charge. She was a popular character of the neighborhood, a well-liked school teacher, a public reader, and a fairly clever writer. She consented if they would get someone to help her, and chose Ruth Snyder who was then teaching at Brownsburg.

Ruth was the daughter of Samuel and Mary (Hibbs) Snyder. Samuel was teaching the Paxton School, familiarly known as the "Eight-Square" school house, when he and Mary met.

After his marriage Samuel taught in Tinicum Township where Ruth was born. She was always a delicate child and Grandmother was an invalid after her birth, confined to her bed and a great sufferer for three years during which time she was tenderly waited on by her devoted husband, who idolized her, and by an older sister, Anna, who took care of the children, baby Ruth, and Little Henry, almost two years older than Ruth.

After Grandmother's death, her sister Anna, to whom little Ruth had been given, took the three-year-old baby back to her father's farm, where for six years the delicate child was cared for and coddled. Another grandchild, Phebe Hibbs, who also lost her mother was brought back to the same home by her father, Abdon, one of the seven boys in this large family. Here in the hospitable home of their grandparents, Lambert and Phebe (Mode) Hibbs, the two little motherless cousins grew up together as sisters, petted and tenderly looked after by their grandmother and the large family of aunts and uncles. Phebe and Ruth always thought of and



addressed each other as sisters, remaining to the last more congenial and nearer than many real sisters.

Grandfather Snyder continued his teaching and boarded at various places. Little Henry was sometimes on the farm with his sister and sometimes with his father, but finally went to live with his mother's sister, Elizabeth, and her husband, John Holcomb, where he helped on the farm for some years. Later he was educated for the Navy and became an engineer, serving during the Civil War under Admiral Farragut.

After six years Grandfather married Anna, who became in name what she had been in deed, the only mother my mother ever knew. Grandfather soon gave up his teaching, went into the coal business in Philadelphia and moved his family to Bristol where they lived for several years. One morning on his way to the office in Philadelphia Grandfather had a stroke, just as he was going up the stairs. His foot suddenly lost all feeling he said, and he had to look to see if it was really there. This necessitated his giving up active business, after which Grandmother took boarders for a period of eight years as Grandfather was never able to resume his business responsibilities. Then they broke up the Bristol home and the family went to board with his wife's niece Phebe, who by that time had married Harvey Tomlinson, and was living in the Stony Brook house on the Tomlinson farm near Brownsburg. Grandfather had then recovered sufficiently to help around the house and to walk as far as Brownsburg for the mail each day, but he did no regular work.

Ruth was educated at Pennington in a girls' private school, opposite the Seminary, which was run by a Mr. Lasher, who had originally been on the faculty of the Seminary. He had "resigned in a huff" from his position there, however, and set up a school of his own. Besides her schooling at Pennington, Ruth acquired many of the accomplishments in which the educated young lady of that day was supposed to be proficient. She took piano lessons from a teacher in Bristol and went down to Philadelphia for instruction in drawing, painting in oils and water colors, daguerrotype painting and the making of wax fruits and flowers. Several large pictures which she



painted at that time still hang on the walls of our home and some of the wax fruits and flowers, preserving to this day their freshness of color and lovely tints, still lie enmeshed in soft cotton in the old fashioned boxes where she packed them years ago, carrying them from place to place as she moved to different homes. Some time after graduating at Pennington she attended the State Normal School at Chester, Pennsylvania, to prepare for teaching.

That fall when Nell Graham asked for Ruth as an assistant she was teaching her first school at Brownsburg, and boarding with her parents at her "sister Phebe's" home. When Ruth had applied for this school and went for her first examination before the township school directors to get her certificate she told \*Bennie Wiggins, who was on the board, that she was afraid she wouldn't pass, but Bennie replied, "I don't care whether thee passes or not. We're going to give thee the school anyway." Perhaps this feeling of security helped her to sail through the examination with flying colors, and served as an impetus to excel at teaching, in which profession she proved to be highly successful.

At the time of her Brownsburg teaching Ruth was a capable, pretty young woman, full of animation and no doubt displaying in those early years the efficiency and cleverness of management we so well knew in later years. When she consented to help Nell Graham with the Taylorsville entertainment, the next move was to provide her with an escort. Mr. Large, an intimate friend of Grandfather's family, at once thought of Fred who was ever ready to help anyone. Nothing was ever too much trouble for Fred – ever the soul of kindness.

And so for the first time Fred and Ruth met in person, although not as complete strangers for through Fred's sister Sallie and her intimate schoolmate friend, Dell Hibbs, who was Ruth's first cousin, each had known of the other.

Every week from September through December Fred took Ruth in his "falling top" from Stony Brook, near Brownsburg, to Taylorsville and back, during which months she and Nell worked assid-

\* See page 187



uously at drilling the participants for the entertainment. It proved to be a great success. Over three hundred dollars was cleared. But the vital outcome, the result not measured in dollars, was the meeting of these two young people. From that time on, Father's mind was made up; for under his kindly manner and quiet humility lay a determined will, deep seated affections and unswerving loyalty. In the years that followed, in spite of family obstacles that confronted them, Father never wavered in his devotion to Ruth nor in his determination to win her.

The next responsibility after the entertainment was the investment of that three hundred dollars. And again Fate threw Fred and Ruth together. She, Nell, and Father's sister Sallie were appointed a committee to purchase the books for the library. They soon made an excursion to Philadelphia and bought some of the books. Their plan was to have the books delivered at the Barley Sheaf Hotel where Father stopped overnight and have him bring them up in his empty market wagon. After getting the books he was to stop further uptown for the girls who would return with him. On the long drive home drowsiness overcame the girls and when chatter gave place to silence Father suddenly had a very unpleasant recollection. He had forgotten those books! No doubt because of his haste to get the girls, the lesser responsibility had entirely slipped his mind. But in spite of chagrin the joke was too good not to share.

"I'll tell you something that will waken you up," he said, "We forgot those books. They are still at the Barley Sheaf."

"O, Fred, how could you, when that was the whole purpose of our trip?" they exclaimed. Then Father did some calculating. He would have to retrieve himself in the eyes of the committee especially as Ruth was a member. He would start the next morning for those books and make the round trip in a day if possible. By driving his fast horse, Kate, to Frankford, a distance of twenty-five miles, he could leave her in the stable at the Seven Stars Hotel and take "the dummy" for Philadelphia. This was a car run by steam with the engine-part in front separated by a window from the rest of the car where the passengers sat. Sometimes there were two cars on "the



dummy," a horse car being hooked on as a trailer. The one conductor then had to grab the iron railings and swing from car to car to collect his fares.

From the station in the northern part of the city where the dummy stopped, Father still had an hour's ride or more in a slow horse car to reach his down town hotel. How he managed to transport the pile of books to the street car and then to the dummy he never explained, but manage he did and reached home that same night. It was a day's work in which he felt a justified satisfaction, and the girls must have absolved him completely.

After leaving Brownsburg Ruth taught the Highland School and boarded at Abdon Longshore's, about a mile and a half from the school. Abdon's wife was a sister of Harvey Tomlinson and Abdon's son Ellwood was an intimate friend of Father. The Longshore home was only two miles away from the Highland Farm which made it convenient for the young people of the two families to share many good times together.

In the fall of 1866 Phebe and Harvey moved from Brownsburg to Newtown where Harvey went into the plastic slate and roofing business. After a short residence here they moved to Trenton where at first he continued in the same business with Henry Fell. In 1869 he and J. W. Cornell formed a partnership and opened the hardware store on North Warren Street in which business both continued for the rest of their lives, J. W. Cornell's death preceding Harvey's by several years. Ruth's father and mother moved with Phebe from home to home and Father made many drives to Trenton to take Ruth home for week end visits with her parents.

In February 1868 Bennie Smith asked Ruth to take a position as Art teacher in the new private boarding school at Doylestown that he and his half brother Eugene had started the year before. Ruth consented and resigned from the Highland school to accept the offered position as teacher of penmanship, drawing, painting and the making of wax fruits and flowers. Her life in this school, known as The Doylestown English and Classical Seminary, was a pleasant one. The Seminary was attended by about a hundred boarding pupils



and two hundred or more day scholars. The boys' dormitories were on the third floor, the girls' on the fourth; the classrooms were on the second floor and the kitchen, dining-room and parlors on the first.

One of Mother's pupils—whom I met recently, now a gray haired lady herself—was enthusiastic in her admiration of Mother, whom she still vividly remembered: "She was always kind to her pupils and we all thought so much of her. I remember so well her pretty hands, which I loved to watch as she wrote. I'm afraid I usually watched her hands, rather than the penmanship she was illustrating on the blackboard. She was always so neat and trim and although small, she had an authority which we all respected. When she spoke to us her whole face would sparkle. She was one of the most attractive and quite the prettiest teacher we ever had. Although she was there such a short time we never forgot her. She was always so warmly interested in her pupils and I always thought she was especially good to me."

Another of her pupils, Mary Marcellus, later Mary Shade, became an intimate and life-long friend of Mother's household and of the Taylor family. At the dormitory Mother had a suite of two rooms, which she occupied with another teacher, Patience Smith. Mary's room was only two doors away. She saw a great deal of Mother and became very much attached to her. In telling of those days many years afterward, Mary said, "Thy mother always looked so neat and had such pretty little shoes (Mother was just five feet tall and wore one-and-a-half sized shoes). She was much liked as a teacher and was an excellent instructor. Thy father often came to see her and all of us were interested in Miss Snyder's beau. We liked him because he always spoke to us in such a friendly way as he came down the hall and he was always especially kind to me. That was the first time I ever remember meeting any of the Taylor family although thy father's cousin had married my cousin and I had all my life heard of the Taylors."

Mary was an orphan who made her home with an uncle, John Smith. The spring that Mother resigned he was moving to Kansas



and Mary was disconsolate. She says, "One day thy mother called me to her and asked if I could keep a secret. She then told me of her approaching marriage and asked me if I would like to come and live with them. Of course I was overjoyed and told her how glad I would be to do so."

Thus it happened that sixteen-year-old Mary Marcellus became a member of the household when Father and Mother started house-keeping and later on her young brother Will came too. From Mary's first day she was always a family favorite, seeming indeed like one of its members. In the latter years of her life she usually spent two months of each year in our home and was beloved by all its inmates and visitors. She had met the sorrows and hardships of life, of which she had no small share, in so brave a way that they left no mark of bitterness upon her. Her last years were spent in a Church Home, where she endeared herself to all the household by her kindly ministrations and her thoughtfulness for others. Her contented spirit shone in a reply she made when we visited her in her last illness in the fall of 1930. "Does our talking worry thee?" we asked.

"Nothing worries me, Mamie," she said, in her positive but gentle way, "I have nothing at all to worry about. Every one is so kind and I have everything I need. I like to hear you all talk even if I can't join in as much as I would like."

She had a delicious sense of humor, a hearty laugh, a strong but never irritating determination, a kindly way of ministering to others, a great gentleness and sweetness of spirit—one of God's saints on earth, whom to know was to love, admire, and reverence.

Mother and Father were married at Phebe's home in Trenton on the evening of April sixth, 1869. At this time Phebe's family were living in a yellow house on West State Street which is still standing although it was moved many years ago to the opposite side of the street. Sam Case and Ellwood Longshore were best men and Father's sister, Sallie, and a Pennington schoolmate of Mother's were bridesmaids; the minister was Mr. McLaughlin, a former Taylorsville pastor of Father's who came on from Maryland to perform the ceremony. The wedding was a small one, with only about twenty or so



relatives and intimate friends present. An evening or two after the wedding Grandmother Taylor held a reception for the bride and groom at the Highland home and black Marinda again helped serve a delicious supper to the goodly number of relatives and friends, who made merry in the home which had opened its hospitable doors to so many in the past, the home which was now to be Fred's.

Although Grandfather must have felt a satisfaction in handing this home over to the son who had stood by him so faithfully and who had for several years assumed the responsibility of running the farm, and although Grandmother must have experienced some pride in the fact that the new mistress of the farm was said to be "the prettiest girl in Bucks County", still both of them must have felt a tug of the heart strings that night of the reception. For this would be the last festive occasion over which they would preside in the home where the family tie had held so strong, the home to which they had given so much of their energy and so many hours of toil, the home in which they had shared the sorrow of a death and the joy of a marriage and a birth, the home that had witnessed so many happy gatherings and visits from friends and relatives, the home consecrated by the family altar and by the religious training of their sons and daughters—the home they all had loved.

The moving arrangements for the two families were completed by the twentieth of April. Grandfather moved to the Wash Radcliffe place, a small farm just below the Highland home on the road to Taylorsville. Besides himself and Grandmother his family at that time included Grandmother's Aunt Sue, Sallie, and Lew. Sam had gone west the year before. Father brought Mother and her parents up from Trenton to her new home and Lew went after Mary Marcellus.

Mother knew very little about housekeeping and nothing about cooking, when on that April day she came as a bride into her new home and plunged into the cares of farm life with a family of seven. For Father and Mother never knew the joy of housekeeping alone. Grandmother and Grandfather Snyder, sixteen-year-old Mary Marcellus, the "hired man", Tom Knowles, and a "hired girl" made up



the household. But Mother, with her accustomed cleverness and efficiency, gave herself wholeheartedly to the new task. In cooking she proved an apt pupil of her three excellent teachers—her mother Anna, who in her day had been a fine cook; Grandmother Taylor, whose culinary accomplishments have already been mentioned, and faithful Marinda. In running the household Mother became a real executive and in the art of home-making she produced results far surpassing anything she had ever achieved in watercolors or in oils.

Mary said of Mother as a housekeeper in those first years of her married life, "She was such a pretty woman and always dressed so well; she took an interest in my clothes, too, and used to buy me such pretty dresses in Trenton. She was a splendid cook—it just seemed to come natural to her; she could make the most delicious things and seemed to do everything so easily. She was an excellent manager, very systematic in her work, and kept such a tidy house without being fussy."

And Mary's picture is what we remember of her as long as she was at the helm—always so neat and clean in her morning dresses, with her hair combed as tidily as on dress occasions; always keeping a clean and orderly house and a well-stored larder, with home-made pies and cakes and bread, and with canned fruits, jellies, preserves and pickles always on the shelf. Our clothes were always mended and pressed, bureau drawers and closets were kept in order, windows were washed and rooms kept tidy, and with it all she found time for her beloved reading and for entertaining friends. My sister and I look back with wonder and pride upon her accomplishments as a home-maker. So strong was her influence that home became the center of our fondest hopes and plans. Father was always there, and to that place we turned with homesick longing when away, and hurried as fast as trains and vehicles could carry us whenever our work permitted. No storm was too severe or cold too intense to keep Father from driving that twelve miles to meet us, and after the cold two-hour drive, how good was the warmth, the cheer, the welcome of that lighted house and Mother framed in the doorway!

The Highland farm which saw Father grow from boyhood to



manhood and which launched him on his married life was soon to pass into other hands. Changes came. Grandfather Snyder, who had several strokes before moving in with Mother and Father, finally had a severe one which caused a fall and a broken hip and made him bed-fast. His speech and keen mind were affected and his splendid memory failed. Mother often said it was heart-breaking to hear him trying to recall some bit of knowledge or endeavoring to repeat a well-known selection from poetry, and saying, finally, in a pitiful voice, "Ruthie, it's all gone from me. I can't remember things any more."

He became a great care. Mary remembered that morning when Grandmother came down crying and said that Grandfather had tried to strike her with his cane. "I was so aroused by this," Mary said, "that I said at once I would go up and give him his breakfast. As soon as I entered the room he shouted, 'Go away,' but I was not afraid" (for Mary although gentle and sunny in disposition was always fearless and determined) "I went right up to him, seized his hands and said firmly, 'Now don't ever do that again.' The spell was broken and he began to cry, saying, 'Oh, do forgive me, I didn't know what I was doing.' After that I could always manage him better than any one else, except thy Uncle Harry. So often invalids with failing memory turn against those who are their nearest and dearest. Even thy mother, who was the apple of his eye, often could not quiet him."

Mother's brother Henry was a great help to the family in those trying days. He possessed an air of authority and assurance that at once inspired confidence and respect, a respect that was always accompanied by a warmth of feeling engendered by his big-hearted and affectionate nature. This brainy young man who had been well educated, had taught school for a time and had then joined the Navy where he had rapidly risen to the rank of First Assistant Engineer. He was a jovial and handsome man, much sought after for any social festivity, a lovable character and a general favorite with all his family connections and his many friends. One of his best friends and warmest admirers was the famous Westinghouse, whom he met



in the Navy and with whom he was afterwards associated for many years as General Manager of The Westinghouse Air Brakes Company. At his death Westinghouse said, "I loved Harry Snyder as my own brother." While in the Navy Harry had seen much of the world. During an assignment at Key West he was at death's door with yellow fever and always said his life was saved because he was a Mason on which account he was given every attention that medical skill afforded, the doctors paying him many visits each day.

At the time of his father's illness Harry had enlisted for a three-year cruise in the Navy, but through the kindness of one of his mates he was able to arrive home a year before his term expired. This generous mate, whose time was up, said to Harry, "I have neither father nor mother nor anyone to whom it makes a grain of difference whether I go or stay. I'll be glad to exchange places with you and stay on another twelve months, letting you go in my place. For you have dear ones who need you." So Harry came home in time. The ship, on which he would have returned the following year, sank on its homeward voyage and the good hearted mate was drowned.

Grandfather Snyder passed away suddenly at the last—on November 4, 1871. Suddenly also, Grandfather Taylor had died, in February of the preceding year. After leaving the home place he had continued to come to his shop each day, and had looked after the garden and fruit trees on the old place, as he had for so many years, also caring for his own garden on the place he had rented. The last article of furniture he made was a drop leaf cherry table for Mother, which is still in our possession and greatly prized by Father. The marble-topped dresser already referred to, which Bennett Bowman made for Mother after Grandfather's death was the last piece made at the shop. Father bought the marble top and the framed mirror for this dresser in Philadelphia.

After Grandfather Taylor's death the estate had to be settled and Father says, "Hutch and I often used to talk it over, for it seemed that after the years of hard work we had put on that farm, one or the other of us ought to have it. But Hutch was settled on the Billy Beans farm at that time and I could not afford to pay the price of a

hundred and twenty-five dollars an acre for the place, much as I would have liked to own it. It brought this high price because Adam Konigmacher had decided he wanted it for his two brothers, Tom and Charlie, and Adam could afford to pay any price he pleased." Thus it came to pass that about two years after Grandfather's death the farm was sold and became the home of the bachelor, Tom Konigmacher, whose brother Charlie had died a short time before. Father, sad over seeing the place go to strangers, and faced with the alternative of renting the farm and boarding Tom, or moving, decided on the latter.

This farm, around which cluster so many of Father's memories, remains much as it was three-quarters of a century ago. On any of our Bucks County drives, which take us past the farm, Father never fails to say, as we near the lane, "I think we'd better just drive in and see how things look around the old place." And many a pilgrimage have we and other members of the family made to the old homestead, whose appeal has reached out to the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the family who for so many years nurtured its soil and brought forth its harvests.



## CHAPTER V.

### MANHOOD—OTHER HOMES

The exodus from the Highland Farm, like that of the Children of Israel, was followed by a series of wanderings before a settled home of their own once more offered Father and Mother the satisfactions of permanence and interest. The first move was a long one but the stay was short.

Kansas had captured the heart of Father's younger brother Sam several years before. And two small towns of Linn county in Eastern Kansas, Pleasanton and Mound City, seven miles apart, had been the home of several Bucks County families for some years. Ellwood Smith, the earliest of these settlers, had moved to Mound City in 1857. Others had followed. "Uncle John Smith," Ellwood's father, Newlin Smith, a cousin, Jimmy Simpson, Dr. Trego, Dr. Coe, Mother's Uncle Samuel Hibbs and his son Lambert who had married Mattie Simpson, a sister of Jimmy, were among the number. Samuel Hibbs' youngest daughter, Anna, and her husband, Alfred Blaker, had settled in Pleasanton where Alfred's brother Ben had been living for some few years before Alfred left Bucks County to join him in the lumber business.

Ellwood Smith's wife, Rebecca, was the daughter of Grandmother's Aunt Margaret and of good natured Uncle Tommy Betts with whom Father had lived as a boy. Rebecca—"Cousin Beck"—had taken Sam into her home when he first went to Kansas in 1868 and had looked after him with affectionate interest from that time on.\* Sam had written enthusiastic accounts of the possibilities that this new country afforded and urged Father to try it, suggesting that he and Father could go into the cattle business together.

Father, having seen the old home in Bucks County go into a stranger's hands, and undecided as to his future plans, set forth in the

\* See pages 240-241



spring of 1872 to visit his brother and to see at first hand what opportunities the west had to offer. Finding no immediate opening he returned home and spent the summer with his mother's family who were then living in the eastern part of Hutch's home on the Billy Beans place.

After Father's visit west Sam wrote he was sorry Fred had not stayed but looked forward to his return. To his mother he wrote, "I believe Fred has a good thing here for the next year and the foundation on which he can build a fortune." How far amiss his optimistic prophecy proved to be!

After much family discussion Father and Mother finally decided to make the long move and on November 5 of that same year the family started for Mound City, Mary Marcellus accompanying them. But by this time changes for Sam were in the air, and the money he had planned to furnish as his share of the business was not forthcoming. No partnership was ever formed. Father moved his family into a little house, which was one of three homes up on a slope in the western part of town and rented farming land a short distance away. The house next to theirs was occupied by Dr. Trego who had a family of nine girls, and the third house was the home of Ellwood and Rebecca Smith and their eight children.

Father's western move proved to be an unsuccessful venture, full of disappointment and sadness, although Father, with his hopeful disposition, had looked forward to better things. In a letter to his mother, written in December, a month after their arrival in Kansas, Father said, "If I find in a year or so that I am making a little clear, then I think we will like it, but the future is before us and we must be patient and see what is in store for us." These Mound City letters, saved by Father's sister Sallie, give glimpses of their every day life in this western home. In an early letter Father told of their bad start in getting settled: He had taken a team and wagon from Mound City to haul the household goods from Pleasanton, their nearest railroad station. Just as he finished loading the wagon, off dashed the horses, galloping down the street and jostling the household goods in the loaded wagon as they ran. Fortunately the runaway horses



were caught and controlled before serious damage resulted although the household effects received a severe shaking up.

These old letters in the rereading sound as fresh as though written last week. Father wrote of the fruit and flowers coming so much earlier than in the East, and of the lower cost of supplies. Gooseberries were five cents a quart and coal, in summer months was \$1.37½ a ton and in October \$1.50. In January they had bought two turkeys for \$1.05 and were entertaining Uncle Sammie's, Bert's, and Alfred's families in honor of Rose and Reuben Thomas who were out on a visit. In one letter he wrote of Mother's excellent health, saying that her work was lighter than at any time since her marriage and that she and Mary Marcellus liked Mound City, and that even Mother Snyder, always very homesick, had been happy in talking over old Bristol days with Mrs. Coe's mother who was out on a visit. Little did he realize as he wrote these hopeful messages, the sadness that was so near at hand.

Sam, the rover, always of a restless disposition and ever seeking a new adventure, had already held six different positions since his first arrival in Kansas, besides spending a year back home between positions, when he had taught a term of school.

A month after Father's arrival in Mound City, Sam visited the family on his way to his seventh position, a new job in Denison, Texas. At this time he alarmed them all by a severe cough which they felt sure indicated a serious condition. Instead of remaining for treatment as they urged him to do, he insisted on reporting for his new work, saying he would be all right as soon as he reached the warm southern climate. But in a few weeks he was back and even then, was in the last stages of "hasty consumption."

And on April thirtieth, less than six months after Father's move to Kansas and on the very day that he and Father had planned to start for Bucks County to see his mother once more, Sam died. The messages written at this time to the family back home are full of the grief which he and Mother felt over the loss of this lovable brother.

During the year following Sam's death the letters give no hint of any intention to leave Kansas although Father wrote of Mother



Snyder's unhappiness and continual homesickness and of his and Ruth's own longing to see the "folks back home."

In March of 1874 Father and Bert Hibbs started for Pleasanton to meet Bert's wife who was returning from a visit in the East. As they were crossing a ford Father's horse suddenly lay down in the stream and refused to get up. After working with her for some time Father and Bert finally pulled her out of the water, upon which the poor thing immediately died, a loss Father could ill afford to sustain.

In July of the same year he wrote that the chinch bugs, after damaging the wheat, had left the wheat fields and settled on the corn stalks, which were "brown with them a foot high." In August he wrote of the terrible heat, lasting for a week, when the temperatures ranged from 102° to 108° with never a drop, that the hot winds prevented haying, that the chinch bugs had finally killed the corn, and that bran had risen to eight dollars a ton. He had driven to Fort Scott for the bran, and had camped out over night for the first time in his life.

In the early fall the letters told of the grasshopper droves appearing like huge clouds in the northwest and hiding the sun. News of their sweep eastward had preceded their arrival, which Father describes as unbelievably sudden. "We kept watching for them every day and then one day in September, as I went in to dinner, one of the little Trego girls said to me, 'Fred, the grasshoppers have come.' 'They have,' I asked, 'who said so?' 'Ellwood,' she answered promptly. 'How many did he see?' I asked. 'One,' she said. I laughed, but sure enough when I came out from dinner, they were so thick I could not walk without stepping on them, the sun was completely hidden, and the air was full of them. It was dark as dusk. That afternoon as I worked in the field, cutting corn in an attempt to save it, the grasshoppers fell off the stalks into my pockets and at evening I was literally covered with mashed grasshoppers that looked just like tobacco juice."

During their brief stay the grasshoppers devastated fields and gardens completely, eating every green thing in sight save the leaves of the peach trees and the fruit of the apple trees. After two or three



days they vanished as quickly as they had come, leaving piles of their dead lying in the barren fields and gardens. The only green things left were the poisonous leaves of the peach trees. Their half-eaten fruit hung withering on the boughs, while on the apple trees the untouched fruit stood out weirdly on the leafless branches. This devastation of crops was an added blow and Father and Mother began to think seriously of a change.

Sadness over Sam's death, their own homesickness and discouragement over the desolation of the land and the total loss of crops, and the discontent of Grandmother Snyder, who fretted continually and pleaded with the family to "go back home," "keeping your mother worried and stirred up all the time" says Father, were chief factors in causing them to decide on moving back. Again they packed their belongings and on October 27 started for Bucks County.

For several years after their return East they lived in rented houses and made frequent moves. Father tried various occupations, never idle, never lacking in application but never attaining financial success.

The first home after their return was the same as their last one before moving to Kansas—with Grandmother Taylor and family in the east end of the Billy Beans place, the main part being still occupied by Hutch and his family.

The next spring Father moved to the old "Canal House" in upper Taylorsville. While living here he followed the Philadelphia markets for Mr. Large and other neighbors and at harvest time assisted John Leedom, an old bachelor living alone on his home place, the Elijah Leedom farm situated on the "Aqueduct Road," about a mile south of Taylorsville.

Then followed two years of farm life. Father invested in stock and farm machinery and rented "the Hendrickson place" over in New Jersey, three miles east of Trenton on the Lawrenceville road. This large farm house had more rooms than the family could use and the neighborhood was strange. The next year the opportunity came to rent the Highland Farm and so the family moved back to the old home place. It was here that business reverses overtook Father



and heart broken over this loss and over again having to leave the place so dear to his heart, he sold out and gave up farming for many years. Only twice in my life can I remember seeing my father cry and this was one of the times. When he greeted his brother Lew who came to the sale Father threw his arms around him and burst into tears. That scene implanted itself indelibly upon my childish memory—Father weeping on his brother's shoulder in the midst of a strange confusion. I can remember my consternation over his grief although I could not comprehend its cause; I could only gaze in wonder.

Our next move was across the river to the little village of Titusville on the Jersey side of the river a mile above Taylorsville. During that year another loss came to the family. Grandmother Snyder contracted erysipelas from Mother, who herself was critically ill with the disease at the time, and died within a few days after she was stricken and while Mother, with eyes swollen shut, was still too ill to see her at the last.

One of my vivid childhood memories during this time of anxiety is of Mother calling us to her one evening and telling us that before morning she expected to be in heaven. For the doctor had told Father that the disease would prove fatal if it reached the roots of her hair and he did not think it would be possible to check its rapid spread. Father insisted, against the doctor's consent, on telling Mother—for they had solemnly promised each other if either was critically ill the other was not to hide the fact. So Mother knew and gave us her parting instructions as she bade us all good-bye. But she did not go; the tide turned and she slowly came back to health. In telling of this experience years after, she said that when they told her the crisis had passed and she would get well, she felt that never again could she take up her round of daily duties—so near to heaven had she been and so beautiful had everything seemed, that she had no desire to remain on earth.

Another childhood memory of this home was of our first Christmas tree. As we all went in to see the tree on Christmas morning, my sister, a happy, alert little tot, just learning to talk, stood trans-



fixed in the middle of the room and gazed in ecstasy at the festive sight. The family never forgot her joy in that first Christmas tree nor her naive request as she ran to Father, jumped into his arms and pleaded, "Oh, Papa, p'ease put me up in the top of the pitty twee with the dolly."

The Saturday evenings in the summer of the year we lived here were happy occasions, for Father would row us all across the river in his boat to meet his sister Mary Buckman and family, with sister Sallie, who drove from their home, the "Billy Beans place" down to the river to meet us. While the men enjoyed a swim, we small children played in the shallow water near the shore and Mother and Father's two sisters sat on the shore and visited.

The following year Father moved to Trenton where he remained for three years, occupying a position as clerk and salesman with the hardware firm of which Harvey Tomlinson was a member. The first year in Trenton at 18 E. State Street, our backyard joined the backyard of Uncle Harvey's store, from which a long flight of stairs led up to the apartment above the store, where he and his family lived. Many happy hours did my little sister and I spend in this pleasant home, chattering to Aunt Phebe and her daughter, Maud, and to old black Ellen in the kitchen, and catching occasional glimpses of the ladies who boarded with them. We loved to run up and down the long hall from the front parlor, past the bedrooms, dining room, kitchen and bath, to the little back porch, from which the steps led down. One day, while we were here with Mother, my sister fell down that long flight of stairs, rolling over and over until she landed at the bottom. It was all over in a few seconds. Mother, rooted to the spot, stood in agony, watching for what seemed an eternity, wringing her hands and waiting breathlessly to see her baby's lifeless body picked up from the ground. Instead, little Meta bounded up like a rubber ball, laughing in her happy way, a little startled, but totally unhurt!

The last two years in Trenton were spent at 260 Clay Street, in a little six room house with an attic the length of the house, which afforded ample storage space. A side gate opened from the street into



a narrow alley that led to a small backyard with green grass and two pear trees, between which Father hung a hammock for us children.

While we lived in this home Mother's household increased to six. Father's eldest nephew, Elmer, after attending a Trenton business college, took a position in the city and came to live with us. Then after Grandmother Taylor's death, Father's sister Sallie ("Auntie" to all her nieces and nephews, for never would she brook "Aunt Sallie") broke up her home and came to ours.

Perhaps our beautiful Tiger cat should be included in the listing of the family at that time, so great a pet was he, and so handsome a fellow that passers-by would stop to gaze at him as he sat perched in the front window. He had been given to us by Mother's Uncle Daniel who lived on the old Hibbs farm where she had lived as a little girl. Father, a great lover of cats, was always proud of old Tiger's sixteen pound weight, of his exact yard of length from tail-tip to nose, and of his intelligence, for proof of which he always tells the rat story. A rat which Tiger had killed had been placed in the cellar for Father to bury in the morning. As the family sat around the lamp that evening, with Tiger stretched out at their feet, Mother said, "Tiger, where's your rat?" at which old Tiger jumped up, walked straight down cellar and in a few moments returned, proudly carrying the rat which he deposited at Mother's feet.

It was during these years in Trenton that I met my treasured friend, Cora Howlett, a little girl of my own age whose father was a Baptist minister. Cora became my life-long bosom friend. We shared together to the last hour of her life our most intimate experiences, and in young womanhood renewed our childhood friendship after years of separation.

After three years in Trenton the Western lure again caught Father and once more his wife who, like her mother, did not enjoy the West, sorrowfully packed the family belongings and prepared for what she felt would be a long or final separation from the old home associations, so dear to her heart. Elmer found a new boarding place and Sallie moved in with her sister Mary's family. Old Tiger went to Father's Uncle James who had always admired him, and who was



proud of the display the handsome cat made in the big front window of his undertaking establishment.

Two vivid memories of those days of confusion stand out in my mind. One was of the last few days spent in Aunt Phebe's home when she and her daughter with long faces would burst into frequent tears as they talked with us, when Mother went around with red, swollen eyes and my little sister, whose tears were always near the surface, sympathetically joined in the weeping.

My other memory is of the air castles I built concerning the new home to which we were going. This was my pet secret which I told to no one. But in imagination I saw a charming little white house with green blinds, set in a big velvety lawn, enclosed by a spotless white paling fence with big trees overshadowing the house and lawn, and lining both sides of the wide, clean, pleasant village street the like of which I had never seen in actuality.

Never shall I forget the shock when my air-castle crashed to the ground as we gazed at the stark, little, unpainted house that was to be our home, without blinds, without even a porch, with tall, rough prairie grass in the open yard and with not a tree in sight. This home on the Western prairies was in Sprague, a little Missouri town of the mushroom variety, common in those days when small towns sprang up over night, did a brisk business for a few years and then fell, again overnight, into decay. Here Mother's first cousin, Bert Hibbs, had opened a new lumber yard for B. F. Blaker and Company, Alfred's and Ben's successful firm in Pleasanton, Kansas, eighteen miles away. The business had grown to such proportions that two men were needed, so Father had come to assist Bert with this work for the firm. During the first year or two there, Father and Bert not only ran the lumber and grain business but also took care of the ticket agency for the railroad at the near-by depot. After a telegraph station was installed this work was placed in the hands of a regular ticket agent who was also the telegraph operator and we children were no longer permitted to run across the vacant lot to the depot and watch each train come in.

Our bare little four-room house was next door to Cousin Bert's



more comfortable home, which he had built for his family before our arrival. Under Mother's clever hand and Father's skillful handiwork, assisted by mason and carpenter, it was not long before our bandbox of a house took on the aspect of a cozy home. A small cellar was dug, a little kitchen with a trap door into the cellar was added, a back porch was built, and a small front stoop. How well I remember the soothing shade of the thick and quick-growing Madeira vines which Mother planted to keep the glaring heat of the eastern sun from the dining-room window, and the hot afternoon sun from the parlor! And how proud she was of the graceful passion-flower vine, with its handsome purple flowers, which she planted and trailed up and over the little front porch to the north! Much of the fine old furniture that Mother had in the East had been left behind, but the few pieces she brought with us made a nucleus, and her ingenuity met other needs. Old boxes that Father smoothed and fitted with shelves she draped in spotless white and transformed into handy wash-stands for the bedrooms. A large box she covered with figured draperies and used for a kitchen cabinet. The cedar chests, for which there was no storage attic available, she dressed up with covers and used in the bedrooms instead of tables. Thus with her neat housewifery and her cleverness, Mother refused to be baffled by the bareness of the little home or by the scorching glare of the prairie sun. Father added his share in bringing a homeliness to the place by planting trees in the yard and by cultivating a fine garden including a strawberry bed and long rows of blackberry and raspberry bushes, all of which produced a bountiful yield.

He built a small barn and bought a fine cow, so that we had quantities of milk and rich cream and even fresh home-made butter. He put up a swing for us on the back porch and fixed up a post for hanging the hammock in the afternoon shade of the house. He set up the croquet wickets for us in the front yard and built a fence all around the place.

But underneath Mother's brave persistence in striving to make a tidy, comfortable, cozy home she carried a homesick heart during the latter part of our stay in Sprague. A disappointment of those



days comes vividly to mind: Mother's only brother, Harry, visited us about the second or third year after our move and learning how homesick Mother was, promised to do his best to secure a pass for her to make a visit "back home". For a few weeks Mother talked and planned and hoped. Her face was lighted with the thought that she might see the relatives in her beloved East. For she had been so lonesome and so homesick. She kept feeling it was too much to hope for but could not help longing with all her heart that her brother would succeed. At last the long awaited letter came. Harry could not get the pass!

Poor Mother was more dejected than I ever remember seeing her and went around for days with red eyes and such a sad expression that I can remember as a child how bitter I felt towards my uncle. It seemed to me he might have sent her the money when he could not get the pass, for she was his nearest relative, his only sister; he had plenty and she so little. Years after she told me that was one of the worst disappointments she ever had to bear. It seemed as though something died within her. Perhaps it was hope, and resignation took its place. For life never had quite the same glow for her thereafter.

My sister and I had a pleasant life there. We attended a small private school, whose three successive teachers were personal friends of our cousin's family and one of whom was a cousin of Father, the eldest daughter of his "Cousin Beck" Smith in Mound City. We romped with our four boy cousins next door, Willis, Russell, Fred, and Walter. We made scissors out of crossed pins which we placed on the railroad tracks for the trains to run over. We played house down in the lumber yard, which afforded marvelous facilities for this game of "come and see." We played croquet in our yard and hide-and-seek, "Anthony Over," and other childish games all over their home place and our own. We made a wooden telegraph set and, learning the complete alphabet from the young telegraph operator who took his meals at our home, we clicked off messages to each other with much difficulty. We put up between the two houses, separated by a street, a "telephone" which turned out to be a complete



failure but with which we had good times anyway, even to imagining that our voices came over the long string that swayed across the street and connected our receivers at either end.

Frequently we went to spend an afternoon with girl playmates who attended our school or they came to see us. In the summer we often visited our country friends, whom we met at the Methodist Church each Sunday. These country visits sometimes extended over night but usually consisted of "spending the day." One of my greatest treats was to spend a week each summer with the Bell family in their delightful farm home, a big rambling house in which the most pleasant room was a cool front parlor with a big piano and many comfortable chairs—a large and most inviting room in which I loved to linger. The three other down-stairs rooms were also large and airy and the bedrooms, too, were commodious. The house was surrounded by large trees and at one side was a thick maple grove in which I rambled and climbed trees to my heart's content.

The youngest daughter of the house, Lida, was a beautiful young woman, compellingly attractive. Intellectual, interesting, independent, ambitious, self-sacrificing, capable, she was as beautiful in character as in face. She was some years my senior and I hung on her every word and was thrilled by her trust in me. She was ever my idol, my one perfect friend in whom I saw no fault, exerting throughout her life an influence that has always stirred me.

My sister and I had certain household tasks which Mother wisely required of us, not scolding when we idled away too much time in play, but always leaving the work for us to do, a course of treatment which brought us at last to the discovery that the play was much more fun if we did our work first. Play, school, and the few household tasks still left time for other activities. We coaxed Mother to give us drawing lessons. Our cousins, my sister and myself worked assiduously for a time, sketching the exercises she gave us and copying others from her old drawing books. Father's sister Sallie from the East, who spent a winter with us, taught us knitting, crocheting, and hemstitching and Mother taught us to sew. We eagerly devoured our children's magazines, and I added as many books of fic-



tion as I could procure and Mother would allow. The little town had no library and the books we read outside of our own were borrowed volumes. A doctor in the town loaned me a scientific magazine called "The Microcosm" and kindly explained its arguments when I floundered. The minister loaned easy books on astronomy and pointed out the constellations. The mother of my best schoolmate friend, Kate Smith, gave me music lessons. Kate later married our\* cousin Willis Hibbs.

The private school we had attended was discontinued our last year in Sprague, when my sister went to the poorly taught public School and I was sent to a small college preparatory school in Nevada, Missouri. This school had been founded by Miss Cottey, a deeply religious woman who, with the assistance of three sisters and a few other splendid teachers, looked after our physical and spiritual needs as well as our intellectual. This school influenced me in many ways, not the least of which was the inculcation of a love for the masters of literature, to many of whom I was introduced by the enthusiastic teacher of English, a rare woman whom I grew to cherish as a friend and whose memory can never die. Another fine influence was one of my room-mates, a girl intellectual beyond her years, who had read wisely and widely, and who helped to increase this desire of mine to become better acquainted with the masters of English prose and poetry which we discussed after our separation in a voluminous correspondence. Encouragement was given along religious lines; small groups of the girls gathered weekly in our different rooms for a short morning prayer meeting. With these kindly girls we overcame our shyness and learned to offer halting prayers and to talk of personal religious problems as naturally as we discussed other subjects.

One never-to-be-forgotten event of that spring at Cottey College was a week end visit home. As I alighted from the train at Rich Hill where Father met me, newsboys were calling out "Read all about the big cyclone"! As soon as I greeted Father I laughingly said, "What about this cyclone—it didn't come anywhere near Sprague, did it?"

\* See page 289



His reply sobered me instantly, "Well, I should say it did." And then he told me the main facts, after assuring me of the safety of the family and friends. More details were added by Mother and friends during my visit home.

The center of the storm struck three miles west of town. Mother had watched the ominous cloud as the wind began to blow furiously and saw all at once a huge black funnel-shaped cloud which seemed to touch the earth and scoop up something, then lifted and began to sweep onward. Darkness hung over all as the storm drew near. Father came running up from the lumber yard and the three lost no time in going to the cellar. Father was the last one to go and as he started down, the trap door banged. Mother thought it had crushed him, but could see nothing in the blackness. She screamed, "O Frederic, are you killed?" and covered her face with her hands. He called out, "I'm all right" and groped his way in the darkness to join them. Then they breathlessly waited. A terrific crash came almost immediately. Then all was quiet. They thought the house had fallen! But when they came up it was found standing as were all the others in sight except the one west of them which was a mass of ruins. Then they noticed the wrecked grape arbor and the scattered bricks of the chimney that had been blown down. That had caused the crash. In our section of Sprague the cloud had apparently lifted, had separated into two parts, and dipped again. One had gone to the south, had torn up the lumber from the neat piles in the lumber yard and left in its wake the badly scattered pieces. The other part to the north damaged the Methodist Church and parsonage, dislodging the cook stove in the parsonage next to the church. The minister's wife discovered the trouble and called her husband to come and help set it up before the house caught on fire. She finally located him under the bed too terrified to come out!

But these minor damages were almost forgotten when the news of the terrible tragedy reached Sprague. A farmer three miles west of town, who had a great dread of cyclones had recently completed a cellar cave with the entrance a few feet from the back door of his house. Being a non-religious man he boastingly said when his cave



was finished, "Now let The Almighty send his winds if He wants to; I'm ready for them." That day he had been on an errand a few miles from home and, seeing the storm coming, hurried home, dashed into the house and called, "Come to the cellar quick, there's a cyclone coming." He picked up the baby and led the way, his wife by his side and their little boy and a young girl who was living with them following close at their heels. After a time the young girl regained consciousness and found herself out in a field but had no idea in what direction her home lay, so started for the nearest light, which proved to be in a neighbor's home. These neighbors went with her to find the rest of the family and soon discovered the little boy not far away. Then they all hurried on to the home.

A scene of desolation met their eyes. Not a timber of the house or barn was left standing—a ghastly pile of unrecognizable debris was all they could see. They went at once to the cave but no one was there. They searched among the pile of twisted timbers and splintered furniture and then in every direction from the house but no answer came to their shouts and no bodies were discovered. Finally some one said, "We better drag the well—that's the only place left." And there they found the three bodies! The man, wife, and baby had been caught in the fury of the wind between the house and the cave and were whirled into the well.

We drove out that Sunday to see the ruins. All day long a stream of vehicles stretched along the roads in black lines, people coming for miles to view the devastation. Every timber and board in the house seemed to lie in a different direction from every other; articles of furniture were completely destroyed and twisted in gruesome shapes in the motley pile; some keys of the organ were later found out in a field two miles away. Trees were uprooted and twisted, dead horses and cattle were lying among the scattered remains of the barn and dead chickens dotted the desolate scene. The crowds gazed at the unbelievable distortions as they picked their way among the pitiful ruins, and the words of the man who had defied The Almighty travelled from mouth to mouth as they viewed with awe the havoc His winds had wrought.



After these five years in Sprague Father again turned to the work he really loved—running a farm. He and Mother felt that a more congenial atmosphere for a home was offered by the neighboring State of Kansas with its aggressive people, its political complexion more to their liking, and its reputation for better schools. So that spring Father again went on an exploring trip to Kansas, as he had done many years before, seeking a location for the new home. He first went to Sedgwick County where former Bucks County neighbors, the Tregoes, had settled. Next he visited Morris County where Frank Wycoff, a neighbor in Sprague, had recently purchased a home. About two miles from the Wycoffs Father found a farm of two hundred acres which he liked and finally purchased.

By the time school had closed for the summer vacation, plans were well under way for the change. We had many pleasant visits back and forth with our friends that last summer, but poor Mother, busy with the hopeless task of packing, found these visits an extra burden. For her health was poor that year and the help my sister and I rendered was all too inadequate.

The farewells on leaving Sprague that day in early September were not sad ones and no weeping attended the good-byes, so eager were we to see the new place and so full of pleasant anticipations over the new life that awaited us. Even Mother, although not well, and tired from the packing, was buoyed up by thoughts of being once more in a home of her own. Father purchased two horses from a farmer near Sprague, who was noted for his fine horses, and chartered a freight car for shipping the household goods, the two horses, and our good cow—old Alice. This necessitated his traveling on the same train to look after the stock, the freighting of which with the goods insured quick shipment, as stock must always be sent by fast freight. The three of us arrived ahead of Father and were entertained by the Wycoffs, our Sprague friends, who welcomed us to the new home, and with whom during the succeeding years we exchanged many pleasant visits. We could scarcely wait for Father's arrival the next day so eager were we to see the place he had bought and to explore everything.



Our new home was a mile and a half from the little village of Wilsey, a town of two hundred inhabitants near the center of Morris County. Twelve miles to the east was Council Grove, the county seat, with a population of two thousand. It had been an old Indian trading post on the Sante Fe Trail, and at the time we moved to Kansas it was the shopping center for the surrounding country within a radius of fifteen miles. Two railroads crossed here—the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas (the "Katy"), a north and south line, and the Missouri Pacific, a through east and west route which also ran through Wilsey.

Father, always desirous of providing as comfortable a home as possible for Mother, liked the house on this place, which no doubt influenced him in purchasing the farm. It was a pleasant six-room dwelling, more commodious than most of the surrounding homes. It had a front porch to the east, a small back porch, enclosed with lattice, a well and cistern with connecting platforms a few feet from the back porch and a large cottonwood tree overshadowing the house to the south. The small barn and other buildings were less prepossessing but would serve as shelter for the stock and storehouses for the grain. Later on Father built a better barn. The land was an upland stretch of rich prairie, half of which was broken for crops and the other half of which was covered with native grasses affording hay and fine pasturage for cattle. This had appealed to Father, as it was his hope to build up a profitable cattle business, and to use much of the land for grazing.

My sister soon started to the village school in Wilsey, walking every day the mile and a half each way. To Wilsey we also went for our mail and household necessities and for church and Sunday School services on Sunday. At first these services were held with the Presbyterians in their church but afterwards the Methodists built a church of their own. At church we met our friendly neighbors and were soon exchanging Sunday visits with them according to the cordial country custom.

There was no school for me to attend in the vicinity. With the expense of moving, family funds did not permit a second year at



Cottey College. Although the good President there had urged my return, offering a loan and promising a position in the college after graduation, I had no heart for leaving Mother who was not in her usual health. So I spent the winter at home and shared with her the responsibility of getting settled in our new home and the added duties that fell to the lot of a farmer's wife. We had a busy year, profitable to me in that I learned under her wise instruction much of the art of cooking and of running a home. It was a happy year, too, strengthening the congenial companionship that bound me so closely to my mother. For she was ever my closest confident, my congenial comrade, my wise counselor. I came to her with all my ambitions and perplexities, always sure of her sympathy and sound advice. In turn, she trusted me with family secrets, disappointments and plans; she told me stories of their past and much about relatives and friends in the East—the home of her heart. Together we planned enthusiastically for the new home, discussing the arrangements of our household effects in the house and the planting of the yard with flowers and shrubs in the spring.

The next fall I was successful in procuring a school and began teaching in a small town seven miles away, coming home for week ends.

For the first two years our sole vehicle of conveyance for Mother was the big farm wagon with two spring seats; the rest of us could resort to horseback riding which my sister and I found great sport. In the wagon we rode to church and in it we bounced along the country roads for the twelve miles to Council Grove when a shopping expedition became necessary, carrying parasols in summer—when the wind did not blow too hard—to keep off the glare of the scorching sun and wrapping up in layers of warm garments and blankets in winter. My sister and I learned to drive and even to harness and “hitch up” the horses to the big wagon. The second year of my teaching when I lived at home, I bought a little one-seated open buggy, which saved many a trip in the big wagon and later Father bought a two seated open buggy. In winter we took “sleigh rides” in the big sled Father had for hauling feed, with Father and Mother



perched on a spring seat in front and my sister and I huddled under blankets in the back.

On one sleigh ride we were caught in a sudden blizzard as we started home from the Wycoffs where we had been calling. About a mile from home the storm began to lash us with such blinding fury that the horses could scarcely struggle through it and Father, with the storm cutting his face, found it difficult to urge them forward. After what seemed an endless stretch, due to the cutting snow and the piercing cold and our fear of losing the way, we saw the house through the storm and were soon inside. Mother and I lost no time in stirring up the fires and preparing for a night of bitter cold, while Father and Meta further braved the storm to look after the stock. When the chores were finished Father took Meta by the hand and they struggled through the cutting blast that caught their breath as they floundered from the barn to the house seeing nothing but the whirling snow. When these big blizzards came, the blinding snow hid the barn from the house and we worried over Father out alone in the storm doing his evening chores. How anxiously we watched to see him come in sight or to hear the dear familiar step on the back porch! On such evenings, as we gathered around the hottest fire Father could make, our backs and feet would be shivering from the cold which blew in through the windows and under the door while our faces were almost burning from the heat of the fire.

For a decade and a half Mother and Father labored on this farm and hoped and despaired. Father planted fruit and shade trees, developed a garden and set out orchards, sowed his big fields of oats, wheat, clover, timothy, and corn. When the rains came the fertile soil produced good crops, many of the fruit trees bore and the prairie grasses furnished a hay crop when the tame grasses failed. But many a year droughts prevailed. The vines and the flowers Mother planted drooped and died in the parching southwest winds that blew steadily for days or even weeks at a stretch with never a cloud in sight. The shade trees in the front and side yards became dwarfed; crops were ruined; the cattle and hogs had to be sold at a loss for lack of feed; financial profit was unknown



and household purchases were reduced to the barest minimum. But each season Father hopefully planted and cultivated his crops toiling unceasingly day after day from sunrise until dusk, doing the milking and feeding before breakfast and after supper and working out in the big fields during the long days in spite of the scorching suns and the drying winds of the hot Kansas summers. And Mother never lost her personal daintiness; each time she stepped out the door she donned the handy old fashioned "slat sunbonnet", preserving to the last her soft, creamy skin.

But with all the losses and discouragements we always had enough to eat and enough fuel to keep us warm and it was a happy home, cozy as was every place that Mother touched, and that Father, with his hopeful disposition and his home-loving habits, completed by his presence. On cold winter evenings the warmth of the fire and the glow of the family lamp as our little group encircled the table, were matched by the glow in our own hearts over the contentment in being together. For our family tie held strong. In summer we gathered on the east porch after Father's evening chores were finished and talked until the stars came out or until the full moon rose in the clear sky, changing to silver the wide expanse of prairie.

And later when my sister and I went away to school our visits home were eagerly anticipated and as frequent as we could make them. No matter what the weather Father always drove the twelve miles to meet us in order that we might have the extra time at home instead of waiting over night in Council Grove for the train to Wilsey the next day. And how many trips we made on the old "Katy" freight trains in order that we might get in a few hours ahead of the Passenger! And how we chafed at the delay when the slow train had to wait an hour or more for loading cattle at Americus or Dunlap! For we knew that Father was anxiously awaiting us at Council Grove and Mother was cooking that good supper at home.

Some pleasant things quite out of the ordinary came our way during the latter years of hard work and meager returns on this farm—came through the thoughtful generosity of Father's youngest brother Lew and his unselfish and generous wife.



The first of these gifts fell into my lap. One summer I had come home on the verge of a nervous illness, which alarmed the family. Father wrote for advice to his doctor brother and by return mail came a wonderful letter giving *ad seriatim* several reasons why I should come and spend the summer with them in their Glen Summit home in the mountains. Father and Mother urged the acceptance of this invitation and without much delay I was off—off for my first glimpse of the land I had remembered as a little girl, the home land of which Mother and Father had constantly talked. My Western friends predicted a big disappointment; after living on the wide prairies I would feel shut in and stifled in the East. On the contrary, the beautiful hills and trees, the clear streams and fine old homes were lovelier than my childhood memories. The joy that summer gave me in living in the mountains where I forgot I had nerves, where I slept and ate and walked and idled, where I later visited my childhood bosom friend, then living in Philadelphia, and the relatives near the home scenes, where I saw all the old places of which I had childhood memories and family information;—the joy of that visit expanded my soul so that even the boundless prairie could not have contained it. My previous resolve to attend an Eastern College became a fixed determination from that time on.

Two years later the same fine surprise came to Father and Mother and from the same big hearted uncle and aunt who invited them for a visit "back home." What fun we had getting Mother's clothes made for the trip! We took her to Emporia, where I was teaching at the time, to shop and to have the needed fittings at the dress-maker's. And how proud we were of the results! For in her unselfish economizing, new dresses for herself had been few and far between; and but for our determined efforts her depleted wardrobe would probably have caused a refusal of the trip. Never shall I forget the fascination she exerted over me on her return home after those care-free, happy weeks in the East. She looked twenty years younger, her eyes were sparkling and bluer than ever; she was radiant, animated, beautiful.

Last of all came the trip for my sister two years after Father's and



Mother's happy visit. She came to visit me during the summer I spent away from home attending college in the East and after her stay with me in Ithaca she, too, visited the relatives in Pennsylvania.

During these years on the Kansas farm we made many pleasant neighborhood friends. My sister and I began our teaching careers in near-by rural schools. We both completed the course at the State Normal School in Emporia, forty miles away, where we met interesting and congenial companions and made life-long friends among both faculty and students. The President of the Normal, A. R. Taylor, always taught the required senior psychology, when he had the last term with every student. He knew us all—calling us by our first names. For years after he left this school to take charge of another, and even after his retirement, he kept in touch with his "boys and girls" from coast to coast, and was the center of many a reunion of busy adults bound by memories akin to those of a home community.

After graduation my association with the Normal School was strengthened by my becoming a member of the faculty, during which time I was granted a two year leave of absence to attend Cornell University at Ithaca, New York. These two years of separation from home were more difficult for the ones who were left behind than for myself, who had new scenes, and the companionship of my close Normal faculty friend, Maud Hamilton, who shared with me those two happy and profitable years of college life.

On my return home, as soon as graduation was over, I found Mother in failing health and Father unable to manage his large acreage alone. He was renting part of the land and was dissatisfied with the results. I had resumed my position as a member of the Normal faculty, and my sister was teaching in the Emporia city schools. Every alternate week during that year I went home to help Mother with the sweeping and dusting and as many extras as we could put in. After many family consultations Father decided to sell the farm and move to Emporia. My sister, who resigned from the Emporia position at the close of the school year, assisted in the almost hopeless task of packing and sorting, preparing for the sale



of farm stock and implements and of such household effects as were not needed for the Emporia home, while I was busy spending such time as my teaching would permit, in finding a suitable place to rent and in preparing it for occupancy.

In the late fall of 1903 we moved to this place on Exchange Street. It had a fairly comfortable house, a large yard, a barn, and plenty of garden space. The family soon adjusted itself to the new life which they found congenial. It afforded them pleasant companionship among the families of the faculty members and opportunities for attending lecture courses and entertainments at the Normal and services in a large and active church. Father brought one of the horses from the farm and we bought a top buggy which made possible many pleasant drives. This horse, Meg, one of the youngest horses Father had, was a faithful and safe driving horse but not built for fast travelling. Many of our friends had rides behind her and later in life she became the subject of a story we like to tell,\* which earned her the title of "our consecrated horse."

Soon after the move to Emporia my sister took her turn in attending an Eastern college, the Emerson School of Oratory in Boston. Here she had as happy a time as I had previously enjoyed at Cornell. After her graduation from Emerson she remained at home for a year to run the house and to care for Mother who had suffered a stroke of paralysis. Under her daughter's skillful nursing Mother slowly regained her strength and was able to participate in most of the family happenings although she was never again strong enough to perform any but the lightest of the household tasks.

In early June 1906 a sudden surprise caused an unexpected turn of family affairs. On a busy Saturday morning and on the very day when I was to leave for a month's work as an instructor in the County Teachers' Institute at Council Grove, the postman brought a letter which demanded an immediate reply. A hurried family consultation was held to determine whether I should or should not accept the position offered me therein of becoming an assistant

\* See page 97



teacher of mathematics under M. A. Bailey in the Training School for Teachers in New York City.

For years my dream had been to live in the East. Childhood memories of the clear streams, the big trees, the green hills, the peaceful Delaware River by whose waters I had sat and played by the hour, coupled with Mother's stories of her old home had given birth to the desire. That never-to-be forgotten summer visit in the East and the two years at Cornell had greatly strengthened the longing. In the fall of 1905 Professor Bailey, my former head of department in the Kansas State Normal, had written asking whether I would consider a place as his assistant in the New York school, but almost before my answer reached him a second letter came saying that the Principal of the school objected to a woman as teacher of mathematics and that a man had been selected. Then, hearing of another position in a well-known Eastern college I applied, only to be told that a man was preferred for the place. Deciding that women teachers of mathematics were not desired in the East, I gave up, and Father and I began to look for a prospective home, or site upon which to build in Emporia.

Later in the year we had the pleasure of entertaining in our home Professor Tanner, a favorite mathematics professor at Cornell, who was spending a Sabbatical term in visiting colleges over the country. He had stopped on his tour to visit our State Normal. Into his sympathetic ears I poured the tale of my disappointments and told him of my great desire to teach in the East. He frankly told me he thought it would be a mistake to leave my pleasant position at Emporia, nevertheless he would be glad to keep me in mind if he heard of anything favorable.

Meantime in New York the man selected as Mr. Bailey's assistant the preceding fall had taken another position. Near the close of the term Mr. Bailey again confronted the Principal with the urgency of having this position filled, as his own program of teaching was far too heavy. When he still insisted that he had but one choice for the position and knew of no other candidate, the choice was left entirely to the Principal, who thereupon wrote to Cornell, his



favorite University, and asked them to recommend a good man for the place. The matter was referred to Professor Tanner who, true to his promise, recommended the same young woman Mr. Bailey had wanted from the first. The poor Principal gave up in despair and asked Mr. Bailey to get in touch with this female whom the Fates had thrust upon them!

Hence the letter received that busy Saturday morning had come like a thunder bolt out of a clear sky as we knew nothing of what had transpired in New York, and supposed the position had been filled since fall by the man selected at the time.

Much of the family responsibility rested upon my shoulders after Father gave up the farm. Hence I was not willing to accept the place in New York unless the family could be happy to live with me in the East. Father loved the West and was loath to leave. Nevertheless he joined the others in urging me to accept the position saying he was willing to move East when arrangements could be made to do so.

With some trepidation I resigned my Emporia position and prepared for the required New York City examination in the fall. That very summer my sister was elected to a position at the Normal in her chosen line of work, and assumed the home responsibilities. While teaching there she met her life companion—a young teacher on the same faculty.

My new position under M. A. Bailey meant a return to work with the friend under whom I had worked so happily in the Kansas Normal before his departure for the East a few years previously. I had known him first as a masterful teacher, then, during my last two years as a student at the Normal, I had served as his private secretary and had lived in his home. After graduation I became an assistant teacher under him. He was one of the kindest hearted of men, bluntly frank but the most loyal friend I ever knew. He trusted his friends absolutely, gave frank criticisms for faults, warm praise for success and was always at hand with unexpected kindnesses when a friend was needed. The debt I owe him for his influence on my life cannot be paid in earthly coin.



Within two years a suitable location for our new home had been found and land purchased upon which to build. So once more we spent a summer vacation in packing and once more Father and his family moved "back East." A kind Providence had guided in the selection of a location and brought us to Leonia, New Jersey, a pleasant and friendly suburb across the river from upper Manhattan, within convenient commuting distance of the Training School. Surely a kindly Providence, for no more prompt and lasting reward could be meted out for attendance on divine worship than came to me that Sunday morning when I attended my first service in a New York City church. Ashamed of my neglect for Sundays past—it had been easy as a stranger in a big city to stay away from church—an impelling desire urged me past several would-be obstacles that morning and sent me to a near-by church. Saintly, white-haired Bishop Hartzell delivered the sermon that day and at the close of the service the regular pastor invited the congregation to come up to the front and greet the Bishop, who was leaving almost immediately for his work in Africa. I debated going up but feeling strange decided against it and was making my way to the door when an inner voice spoke as clearly as though it had been a friend at my side, "Now it does not make a bit of difference whether you know any one or not; it will do you good to shake the hand of that white-haired servant of the Lord," so back down the aisle I marched and fell into the long line that had formed to greet the Bishop. Just ahead of me was a tall, fine looking young man whom the Bishop greeted affectionately. As the man turned, I recognized W. O. Gantz, a former school mate at the Kansas Normal. He had become a successful lawyer in New York City and in the conversation which followed I learned that he and his family lived in Leonia.

Before this time many of my Saturdays had been spent in exploring near-by localities, seeking a place where Father might have a garden, a run for his chickens, and a convenient barn for his horse. On one of these expeditions Leonia had been explored. Its homelike atmosphere and accessibility attracted me more than the Westchester and Long Island suburbs.



When my friend found I was interested in purchasing a home he told me that on the preceding day, he had purchased a twelve and a half acre plot in Leonia to improve and sell off in lots and that he would be glad to show me the property.

Needless to say, I was prompt in accepting his invitation for a business interview at his Leonia home the following week to look over the unimproved tract. Thus it came to pass that through a friend, instead of through doubtful real estate agents, an attractive home site was procured at a reasonable price and in so pleasant a location that after more than twenty-five years of residence we are still abundantly satisfied.

On leaving Emporia Father again chartered a car, packed into it all the household goods and brought the faithful Meg along, thus again insuring quick shipment. George R. Tilford, from Emporia, to whom my sister was engaged, had planned to take advanced work in an Eastern university that year, and suddenly decided to accompany Father from Emporia to Leonia in the freight car. The two men by day sat in rocking chairs near enough the door to get the air and by night slept on such articles of furniture as were available for the purpose.

The first year and a quarter we lived in a rented house where our first Christmas vacation was saddened by the death in our home of my childhood friend, my faithful Cora Howlett, whose family had been gone for many years. She had come to spend the fall and winter with us and I had looked forward to her permanent sharing of our home.

Father found a barn near-by for Meg and in his kindly way did many an errand with the surrey and his faithful over-fed trusty whose comfortable jog trot was known to all our friends and enjoyed by Mother who had many a drive. The following incident concerning old Meg was told us some years later by one of the participants:

The young minister in our first years in Leonia was a great favorite—a capable young man who was afterwards transferred to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. It happened that he and his wife while there



were living in the same apartment house as our good friend Lorena Woodrow Burke from Emporia whose mother had rented her Emporia home to us while she and her daughters were away. After her return to Emporia when we had moved to another place, she and her daughter had taken many a drive behind our Meg. Lorena had married and moved to Pittsburgh after we left Emporia and we had lost track of her. One evening while the young minister and his wife were calling on Lorena and her husband, the minister had remarked, "I read a most interesting story to-day about a consecrated dog which I must tell you." At the close of the story the Emporia friend observed "That story of the consecrated dog makes me think of a consecrated horse I once knew. There was the dearest old man in Kansas who had a horse and buggy and who seldom went down town with an empty seat. If he saw any one trudging along the weary stretch down to Sixth and Commercial, he was sure to pick her up and give her a lift. Always as he came for the horse which he kept in our barn he would halt at the door and call out in his cheery way, 'Is any one going down town to-day, who would like a ride?' " "Why, I knew just such a friendly man as that too, in a little New Jersey town where I served on my first charge," said the minister, "He had a horse and surrey that was always at hand to gather up cakes and pies for all the church suppers and was always ready to go on errands for any one needing assistance." Lorena, remembering that we had moved to New Jersey, burst out, "What was his name? It couldn't be that it was our Mr. Taylor, Mary's and Meta's father and that old Meg was the horse?" "Why, yes," said the astonished minister, "the very same! How do you happen to know the Taylors?" Upon which explanations followed and the acquaintanceship took on an added interest.

The summer following our move to Leonia, we began the building of our own home, with Father on hand to oversee the work, which was completed in late December.

Leonias was only about sixty miles from the old home scenes in Pennsylvania and soon we were exchanging visits with our relatives, who after our long separation seemed at the first more strange than



the warm friends we had left in the West. But this soon wore off and we had many a family reunion in the new home. Mother, a semi-invalid, although an example to us all in her patient resignation, often remarked, "I have come too late to enjoy it all as I once could have done." Father, in his friendly way, soon made acquaintances in the new place and found further compensation for his regrets over leaving the West in visits with his brothers and sisters and in occasional trips to Bucks County where he renewed the old neighborhood friendships with those who were still living in the places he knew so well.

We moved into our own home on the Eighteenth of December 1909 and bent our energies to have the house in order by Christmas. We succeeded and had the joy of lighting our first fire on the new hearth on Christmas Day. That blazing fire inside and a soft beautiful snow falling outside made an ideal Christmas for our first one in The New Home. Mother, as she crossed the threshold on the day we moved in, looked about with a contented smile and said, "Well, I think my moving days are over now, and this will be my home for the rest of my life." And it was.

## CHAPTER VI

### LATER YEARS—THE LAST HOME

It has been nineteen years now since Mother left us, and Father and I have carried on the home traditions which she so largely shaped, as best we could. The privilege of sharing the home with many different friends and acquaintances, and the pleasure of keeping open house for friends from far and near, for frequent reunions of relatives, for church and committee meetings of various kinds and for the homey celebrations at Thanksgiving and Christmas, have filled our life with cherished memories. Father's sister Sallie came to live with us four years before Mother left us, and survived her for six years.

Since then the two of us, alone, and yet never alone, have witnessed but few minor changes in the home habits, save for the modern conveniences which, one by one, have crowded in upon us. The old family horse was eventually taken by a kind hearted farmer into whose care Father reluctantly gave her, and was in time supplanted by the open five-passenger Dodge and later by the closed sedans. Saying good-bye to the old refrigerator meant giving up the big freezers of home-made ice cream for the easy but less enticing General Electric brands. Father was depressed in spirit for days when we parted with the kitchen range which was like losing an old trusted servant, and his spirits sank even further when the faithful furnace which he had stoked for over twenty years gave way to the oil burner. But to these few changes in the household equipment he soon accustomed himself very happily. Although he was sure we would never have as warm a house when we ceased to use coal in the furnace, within a week after the change he was taking his friends to the cellar and proudly displaying the new flame.

Not always so happily but with more eagerness we adjusted ourselves to the shifting personnel within the home. College boys and



girls, friends and acquaintances whose changing circumstances brought them to us for a few months, or a few years and then as suddenly took them away, have all been incorporated more or less closely into the home circle, gripping us with their problems and their varied interests and enthusiasms, and leaving us the richer for having known them.

Father is now past ninety-two and as he sits in his comfortable rocker by the big south window he looks not a day over seventy-five. It is only when he gets up slowly "feeling a little stiff," or walks out in his garden or up the street with his old quick step now slower, and a bit more dependent upon his cane and his shoulders somewhat stooped that one realizes the years are taking their toll. Gazing at his tranquil face one can scarce believe the changes he has witnessed. For one humble man to have experienced within a life span all the marvelous transitions through which he has passed, makes even the humblest great.

In lights for the home, he has gone from the dim candles of his early boyhood and teens to the kerosene lamps which lighted his manhood; then to the gaslight burners with their bright, flickering flame, until now he reads by the steady glow of Edison's magic filaments, adjusting his floor lamp at will. And the changes in heating he vividly recalls: in boyhood and early manhood days he accepted unquestioningly the limited number of stoves,—determined by the number of chimneys and the family exchequer—with the resulting extremes of temperature, the glowing heat of one room and the icy cold of the next. And for these stoves, boxes piled with wood and kindling and scuttles of coal had to clutter up the rooms, to be in readiness for use. Later he easily adjusted himself to the central heating plant with furnace in the cellar and to the comfort of having every room heated, albeit not always to perfection. And now, with the realization that the oil burner really works, he is quite content to substitute the turning of the thermostat needle for the old shoveling of coal and ashes.

In modes of travel he has watched with fascination the changing panorama. As a boy he loved to look at the open boats that glided



along in the quiet waters of the green banked canal pulled by the plodding mules on the tow path. With big eyes he watched the rumbling stage coaches and their dashing teams passing daily through the little village before it experienced the sight or sound of a train. With bigger eyes he gazed at that first train on the Belvidere which he watched when a small boy, standing in the kitchen door of his Taylorsville home—an event he loves to recall. In later manhood he is still attracted by the big modern locomotives steaming across the country pulling their long trains. When we sit in the auto, waiting at a crossing for an interminable freight train to pass, instead of showing the impatience that seizes the rest of us, he contentedly watches the train and counts the cars. He enjoys a long trip, accepting easily the conveniences of modern travel, nights on the Pullman and meals in the diner. He accepted with nonchalance the trains on the elevated and the noisy subway when he came to the big metropolis, and now he loves to watch from his own front porch the whirring airplanes out-lined against the sky by day or to follow their moving lights by night as they make the old two-day stage-coach trip from New York to Philadelphia in less than an hour.

And perhaps the most wonderful transitions of all, are the various methods of communication he has seen come into use. In his boyhood days local news, such as a death or an accident, must be reported by setting out on foot or on horse to convey it by word of mouth and distant news must be sent by letters, carried by stage and later by train. Then came the days when the wonderful new instrument which clicked its immortal message of four words came into use, enabling one to transmit distant messages in a few short hours. And a little later came the other equally wonderful invention for transmitting the human voice itself, an instrument used at first with some trepidation but which in a few years became almost a household necessity. Now he may sit in his own living-room and listen to Big Ben over in London pealing out its deep tones, transmitted through God's own medium. No "Wide Awakes" now are necessary to secure a crowd for hearing political speeches; for politicians to-day may pour forth their messages to unseen audiences seated



comfortably in their own homes, the speakers never knowing the number of miles that their messages traverse, nor the number of listening ears nor the response on the faces of those who hear.

But through all these outward changes, Father still clings to his frugal habits and to his deep seated life-long principles, his life flowing on in much the same channels as of yore, like the tranquil river on whose shores he played as a boy. He observes the same simple habits of rising for the breakfast hour—even when the family regime demands an early one—of adhering to the Saturday night ablutions, of performing the tasks of the day with cheerfulness and an eagerness to help, of eating with regularity his three meals a day, of totally abstaining from all narcotics and alcoholic beverages, and of worshipping regularly in the House of the Lord on each Sabbath morning. He has always retained his hearty farmer's appetite, eating with relish and seldom failing to drink two cups of coffee with each meal, never hurrying at meals, partaking fully of sweetmeats and never, so far as known, suffering a twinge of indigestion. His attitude on total abstinence is revealed in his own experience concerning smoking: A young friend, who was present at a recent family celebration said to him as she lighted her cigarette, "Father Taylor, didn't you ever smoke?"

"Oh yes, I smoked some when I was a young man."

"Why did you give it up?"

"Oh, I just decided not to be a fool any longer. I smoked until I was about twenty-three then I thought it over and concluded the longer I smoked the more I'd want to and that it was just a foolish habit and a waste of money—so I quit."

Of his church attendance a good friend of the family writes:

"It has been my privilege to know Mr. Taylor for twenty-five years, years in which my admiration for him has deepened and developed into a valued friendship. His Quaker ancestry is evidenced in his great kindness and humility while at the same time he maintains a steadfast loyalty to his convictions. His life is transparent. He indeed is one in whom there is no guile.

"As we have attended the same Methodist Episcopal Church all



these years he has occupied the seat in front of our family. He has been a regular attendant at the church, absent only because of illness or because of being out of the borough. Now in his ninety-second year he listens to the sermon intently, participates in the singing and always seems to be in a prayerful mood. It is an inspiration to worship with him."

His interest in human beings, his naturalness, his democratic attitude, his friendliness towards all, his memory of events in the lives of acquaintances and friends, and his knowledge of neighborhood happenings astonish me. In the days on the Kansas farm a neighbor passing by the field where Father was working usually stopped for a lengthy chat. In the Emporia days, an empty seat in his buggy on the trip down town was always filled. Given a seat-mate on a train and silence is of short duration with Father. Once on a trip East he was pleasantly rewarded when he fell into conversation with a stranger by whom he chanced to sit and learned that the stranger's daughters were warm friends of my sister and myself, having roomed in the same house while attending school at Emporia.

A housewife in the grocery store or a girl standing at the corner waiting for a trolley are no strangers to Father—he falls into conversation with them as naturally as with old friends, and many of them know "Mr. Taylor" well whom he cannot call by name. His neighbors know his willingness to lend and his enjoyment of a friendly chat. A next door neighbor says of him,

"For the past sixteen years I have lived next door to Mr. Taylor and have never had a kinder, more generous, or more considerate neighbor. He always has a cheerful word and helping hand for every one and never fails to have a sympathetic interest in a neighbor's welfare. Nothing gives him greater pleasure than sharing his goods with a neighbor. We are both interested in gardening and have derived much enjoyment from our common experiences and friendly rivalry in growing our crops. It has been my great pleasure to attend the monthly meetings of the Men's Neighborhood Club in the company of Mr. Taylor, now probably its oldest member, and



no one is more interested in the Club than is he, nor more welcome to its meetings.”

His kindly nature is also shown in his attitude towards animals. He never cared to hunt nor shoot any game and in true man fashion loved his horses and his dogs. We were brought up on stories of Kate, the fast driving horse on the Highland farm, and old Mike, who could open any barn door or unlock the feed chest, who “wasn’t cross, but would bite anybody if he got the chance!” On the Kansas farm we shared his grief over the illness and death of our favorite horse, Maud, and the sudden death from an accident of handsome Rom. He glowed with pride over Highland “Shep” who ran to catch the baby falling out of the doorstep thus saving her from a bad mishap. We shared his fondness for his first dog on the Kansas farm, jealous Rover, who set up a piteous cry when Father petted a neighbor’s dog, Jake, and ever after uttered the same forlorn howl when Father teasingly pretended to be petting Jake. We likewise shared his pride in the smart old dog who, at Father’s command, “Toss, go fetch me that bucket,” would run to the barn, pick up the pail, and proudly carry it back to Father. Father loves to tell of the day he was working in the field and wanted to finish a task that would require about two hours beyond the dinner time, so decided to try sending a message to Mother by Toss. In response to Father’s whistle from the field Toss ran from the house, where he was always left to protect his mistress, and came bounding across the fields to Father. He waited while Father tied the note around his neck asking Mother to send a lunch out to the field and dashed back to the house at Father’s command, “Take this to your mistress.” He gave Mother no peace until she noticed the note and began to untie it when old Toss capered about in joy. She prepared a lunch in a little pail, and dispatched Toss with the pail in his mouth, saying, “Take this to your master,” at which the dog promptly set out for the distant field, carefully carrying the pail and with wagging tail delivered the lunch intact.

After leaving the farm Father adhered to the strong conviction that “dogs were too much trouble to the neighbors” to justify keep-



ing one in town as a pet, so cats became the household pets. Smart old Trot, the big yellow cat who came to us as an infant and lived to be fifteen, and who resembled old Mike in disposition, for "he would bite" when annoyed, knew that Father was his best friend. He would lie in his lap for an entire evening, and for years slept at the foot of his bed on a special cover that Father spread for him each night. Only rarely if Father happened to stroke him the wrong way would Trot offer to snap at him after which "Mr. Trot," as Father often called him, would immediately jump down and run out of the room as if recognizing that he had forfeited all special privileges.

Father's home loving traits, kindly ways, and good sense are well portrayed by my sister, Meta, who in the days of the Kansas farm was almost constantly his companion. Always full of energy and always wishing she "had been a boy, anyway," she loved such outdoor tasks as riding the horses to the reaper and helping with the chores. She writes of him thus:

"Papa and I were always great chums; as a child I loved to run to him, to sit in his lap and hear him tell me stories. He made me toys, among them a doll trunk which is still treasured by me, and a sled—to this day I remember it—no other ever looked so fine to me as that plain, well built sled made just for me. It came as a great surprise and what fun I always had with it and how many a ride did Papa take me on it. Especially I remember on my tenth birthday, the twenty-ninth of March, when he took me to school on it in a big snow storm, and said, 'You may never see such a snow as this on your birthday again.'

"I was always fond of pets. One evening when I came home with a tiny rabbit, which I had rescued from a prairie-fire—for which the West was noted—and desired to keep it for a pet it was Papa who, always ready to sympathize with me in everything, made a cage with cunning wires for my newly acquired pet, a nice home which the rabbit seemed to enjoy as much as I did. I cleaned the cage daily and had great sport with my bunny. I had many pets after this—a rooster, a pig, and kittens aplenty and he was interested in them all.



“When we lived on the Kansas farm it was always a pleasure to feel I could work side by side with him in the fields or with the horses. He trusted me and I felt I must always keep that trust.

“I never tired of listening to the stories he told about his boyhood and young manhood—they were dear to his heart—that life he lived away back East, which to me seemed like an unknown country. In the twilight hour we four would often gather around the fire and when my sister would say, ‘Let’s talk about the folks’ he and Mother would tell many an interesting anecdote to which we listened with eagerness. And how I loved to talk to him! I could go to him at any time about anything that troubled me; he was always full of interest, never too busy to listen to my prattle and ready to help me with all my problems. And yet he was firm about many things—about the kind of company I should choose, especially among the boys. I held him up as my ideal, feeling I should never care to marry unless I could find a man as pure, clean, sweet, and fine as my father.

“Through college days, in teaching, and when I left the parental home to help make another with the man I loved, his blessing and good will went with me. Always, as in the past, I enjoy the chats with him although they are not so frequent as they used to be, because of our separation. As his life now ripens into the golden years I think of him as the genial, placid man, yet full of life, enjoying fun, and interested in other people. Nothing is ever too much trouble for him to do for a friend. He has taught me many valuable lessons which I treasure. How proud I am to be able to say that this man, a kind, considerate, magnanimous, and indulgent father, a kind and loyal brother, a devoted husband—this truly good man is *my* father.”

Although kindly to all, Father has his intense likes and dislikes, and is keen in estimating true worth or the lack of it, expressing it in his own terse way. The disdain, with a sort of chuckle underneath it, with which he can utter, “that little whiffet” makes of those three words perhaps one of the briefest but most pungent biographical sketches on record. His tranquility which is now seldom ruffled, gives little hint of a naturally quick temper, which in his vigorous



years would come like a gust of wind with a sudden fury, and would be gone as quickly as it came, an impatient outburst aroused by some exasperating experience or because of his extreme sensitivity.

His lack of conventionality results in an utter indifference to dress which we somewhat deplore. Arrayed in his old working clothes and dilapidated garden hat, to which he tenaciously clings, he will set off to the stores, perchance pausing at the corner to chat with the best dressed and prettiest woman in town with as much ease as though clad in his best. We likewise deplore certain outcroppings of his native stubbornness, such as an adherence to old hats and old coats far past the stage for public appearance. His refusal to wear an overcoat on a cold day, has caused solicitude on the part of neighbors for years, not to mention my own anxiety. Over and over they say to me, "I saw your father uptown yesterday in all that cold without his overcoat; aren't you afraid he will catch cold?" Of course I am, but to all my remonstrances he lightly replies, "Why it wasn't cold." Or, "O, I wasn't going far enough to bother with an overcoat."

His memory of details and of dates is phenomenal. Finding from his almanac, which he loves to peruse, a date that calls to his mind some trivial incident impressed upon his memory or some anniversary, he will say, "I remember one October sixteenth on the Highland farm we had one of the heaviest snows I ever saw. A big black cloud rolled up as we were working in the field, and as we came in the man who was helping me said, 'That looks like hail; I remember one time when just such a cloud brought a big hail storm.' And sure enough, it soon began to hail and piled up hail stones six or seven inches deep on the west side of the barn and then turned to snow." Or again, "On April ninth, 1862, we had a big snow; Hutch and I were plowing and finally had to give it up and go in; and that night we went sleighing." On April 20th he never fails to mention that on this date, "your mother and I began housekeeping." He seldom forgets to mention the birthday dates of the different members of the family or wedding anniversaries; he recalls dates



of the deaths of those members who "have gone on before." For years he never failed to write birthday letters to his brothers, sisters, and nephews, and always to his absent daughter. Now in his less active life the days blend and memory is not so keen, and often passing events are forgotten.

His vigor and indomitable spirit have been manifest in the manner in which he has overcome physical ailments, or stoically endured them. As told in an earlier chapter, he conquered threatened tuberculosis in his twenties. He finally outgrew the severe attacks of asthma from which he suffered for years. Of this affliction he says: "The first attack I ever remember having was at my Uncle Mahlon H. Taylor's in Lambertville. A doctor there gave me something that relieved me right away. But the doctor drank and could never remember what he gave me. I grew worse as I grew older. I used to smoke the dried leaves of the 'Jimson Weed,' or inhale the fumes from the burning pieces of brown paper soaked in salt petre which we always kept ready for use." How many anxious times we spent when he had these attacks! Fearing that each gasp would be his last, we would watch in terror his labored breathing as he inhaled the fumes from the burning salt petre. He completely regained strength and ambition after a severe attack of the flu on the Kansas farm, when his weakness and discouragement were so great he would often say to Mother, "Ruth, I don't believe I'll ever be able to do any work again." He recovered from the severe attack of pneumonia at eighty-five when the doctor told us there was only one chance in a hundred that he could live, that one chance hinging on his never having used narcotics nor alcoholic beverages, which fact they said was responsible for his quick response to medical treatment. His recoveries from these illnesses and his subsequent vitality and energy have been remarkable, although he himself took them casually enough. Being congratulated on his recovery from pneumonia he replied, "Well, you see I wasn't very sick!"

Coming to the Leonia home in his late sixties he at once vigorously set about improving the place with the interest and enthusiasm of a young man. He planted fruit and shade trees, currant bushes



and shrubs, set out grape vines and built arbors, built chicken houses and the fences around the runs. For many years he took entire charge of his large vegetable garden. He mowed the lawn with its difficult side terrace; he plowed and cultivated his fifty by one hundred and twenty-five foot "corn field" which in the midst of town was enjoyed by the neighbors as much as by our family; he looked after his flock of chickens and twice a day walked to the rented stable a block away to care for the family horse. He was always ready to take Mother driving and devoted many hours of his time in waiting upon her, for she was never able to be left alone after the move to Leonia. After a dozen years he gave up his corn field, selling the land to his next door neighbor, and in his eighties consented to hand over the hard mowing of the lawn, but even when past ninety he has always hoed and planted and dug, as much as his strength would permit, supervising his helpers for the remainder. No one ever digs the garden deep enough to please him. "They just scratch the surface," Father disdainfully says. And no one else can handle the hoe with the deft stroke so natural to his efficient hands which fells a weed with every cut.

Father is a large man, six feet tall and weighing two hundred pounds, strong and muscular, with a spirit as strong as his body. In late years one of my constant fears has been that he might fall and break a bone, but thus far his life has seemed a charmed one in this respect. Once he slipped and fell on the cellar stairs. He toppled backwards and fell without striking his head, but was coasting bumpily down the steps when the young man who was staying in our home saw him and grabbed his feet, and pulled him back to the landing. Father was unhurt and laughing. Just to think of it, even now, to visualize him sliding to a bad smash at the foot of the stairs, and saved only by God's good grace and by the lucky presence of the young man who happened to be with us at the time, and standing where he could see the accident, is enough to cause chills up and down my spine.

Another time he fell on the short flight of steps leading to the cellar stair landing with a tremendous crash that brought even neigh-



bors running. We all gathered around him where he lay with his head pushed through the screen door, almost afraid to touch him. What a blessed relief to see him smiling! "If there weren't so many people in the way maybe I could get up," he said laughingly as he saw us all gathered about him. We gave him a hand and he was soon on his feet, chatting as unconcerned as though he had just walked out as usual.

One exhibition of his vigor that has astonished relatives and friends is his endurance and pleasure in travel. On a trip to Colorado at seventy-two he kept up with his son-in-law on many a long mountain hike, including the all-night walk up Pike's Peak and back. In his seventy-seventh year on a Western trip to Colorado and Texas he had no word of complaint for the uncomfortable living quarters we unexpectedly ran into, nor for the discomfort of travel on account of a Colorado flood nor for the suffocating heat of Texas, nor for the disappointments on our return trip when a sudden change of plan necessitated giving up some long-anticipated visits. Four years later, he was the prize traveller on another railroad trip to the far West, including a four days sight-seeing tour through Yellowstone, a route through Washington and Oregon and down through California, returning by the Grand Canyon. On this trip he travelled back from Albuquerque alone, stopping to visit Kansas and at his married daughter's home in up-state New York.

His first long automobile trip was taken in his eighty-fifth year when we travelled in company with two college boys of gentle training, who with their love of fun and eagerness to see all there was to be seen combined a respect for age and a kindly thoughtfulness that made this "Our Big Trip," as we always call it, one of the pleasantest experiences we ever enjoyed. Eight weeks we spent in the open, traversing a distance of nine thousand miles, going as far west as Banff and Lake Louise, sometimes driving far into the night before finding a place to sleep and once spending a night in the automobile when we were lost in a stretch of woods and failed to find our road. Father uttered not a word of complaint but settled himself back in the seat and slept.



One of the youths who accompanied us on this Big Trip describes Father as a traveller thus:

"We were rolling past the northern arms of Simcoe into the lake country of Ontario, the spicy pungency of pine and spruce becoming increasingly intense to our excited nostrils. Huntsville, last settlement along the highway, lay ahead as goal for the day. Quite without warning came the sudden sound of rending rubber and escaping air! I jammed on the brakes, brought the Jordan to a standstill and slid from under the wheel to see which tire was gone. But the tires were intact. Then from the back seat Father Taylor spoke casually and unhurriedly, 'Can't a body sneeze without being thrown clear off his seat? That took me kind of sudden like.'

"That sneeze had been the rasp of rending rubber and escaping air! Never in the world could there be another sneeze like Father Taylor's. No stuttering, undecided, forewarning sneeze was this; but a startling, explosive, unpremeditated detonation that shook us violently many another time during that trip.

"It was a trip that covered seventeen states and three Canadian provinces; through Saulte Ste. Marie, Glacier, Banff, Lake Louise, Yellowstone, Salt Lake and Colorado, through Utah deserts, deep sand, and Kansas mud. Father Taylor, the inveterate traveller, in his favorite seat by the driver, was always the dignified, distinguished gentleman, interested in the characteristics of the country traversed and constantly commenting on the condition of the farms and the crops, with frequent observations on the probable character of the farmer. He knew every grain and type of hay, as it grew in the fields, and calculated the probable yield per acre from the appearance of the stand.

"The daily quest for an agreeable luncheon spot was always a zestful pursuit for Father Taylor. If one of us, overcome by hunger, favored stopping at some not altogether acceptable spot, he would urge us on with 'Now you know we always find just what we want if we only have patience.' And when the perfect spot was found he was first to help take out the cushions and unpack the lunch.

"On many a mountain road the Jordan pulled up steep grades



and around sharp, narrow curves flanked on one side by steep walls and on the other by sheer precipices that fell away hundreds of feet below to rushing streams. I was always struck by the absolute fearlessness with which Father Taylor surveyed even the most dangerous situations.

“Always philosophical and calm, these qualities made him an ideal companion on a trip. His courage was magnificent, with never a thought of personal danger expressing itself in his word or action. The nearest approach to a suggestion of the emotion came in Kansas. Driving south from Topeka we ran into a late summer rain while on a new clay road. The grade was high and flanked by ditches eight feet wide and five feet deep. We crawled along at fifteen miles an hour but in spite of chains and slow speed the Jordan skidded into the gutter and there we were in the ditch with the walls of mud coming as high as the middle of the windows and blocking the doors. Father Taylor spoke first. ‘You know,’ he said mildly, ‘I wish I was out of here.’”

Two years after the long trip, he enjoyed with equal pleasure a six thousand mile visiting and sight seeing trip through the Midwest and South. We visited friends in Missouri, in our old Kansas homes, in Oklahoma and in Texas, returning through the southern states which Father had “always wanted to see,” swinging down to New Orleans and back through Alabama, the Carolinas and the Shenandoah Valley. At eighty-nine he enjoyed the quick trip we made down to Alabama, a distance of eleven hundred miles each way to attend the wedding of one of our boys who had made the Big Trip with us. This hurry trip down we made in two days, driving far on into both nights. But Father was apparently as fresh as any guest at the wedding, and ready for the slower return trip through Kentucky, which he had never visited before, with a later stop in West Virginia, where we spent the night with a friend, which he always enjoyed.

His latest trip at ninety-one covered a distance of sixty-seven hundred miles—as a fulfillment of his desire, which he expressed thus—Father has never been a man of superlatives—“Yes, I’d like right



well to see Kansas and the folks out there once again." This last trip was a real visiting one, the kind he liked best of all. For in spite of his love of travel, a few extra miles for sight seeing can be given up but a special six hundred mile drive to spend the day with a nephew is something not to be missed. We tried to see as many of the old friends as possible, going as far west as Colorado for a few days of beautiful mountain driving, including a visit to an old friend; then as far south as Oklahoma, and Texas, where we visited with friends and with Father's nephew. On each of these trips he settles down complacently, enters into all the experiences with interest, and is ever the non-complaining member of the group. But he always returns home with a sigh of contentment, "It's nice to go and see all the folks and the sights, but it's good to be home again."

And at home he is the same uncomplaining lovely companion as on the long trips. He never frets, makes light of an illness, is ever ready to stay alone if a day of shopping or an evening in the city calls the family away, urging us to not worry about him, saying, "You just go and have a good time—I never was the lonesome kind; *of course* I can get along all right—I can do as I please when I'm alone."

A disappointment that others might grieve over for days he meets with a wistful "Well I would have liked right well to have done so and so" and says no more about it. Life never seems to pall for him. This hopeful outlook must ever have been his. In a letter to his mother written from Kansas on his fourth wedding anniversary he says, "I think I was always inclined to look on the brightest side of the future and not always on the dark side." And that is still his disposition. Even in stormy weather when confined to the house his cheeriness does not fail. Altho passing events fade from his memory his interest in them does not flag and he will ask about them again and again apologetically saying "Now you told me that once but I've just forgotten what you said."

His sense of humor has ever been one of his most endearing traits; he is ready with his jokes for almost any situation and quick





*Father and Daughter Mary*  
*on*  
*An All Day Picnic Drive – 1935*





as a flash with his unexpected rejoinders or his droll observations. One cold winter evening when the family returned after an evening out, some one said, "You have a fine fire tonight, Father Taylor." He replied, "Yes, I guess so; I'm like Bennie Knowles: when the neighbors complimented him on his good yield of corn, Bennie replied, 'Well, it ought to be good, I haven't done anything to hinder it'."

On another occasion one of the pretty girls in our home said as she started out with her escort, "Good-bye, Father Taylor, don't you want to go with us to the Follies tonight?" To which he at once laughingly retorted, "No, I don't need to go away for that, I have plenty of it right here at home with you young folks around."

One day I asked him what news he found in the old home paper—The Newton Enterprise—which he always reads with eagerness. He replied with a twinkle in his eye, "Well, it's pretty dull this week; it's like Uncle James said when I asked him how his undertaking business was, 'Very dull, nobody's dying.' So that's the way with the paper this week—nobody I know has died."

At a recent reunion of a group of school girl friends who for years have clung together by round robin letters and reunions, Father was with us, when one of the group said, "Now, girls, I think at *this* reunion we ought to talk about how to grow old gracefully and lay down some rules to follow." "Father Taylor, you've learned the secret—you tell us how to grow old gracefully." "O, I can't do that," rejoined Father, "I'm not old yet." "Well, Grace," one of the girls said, "you have your answer."

A young college student living in the home, lay down in his clothes one night, sleepy over his study, and slept all night with his light on. My first reaction was to feel peeved over the all-night waste of electricity, but Father laughed and said, "He's always singing that fool song, 'I wonder how I look when I'm asleep' so I suppose he thought he'd leave the light on and find out."

Over the few things that irritate him he is just as quick to retort as in his goodhumored rejoinders, although his irritations go as quickly as they come. Over his morning paper he may soon fall



asleep, but he always seems to feel it a personal affront if some one else, unless a prime favorite, seizes it first. If caught going forth in his old coat and asked to change it, he testily remonstrates, "Nobody's going to see what kind of a coat I have on; I can't see any use in bothering to change it."

Although Father is of a deeply affectionate nature he is only occasionally demonstrative and does not express his affection by endearing words. He is the humblest of men and possesses a certain shyness that restrains expressions of his true feelings. Sometimes as he sits in his chair looking particularly well-groomed, I kiss him and say, "Father, you *are* a good-looking man—you look positively handsome today." He will reply with a half-protesting chuckle and a certain bashful and well-what-does-it-matter-anyway air, "Yes, I spect so."

He is as simple in his speech as in his habits of living, never using extravagant or wasteful words. When exasperated his worst expletives are "Confound it all" or "Contwist the luck!" And no matter how much he may be interested in a project, to one's question "Would you like to do so-and-so, Father?" he will never answer, "Splendid" or "That would be fine," but always, "Yes, I'd like right well" to do so-and-so. And although he loves to have friends and relatives come, he never exclaims after they have gone, "What a fine time we had!" but calmly observes, "Yes, it's always nice to have the folks come." His acts rather than words, bespeak his pleasure over "having folks come." Often when young company is here for an evening he will sit in his chair till one o'clock or later, when guests linger on, listening to their fun and unwilling to start to bed until the last one has gone.

He never complains of being alone but one can sense his pleasure when we are all at home by an expressive way he has of shaking his shoulders when he is happy, as one might in laughing. On a bad night he will say "Well, I'm glad we are all at home tonight and not out in this storm," as he settles down in his chair with an air of contentment or throws an extra log on the fire. His joy in having my sister home for a visit is always evident by his added cheeriness



and his reluctance to have her go by his soberness after her departure.

His religious life too is expressed by his kindly acts and upright living rather than by words. As an illustration of his honesty one young lady who lived in the home for nearly five years recalls an incident Father once recounted to her which she says she has told over and over again in her talks to her young people. He obtained a loan from a bank for which he gave his note and asked the banker what security the bank required. "Your word, Mr. Taylor, is all the security we want," the banker replied. "That speaks volumes," said the young lady, "What a comment on a life of honesty!" Like his mother before him he does not pray in public but is faithful in his private devotions, reads his Advocate and his Bible and in our family devotions on Sunday mornings reads the Scriptures and leads in the Lord's Prayer.

He always says grace at the table and has variations for the simple forms which we all love. He used to vary them years ago more often than now and used forms suitable to different occasions. The morning grace on the farm was really a prayer, "Dear Father we thank Thee for Thy protecting care through the night and for this food provided for our returning wants. Give us strength for the day, protect and keep us and bring us together at the close of the day for Christ's sake." Sometimes when a guest at a friend's house his grace would be, "We thank Thee for friends and for the influence brought to us through them. We thank Thee for this food spread before us for our earthly wants. Bless it to its intended use and us to Thy service for Christ's sake."

Again as he prayed at the evening meal tears would sometimes come to Mother's eyes, "As we gather for our evening meal at the close of the day with our tasks completed, we thank Thee for this food prepared for us by loving hands. Wilt Thou bless it to the use of our bodies, protect us through this night and save us from harm for Christ's sake." Sometimes he closed the evening blessing by prayer, "Bring us safely through the night with strength for our work of another day."



A simple grace that he uses more in later years is, "Dear Father we thank Thee for this food again spread before us for our returning wants. Give us hearts of thankfulness for all Thy mercies and save us for Christ's sake. Amen."

A young friend, who lived in the home, in Father's ninety-first year, portrays him in his daily home life as follows:

"Father Taylor at ninety-one is a handsome man, tall, muscular, ruddy. His eyes have not lost their twinkle and his cheeks are pink and firm. At a family gathering when he sits in the lamp-light or the soft warmth of the afternoon sun, his "bad leg" up on the stool which always stands on the fire-place rug and his hands spread majestically out on the arms of his chair, one sees personified the beauty, the peace, the benignity of the patriarch.

"It is only on bleak days or when one finds him asleep of a morning in the big leather rocker with mouth partly open that one notices the rows of little wrinkles trailing down his relaxed face from his eyes to his chin. The first time one finds him like this one always wakes him up—just to be sure he is all right. And then the mouth closes, the gray head comes up and the brown eyes open and he is almost at once awake.

" 'Oh, it's you,' he says mildly, 'I guess I must have fallen asleep.' And pushing himself back into the chair—'Just hand me that paper, will you? I guess I'll read a little.' "

"Later one gets used to these morning naps and lets him sleep until he is awakened perhaps by the postman or the laundry boy or the man with the milk bill. Sometimes one hears voices in the living room and a reconnoiter from behind the hall curtains will reveal Father Taylor in the midst of a cheery gossip with the colored parcel man, whom he has invited to "sit awhile" in the best upholstered rocker.

"And for this parcel man and the postman and the laundry boy and the milk collector 'Mr. Taylor' holds a special place on their routes and that place is one of honor. Their respect and friendliness shine in their voices—'Good morning, sir. Don't get up, sir, I'll just put it right here on the chair, and good-day, sir.'



"Mike, the banana man, knows that 'Meester Taylor' will buy his bananas should the whole rest of Leonia refuse. 'Meester Taylor's' basement in winter and his back stoop in summer are Mike's Leonia headquarters and from these headquarters he radiates with his basket to make his local sales. Between trips Father Taylor learns of all Mike's troubles which have descended on him since his last visit. Or if there are any joys to report, Father Taylor is the one for whom they have been carefully saved. And always at the end of the day, if it is summer, Mike's Latin heart is warmed by the urgent invitation to 'take along some flowers.'

"Last summer, at nearly ninety-one, Father Taylor worked in his garden every day. All morning he would doze in the big leather rocker. But as soon as the sun got round toward the west and there was shade from the big oaks over the garden patch, he would take down his old straw hat from the nail in the kitchen and gather his tools out of the garage and start to work. Some one else did most of the heavy work but there was a certain amount of digging and hoeing and raking that Father Taylor insisted on doing himself. He worked slowly and very carefully, meticulously pulverizing each little clod to powder, until his garden was trim and beautiful. On Saturdays when there was some one to work with him, he was in the garden from noon until almost dark.

"One hot June day his helper grew anxious over the effect of the heat on a man of his years. Already Father Taylor's face was red under the brim of the dilapidated old hat and more than once he had paused to lean heavily against the hoe.

"'Why don't you rest awhile, Father Taylor?' his helper suggested. 'I'll bring out a chair and you sit right here and boss the job.'

"The old man straightened up with a jerk, his red face a strange mixture of irritation and amusement at the ridiculousness of the young man's suggestion. 'Me—a chair!' he said scornfully. 'Why the neighbors *would* laugh at me,' and he was off down the second row of beans with renewed vigor.

"Father Taylor at ninety-one has definite aversions and as equally definite pleasures. One of his favorite food aversions is an intense



indifference toward salads. He will carefully ignore any green side-dish until time to remove the plates. Then when it is called to his attention he assumes a surprised air of never having seen the thing before and he says cheerfully, 'Oh, well, I'll have to have that tomorrow.' He always gambles on the chance that some one will throw it away or eat it before tomorrow arrives. Sometimes though he is disappointed and the offending dish appears in fact the next day at lunch. At this stroke of hard luck Father Taylor scoops the salad on to his plate, shoves it under some mashed potatoes, and patiently eats it.

"As strong as his aversion to salads is his enjoyment of bread and coffee. He has never been known to refuse another cup, and always with it he will have a 'little more bread.' Someone told him one day that he should not eat so much bread, that it was not good for him. His answer was a short laugh and the mildly caustic retort, 'wonder if that's why I've lived so long.'

"He loves automobiles and will ride in them as long as he has a driver. A trip from New Jersey to Texas and back the summer he was ninety left him only a little tired and not one whit sated.

"He likes to carve a turkey and he loves to tell stories. His memory is better than his children's for the events which have occurred before the past twenty years and his stories of these events are colored with a quiet sharpness in the telling. All his brothers and sisters are dead and he can tell you interesting details in the life or death of each of them. He knows rhymes about presidents, the histories of the old canals, of the first locomotive, of the first kerosene lamps and sewing machines, of the rise and fall of the farmer in the Middle West.

"But no one should get the idea that Father Taylor lives only in the past.

"He is watching the almanac and next spring he plans to get his corn in earlier."

As a tree in winter shows its true beauty of form, outlined against the sky, so age serves as a background to reveal the basic traits of character. In my journey with Father through the scenes of an un-



eventful, simple life, an appreciation of his character far beyond a mere daughter's respect and affection has resulted. He wins my admiration for his simplicity—he is the most unostentatious of men—for his consistency, his kindness of heart, his sweetness of disposition, his independence of conventionalities amounting to an unconscious superiority, and his interest in all about him—never failing to cast his ballot, never failing to greet a neighbor, never failing to welcome a guest, presiding at the head of the table and carving the Thanksgiving turkey or the Sunday roast with such skill and dignity as to win the praise of appreciative guests.

I enjoy his ready rejoinders, his chuckle over a joke, his vivid descriptions and apt sayings, his pleasure in all the events of the home, his keenness in sizing up the characters of his neighbors and of those who come and go, and his effective way of telling a story many of which we call for over and over.

I honor him for his integrity, his home-loving traits, his devotion to wife and children, his respect for parents and loyalty to brothers and sisters, for his adherence to Christian principles, for his marvellous unselfishness and for his indomitable spirit. For the sacrifices he has made in his life the Lord has abundantly rewarded him in his later years. His humble life has been a benediction.

---

Since writing these last words he has left me—left me with that unutterable loneliness, that longing to tell him so many things, to ask him of many more, that comes to all who are left behind. But he has left me with precious memories, too—a rich heritage; with thankfulness that his last illness was not prolonged, that he did not have to suffer great pain nor endure invalidism; left me with pride that he was the same sweet, uncomplaining heroic soul to the last.

A few of the many tributes which came after he had gone we especially cherished:

A young neighbor wrote, "He always seemed to me so calm and poised and helpful with his sympathetic understanding. Many of the happiest memories of my childhood are connected with your father and his beautiful garden—And how often we went to the



stores together. Spring in Leonia will seem queer without our beloved 'Father Taylor' in his garden."

The wife of a cousin wrote, "We are so thankful we had the little visit with him in December. Except that he was a little stooped and a little slower in his motions, he was just the same as he was when I first saw him nearly thirty years ago. His mind just as clear and he just as interested in everybody and everything—and his sane, calm self."

The wife of another cousin said, "Wasn't he the sweetest, most adaptable and undemanding man? I am so glad my children (and theirs) have the memory of his unwavering calmness, serenity, dignity and content. You and Meta have a rich heritage."

A teacher associate who often accompanied us on all-day drives said, "We have loved him for his beautiful soul, his fine spirit, his enjoyment of Nature in all her seasons, and his many interests. His sportsmanship, his love of adventure, and his sense of humor kept him ever young. It was an inspiration to spend a day in association with him. His own peace pervaded the group."

One of our church women spoke of him thus, "Your father certainly was the 'grand old man' of our church and town and will not soon be forgotten. Life did not spoil him but made him an example of beautiful old age."

One of our Leonia friends wrote, "He was one of the kindest, dearest and noblest men that we have ever known. We shall miss the twinkle of his eye and his kindly smile and greeting. Once we saw him standing under that magnificent elm tree at the corner of Oak Tree Place and Central Avenue. We both remarked 'See those two patriarchs—how alike they are, time does not seem to bother them much.'"

In his quiet way Father "was ever a fighter, so one fight more, the best and the last" kept ringing in my ears as we drove the ninety miles through the cold February storm of snow and sleet, taking him on his last journey to the old home fields of Bucks County. I could but recall the many storms he had so often braved in the days gone by and pray that he might come through this one as victori-



ously as he had those of the past. At Taylorsville a big patch of bright blue sky appeared through the clouds like God's own smile. The storm abated and the sun shone out at intervals over the snow-clad beauty the rest of the day. In the plain little Meeting House where his ancestors had worshipped a hundred and eighty years before and which Mother had attended when a little girl, we sat awhile in the comforting Friendly silence and then after the simple service, including Browning's Prospice, which never had seemed so beautiful as it did that day, and a prayer at the grave we said our last good-bye and left him by Mother's side in the peaceful Makefield burying ground, covered with its "pure white mantle."

No more fitting farewell could be given this courageous spirit who never flinched at duty's call than Browning's

#### PROSPICE

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,  
The mist in my face,  
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
I am nearing the place,  
The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
The post of the foe;  
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,  
Yet the strong man must go:  
For the journey is done and the summit attained,  
And the barriers fall,  
Tho' a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,  
The reward of it all.  
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
The best and the last!  
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,  
And bade me creep past.  
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers  
The heroes of old,  
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
Of pain, darkness and cold.  
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
The black minute's at end,  
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,  
Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,  
Then a light, then thy breast,  
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,  
And with God be the rest!





PART II

TAYLORSVILLE AND VICINITY

THE WASHINGTON CROSSING COUNTRY









Residence of James G. La Rue  
Residence of Dr. R. L. Cooper  
Buckmanville Plough Manufactory  
Store and Residence of B. J. Smith  
Residence of Henry Van Horn

Residence of Charles B. Trego  
Residence of Samuel Cadwallader  
Makefield (Friends) Meeting House  
Residence of Wilson D. Large

Residence of Wm. R. Beans  
Buttonwood Grove John Eastburn  
Residence of John G. Moore  
Jacob H. Taylor





James & L. H. Roe



James & L. H. Roe



James & L. H. Roe



James & L. H. Roe

# FARM MAP OF WILKESBOROUGH TOWNSHIP UPPER MERCER COUNTY PENNA.

Surveyed, Drawn & Published by  
**MATTHEW HIGGINS**

(1859)

Gift of Friend & Author of "The History of Wilkes County, N.C."



James & L. H. Roe



James & L. H. Roe



James & L. H. Roe



James & L. H. Roe

TABLE  
The following table gives a list of the names of the owners of the land in the township, and the number of acres owned by each. The names are arranged in alphabetical order, and the number of acres is given in parentheses after each name.



# Subscribers

Atkinson, Silas L.  
Anderson, Isaac B.

Beans, Wm. R.  
Buckman, Franklin

Betts, Joseph  
Briggs, Theodore S.

Baker, Samuel  
Buckman, George  
    Plough Manufactory, Buckmanville

Beaumont, John A.  
Burroughs, Benj. P. Esq.

Cadwallader, Samuel C.  
Cadwallader, Cyrus  
Cook, John G.

Doan, Benjamin

Eastburn, John  
Eastburn, Benjamin  
Ellis, Geo. B.  
Ellis, Wm. H.

Graham, John

Huffnagle, Chas. Esq. Springdale  
Hill, Charles B.  
Heston, Charles  
Harvey, Kinsey

Johnson, Richard A.  
Johnson, Edwin

Lownes, Thos. B.  
Leland, Henry P.  
Longshore, Abdon B.  
Leedom, Joseph H.  
Large, Wilson D.  
Lownes, Thomas C.  
Leedom, Alice V.  
La Rue, Jams. G.

Morgan, Amos  
Martindell, Isaiah  
Marfit, John T. Jun  
Moore, John G.

Pool, Edward Q.

Randall, Ann

Smith, Kinsey  
Smith, Joseph  
Slack, Watson  
Stapler, Charles  
Schlacter, George  
Slack, Cornelius  
Smith, Henry  
Smith, B. J., Storekeeper

Taylor, Mahlon K.  
Taylor, Jacob H., Lumber Merchant  
Taylor, Wm. S., Philadelphia  
Taylor, Benjamin F., Storekeeper, Taylorsville  
Taylor, Samuel B.  
Taylor, Marshall  
Tomlinson, John  
Trego, Charles B.  
Tomlinson, Wm. P.  
Thornton, John S., M.D., Taylorsville

Vanhorn, Henry  
Vanhorn, Garret  
Vanartsdalen, Mary Jane

Wynkoop, Henry  
White, John L.  
Wildman, Samuel C.  
Wiggins, Benjamin  
Wiggins, Jesse  
Wesner, Stephen B.  
Wilson, James D.  
Warner, Croasdel



## CHAPTER I

### THE SECTION—GENERAL DESCRIPTION

That portion of Bucks County settled by our ancestors covers a section that, roughly speaking, radiates from Taylorsville, Father's birthplace, for a distance of from five to ten miles in all directions. Father loved this region, all of which was so well known by him for the first thirty odd years of his life that he never forgot the details. His native township, Upper Makefield, was a household word during our years in the West, as were Buckingham, and Solebury, Wrightstown and Newtown. He knew by heart the winding roads and the features of the landscape—hills and woods, creeks and canals; he knew the exact location of the old homes of relatives and friends, of schools and churches, of inns and stores.

Most of the information in the following pages is based upon his statements concerning the places we so often passed on our many visits to the scenes of his early days, supplemented by a few facts of historical interest and some data concerning the present ownership of the old homes. His descriptions tally with the data given in the \*Centennial Atlas published in 1876 by J. D. Scott & Co., from which some maps and illustrations have been taken. The owners of the farms in Upper Makefield in Father's early manhood are shown on the 1859 map of Upper Makefield. (See p. 127.)

The numbers on the sectional map on p. 132 correspond to the numbers of the places described.

The section radiating from Washington Crossing (Taylorsville) is a lovely one, with the winding, gently flowing Delaware bounding it on the East, with its three ranges of higher hills—"Buckingham Mountain," Jericho, and Bowman's Hill, with its many meandering creeks and brooks, its alternating hills and valleys, its well tilled fields and its beautiful stretches of woodland.

\* Out of print



The attractiveness of this section is increased by the fact that Taylorsville, originally Baker's Ferry, later McConkey's Ferry and now Washington Crossing, is one of the historical shrines of the country. \* "The event that gave Washington Crossing its name and importance was but a minor move on the military chess board and but little more than a skirmish compared to the great battles of history, but there was a certain initiative about it, a courage, energy, endurance, typical of the American Spirit that has given it larger space in the popular imagination than any other battle of the Revolution, save perhaps Lexington, and Bunker Hill. Here was cold, darkness, tempest, snow and sleet, a wide river filled with floating ice, a nine mile's march and a seasoned enemy to fight at the end."

That portion of the village east of the canal and extending for some distance up the river was created as a State Park, July 25, 1917 by Act of Assembly and dedicated as the Washington Crossing State Park, October 1, 1921. This Park with its monument marking the spot whence Washington embarked to cross the Delaware that cold Christmas night in 1776 attracts many tourists. A bridge across the river connects the Pennsylvania State Park with the State Park in New Jersey on which stands another monument and the old McConkey house where Washington and his officers are said to have stopped for refreshments. The small cluster of buildings to the west of the canal, known in the old days, as Upper Taylorsville, is still marked Taylorsville on the road maps of the county.

The first bridge across the river was not built until long after Washington's day. As told in Part I he himself was ferried across the river by William McConkey and his soldiers crossed in scow boats. Charles Burr Todd in his little booklet\* tells the story of the first bridge:

"I was born away back in 1831, almost a century ago. My father, as I was told and believe, was a young man living on the Pennsylvania shore, very much in love with a pretty damsel on the Jersey side, who in times of storm or floating ice was prevented for days together from reaching his inamorata's side.

\* Washington's Crossing Sketch Book—Charles Burr Todd



“ ‘Why can’t we have a bridge across this old river?’ he exclaimed one day, when for a week he had been unable to cross. So the Idea, that is I, myself, was born. A bridge? Why not? All up and down both shores the question was repeated, discussed at store, church, blacksmith shop, wherever men met. It was plain that no one man could build it alone, but that one hundred could. So they combined, near a hundred of them, formed a joint stock company, and went to both state legislatures for a charter giving them power to levy tolls on those using it. In the big house yonder on the Jersey shore they have the very first record book of the corporation, and it is recorded therein that the first meeting of the stockholders was held on June 6, 1833, and that by 1834 the bridge was finished, and a ‘toll-gatherer’ was appointed to collect tolls . . . Tradition says that the first man to cross the new bridge, and on his wedding day at that, was the young man who had been the father of the Idea.’”\*

This bridge was washed away in January 1841, but was rebuilt at once. Todd tells us that the original piers were but little damaged and were raised two feet for the second bridge, which was finished within a year’s time.

This was the old covered bridge of Father’s day, a picturesque wooden structure which remained for sixty-two years, but was washed away by an October freshet in 1903. William Goddard, who is still living in Washington Crossing, tells of his being the last one to cross this bridge on October 10, the day the bridge went down. The water was already over the floor of the bridge and the gates were closed as soon as he reached the other side. This story differs somewhat from Todd’s account.† The present steel bridge was erected the following year and dedicated May 5, 1905. During the time of its erection the river was crossed by a ferry, operated by William Dugan.

Four canals, all near the Delaware, were well known and often referred to, by Father. Three of these were in New Jersey. The “Jersey Feeder” which ran through Titusville, a mile above Tay-

\* Washington’s Crossing Sketch Book by Charles Burr Todd, pages 32, 33

† Ibid, page 35



lorsville, started at Bull's Island near Frenchtown and fed the Main Canal at Trenton. Father can remember the old tow path for this canal which is now the road bed of the Belvidere and Delaware Railroad. The "Main Canal"—the Delaware and Raritan—ran through Trenton on its course from Newark to Bordentown. The "Water Power" which ran nearer the river than the Feeder, was fed by a dam near Scudder's Falls above Yardley and was used for running mills in Trenton. This canal is very near the Delaware, paralleling it through Upper Trenton and making an attractive setting for the residences which face these two streams whose banks are separated by a narrow stretch of green. The Pennsylvania Canal, built in 1829 to 1830 ran through Taylorsville on its course from Easton to Bristol where it emptied into the Delaware. In general, the Delaware section of this canal parallels the river on the Pennsylvania side, in some places running very near the river banks but in Taylorsville it is half a mile to the west.

The natural charm of the country landscape in the vicinity of Taylorsville is enhanced by the fine old homes that dot the scene in every direction. Many of these handsome old stone buildings were erected during the "Golden Age" of the county from 1735 to 1760 and were built by the sons and grandsons of English Quakers, who came in large numbers after the granting of letters patent to William Penn. In an interesting article\* on Bucks County, the architecture of these homes is described:

"Interest in the domestic architecture of the American Colonies has been so great that almost all of the best examples have been photographed, measured and published, . . . but for some inexplicable reason the beautiful old stone houses of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, have received relatively little consideration. This fact becomes even more difficult to explain when it is realized that these houses abound, that they have a native quality which sets them apart from the contemporary work of other localities, and they present many problems to the architectural historian which do not yet appear to have been satisfactorily solved. The settlement of Bucks

\* House and Gardens, January 1936



County was begun early in the seventeenth century by small groups of English, Dutch and Swedes. With the granting of letters patent to William Penn in 1681, the rate of colonization greatly increased, and its character was definitely established by the influx of large groups of English Quakers . . . The character of this colonization contributes perhaps the most important key to an understanding of the domestic architecture of the county. Its roots were in England. The soil of the county proved to be extraordinarily rich, and under part of it was found a generous bed of limestone. Other good building stones also were found in abundance . . .

“In the succeeding period, . . . these elements combined to produce the domestic architecture characteristic of the country side today. Houses are set among trees, well back from public roads, surrounded by large groups of farm buildings, also of stone. During the following century and a half, they were added to and altered, but the character imparted to them by the builders of the Golden Age remains essentially unchanged. The abundance of good building stone in the county is accepted by many students as sufficient reason for its general use. . . Some students refuse to accept the abundance of local stone as sufficient explanation in itself and prefer to follow the lines of tradition back to England to discover the roots of Bucks County Colonial in the stone architecture of the Cotswold Hills. . .

“Less easily explained, but perhaps even more important than the use of the building stone in establishing the peculiar character of these houses, is their extraordinary arrangement in plan. They usually extend from east to west as a series of units, one room deep. . . . The nucleus of the plan was the kitchen. Designed for open-hearth cooking, the greater part of the end wall would be given over to the great fireplace with its bake-ovens, etc. This was generally located convenient to the well or spring. Once this position was established, the size of the original house was determined by the number of rooms, in addition to the kitchen, required by the family.”

An increasingly large number of these old stone houses have been bought for summer and week-end or all-the-year-round homes by

Philadelphians and New Yorkers, who have modernized the dwellings and have for the most part preserved the fine old architectural lines. Not so much perhaps can be said in praise of the tilling of the well-kept fields which have been for years the pride of their owners and which the land, once so fertile, entreats at the hands of the newcomers. But many have beautified the grounds surrounding the buildings and are making other uses of the pleasant old-time fields and meadows.

Over and over we traversed the country roads of this section and browsed through the villages. These country roads, as shown on the maps above referred to, remain open for travel today with but few exceptions. Several have been improved, but a sufficient number of the old dirt roads and the rough stony ones remain to bring back the flavor of the old days. On every excursion thither Father added bits of information treasured in memory or recorded in notebooks.

If the reader will join us, Father will give you, as he has often given me, reminiscences concerning these old time places and concerning the relatives or friends associated with each, in the days that he knew them so well. Our first day's tour will be an intensive one. We shall not cover many miles but our stops will be frequent and we shall loiter as we go, often stopping for a chat with the present residents of the old homes. All the quoted material on the pages following, unless otherwise specified, is Father's contribution.



Van Artsdalen Place  
 n Taylor's Home  
 e Burroughs' Place  
 Wash Radcliff Place  
 Highland Farm  
 Highland School  
 Johnson's Home  
 rie Cadwallader's Place  
 n Longshore's Home  
 field Meeting House  
 rd White's Place  
 Old, Old Taylor Home  
 pect School

Old Hibbs' Place (Lambert)

Down the Highland Road  
 Robert Trego's Place  
 Home of Alfred Yates  
 The Old LaRue Place  
 Ivan Tomlinson's Home  
 The Good Intent School  
 John Holcomb's Home  
 The Stacy Buckman Place  
 Allwood Longshore's Home  
 Newtown

George Buckman's Home  
 Silver Lake School  
 Yardleyville (Yardley)  
 The Old Stone Graveyard  
 Eugene Trego's Home  
 Abdon Longshore's Early Home  
 A Tommy Betts Place

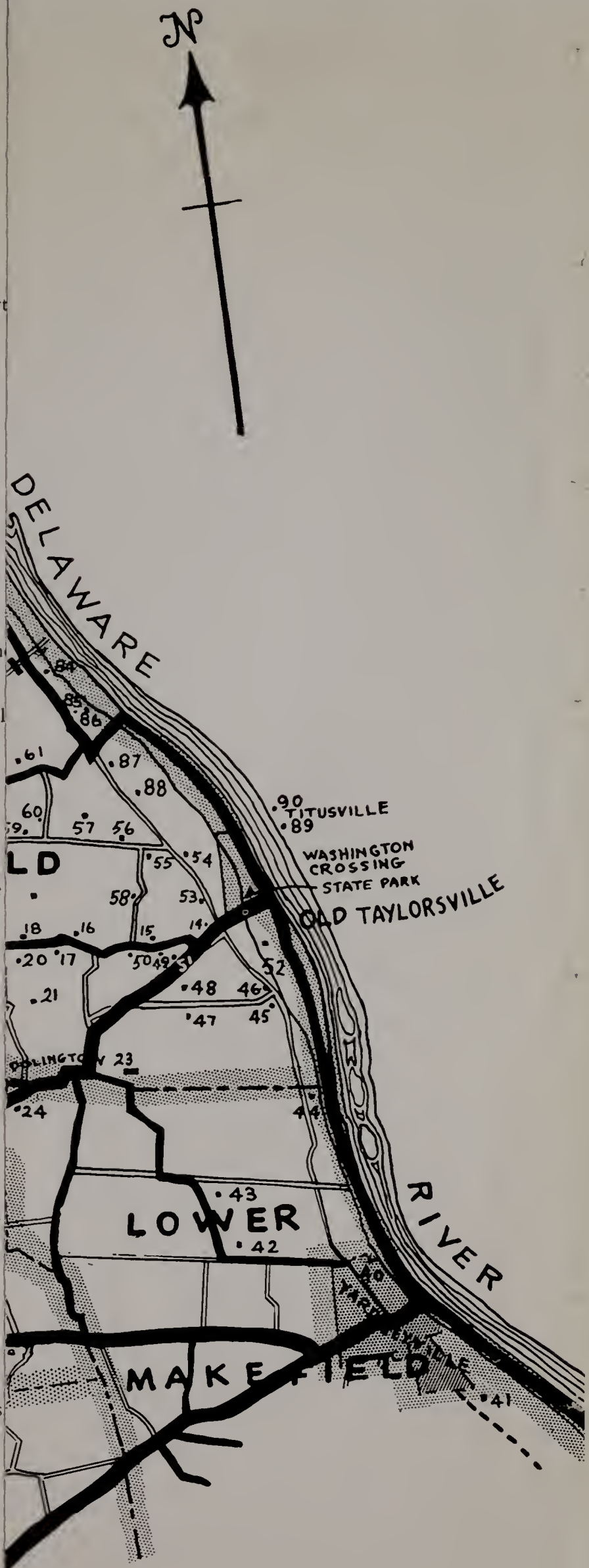
Old Covered Bridge  
 Samuel Taylor's Home and Mill  
 Charles Howell's Place  
 John Graham's Home  
 The "Widow's Curse Place"  
 Barton Taylor's Mill  
 Kit Dillon's Home  
 The Old Baker Place  
 An Old House

The Thomas B. Lownes Place  
 The Old Betts School  
 The Old Betts Home  
 Jonas Ely's Home  
 The Billy Hibbs Place  
 Joseph Leedom's Home  
 Samuel Slack's Place  
 The Billy Beans Place  
 The Eagle — now Woodhill  
 The Eagle School  
 The Isaac Yates Place  
 Wrightstown Meeting  
 The Indian Monument  
 The Anchor

The Bennie Wiggins Place  
 Residence of George Ely (John)  
 Washington's Headquarters  
 Over Jericho  
 Buckmanville  
 John Smith's Home  
 Smiths' Corner  
 Old Smith Home  
 The Albert Hibbs Home  
 Doylestown

Doylestown English and Class  
 Buckingham Meeting House  
 Solebury Meeting House  
 The Old Solebury School  
 Thompson Memorial Church  
 Bowman's Hill

The Brownsburg School  
 The Old Tomlinson Place  
 The Stony Brook House  
 A Tommy Betts Place—Later H  
 The Malone Place  
 Grandmother Taylor's Last Ho  
 Grandmother Snyder's Last Ho



Philadelphians and New Yorkers, who have modernized the dwellings and have for the most part preserved the fine old architectural lines. Not so much perhaps can be said in praise of the tilling of the well-kept fields which have been for years the pride of their owners and which the land, once so fertile, entreats at the hands of the newcomers. But many have beautified the grounds surrounding the buildings and are making other uses of the pleasant old-time fields and meadows.

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Johnson's Home  
The Cadwallader's Place  
The Longshore's Home  
The Field Meeting House  
The Old White's Place  
The Old, Old Taylor Home  
The Perfect School  
The Old Hibbs' Place (Lambert)

Down the Highland Road  
Robert Trego's Place  
Home of Alfred Yates  
The Old LaRue Place  
Alvan Tomlinson's Home  
The Good Intent School  
John Holcomb's Home  
The Stacy Buckman Place  
Ellwood Longshore's Home  
Newtown  
George Buckman's Home  
Silver Lake School  
Yardleyville (Yardley)  
The Old Stone Graveyard  
Eugene Trego's Home  
Abdon Longshore's Early Home

4 A Tommy Betts Place  
5 Old Covered Bridge  
6 Samuel Taylor's Home and Mill  
7 Charles Howell's Place  
8 John Graham's Home  
9 The "Widow's Curse Place"  
10 Barton Taylor's Mill  
11 Kit Dillon's Home  
12 The Old Baker Place  
13 An Old House

14 The Thomas B. Lownes Place  
15 The Old Betts School  
16 The Old Betts Home  
17 Jonas Ely's Home  
18 The Billy Hibbs Place  
19 Joseph Leedom's Home  
20 Samuel Slack's Place  
21 The Billy Beans Place  
22 The Eagle — now Woodhill  
23 The Eagle School

24 The Isaac Yates Place  
25 Wrightstown Meeting  
26 The Indian Monument  
27 The Anchor  
28 The Bennie Wiggins Place  
29 Residence of George Ely (John Eastborn's)  
30 Washington's Headquarters  
31 Over Jericho

32 Buckmanville  
33 John Smith's Home  
34 Smiths' Corner  
35 Old Smith Home  
36 The Albert Hibbs Home  
37 Doylestown  
38 Doylestown English and Classical Seminary  
39 Buckingham Meeting House  
40 Solebury Meeting House  
41 The Old Solebury School  
42 Thompson Memorial Church

43 Bowman's Hill  
44 The Brownsburg School  
45 The Old Tomlinson Place  
46 The Stony Brook House  
47 A Tommy Betts Place—Later Henry Wynkoop  
48 The Malone Place  
49 Grandmother Taylor's Last Home  
50 Grandmother Snyder's Last Home









## CHAPTER II

### TAYLORSVILLE

We begin our day in Washington Crossing, always called Taylorsville, by Father, the name by which he knew it for eighty years of his life. Here we love to linger and Father calls to mind some family associations with almost every one of the few buildings that still line the lower village street as they did in his day. Near the bridge is

(1) The Old Inn, a fine old gray stone building with grounds sloping to the river. In the back room with large open fireplace Washington is said to have stopped for a short time just before crossing the Delaware. But Father is more interested in the family associations: "My Father's Uncle Mahlon K. Taylor, owned the Inn in our day. He used to have a large warehouse in the yard near the river in which to store the pork which he shipped in barrels to Philadelphia. The Inn was run as a Temperance House for a good many years but finally one of the proprietors wanted to open a bar. Some of the Quaker ladies from Uncle Mahlon's Meeting heard of it and came and talked to him about it. They tried to persuade him not to allow it, and said, 'Remember, Mahlon, thee has sons of thy own and thee ought not to put this temptation in their way.' But Uncle Mahlon replied, 'O, tut, tut, I'm not afraid of my boys.' So the bar was put in." Then Father adds sadly, "And every one of his sons, except one, turned out to be a drunkard." This Inn is now a part of the Memorial Park, and, as State property, is leased from the Governor, so that a change of political parties in the state is often reflected in a change of proprietors for the Inn. Opposite the Inn is

(2) Mahlon Kirkbride Taylor's fine old house, known as The Taylor House. Although some four or five other dwellings in the village were homes of members of the Taylor family and might with propriety bear this title, it seems fitting that the Taylor who



was in his day the most well-to-do and influential person in the village and known as "The Founder of Taylorsville" should be the one whose home still bears the name of the family for whom the village was named. "I've often heard them say," Father remarks as we cross the road and go over into the old house, "that Uncle Mahlon built this home in 1816. When I was a boy I used to run in here almost the same as into my own home. But it was different then. There were rooms at the back which Uncle Mahlon used for offices, and also, a big kitchen and an out kitchen, and a barn stood south of the house.\* After Uncle Mahlon's death the place went to his daughter, Rebecca Brown. Then later, Will Taylor, my cousin Henry's son, lived here. Finally Lewis Akers, the husband of my cousin Eliza (Howell) bought the place. His daughter, Sibylla Grover was the last member of the Taylor family to live here."

Sibylla's husband, Harry Grover, sold the property to the state before his wife's death. The place is now used as a museum but the collection is a meager one. We turn south at the corner and soon reach

(3) The Methodist Episcopal Church. Father, justly proud of the initial move to build this church made by his father, Samuel Buell Taylor, loves to tell of its beginning: "My father one day laid aside his work and said to Mother, 'Margaret, I'm going out to see how much money I can raise towards building a church!' He first went to Uncle Bernard's youngest son, Will S. Taylor, and asked him for the land. Will agreed to give him an acre of ground if my father and the other members would be satisfied with the location. Although this wasn't the place my father had in mind nor the place the others really wanted, they finally decided to accept the acre and the deed was drawn up specifying that the land was never to be used for any other purpose. Then my father started out to get subscriptions for the building. His Uncle Mahlon made the first subscription and before long he had raised two thousand dollars. When my father had almost enough money pledged, Uncle Mahlon K., although a Quaker, and accustomed to plain Meeting Houses for

\* See pictures on page 135







*The Mablon K. Taylor Home, 1916 – Showing Barn*



*Taylorsville from the Air — American Motorist — 1925*



*The Mablon K. Taylor Home – from West – Showing Offices  
About 1926*



worship, thought a church should have a steeple and asked him if the new church was to have one. My father said, no, he would be very well satisfied if they could just build a plain church. But Uncle Mahlon wouldn't give up. He said, 'I want thee to have a steeple and I'll give thee one hundred dollars towards building one.' So the steeple was built. Pat McCarn, although a Catholic, always admired my father and insisted on donating a boat load of building stone from Solebury for the foundation. The church was finished and dedicated in 1855." (See picture p. 142)

The steeple as dimly seen in the air picture on p. 135 crowned the church for many years. As it was in bad repair and thought to be dangerous it was taken down in January 1926 and has never been rebuilt. For some years no services were held in the church, but they were resumed in 1915, and have been held continuously since that time. Changes have recently been made in the interior—an altar has been placed in the center front and the pulpit moved to one side, presenting a very different interior from that of Father's day.

Grandfather and his family attended this church for many years. All his children joined the church during those years and all of them remained faithful church adherents all their lives. Grandfather himself was a leading trustee of the church and a most devoted attendant. As we stroll back of the church to the quiet graveyard and stand by Grandfather's and Grandmother's graves, Father recalls his father's influence in the church: "All the others looked to my father to lead and the preachers depended on him too. He was a good exhorter and the people liked to hear him. Owen McCarn, although a Catholic, often attended services in the church when my father spoke, saying he'd 'rather hear Sammie Taylor exhort than all the preachers there were'."

Next to Grandfather and Grandmother in the family plot lie their son Henry and Grandmother's Aunt Susan Ustick. "My brother Henry was the second person to be buried here in the graveyard. The first one was Mary Alice Slack, the eldest daughter of Cornelius," Father remarks as we read the family inscriptions:

SAMUEL B. TAYLOR

Died

Feb. 25, 1870

In the 61st year of  
his age

He loved Jesus

---

HENRY B.

son of

Samuel B. and Margaret

H. Taylor

Died

July 9, 1858

In the 23rd year of  
his age

Asleep in Jesus blessed sleep  
From which none ever wakes to weep

MARGARET H.

wife of

Samuel B. Taylor

Born Jan. 19, 1812

Died May 23, 1880

---

SUSAN M. USTICK

daughter of

Rev. Thomas Ustick

Pastor of the First Baptist

Church of Philadelphia

Born Oct. 4th 1792

Died Sept. 1st 1878

The Deed for the land on which this church was built reads as follows:

### DEED OF TAYLORSVILLE CHURCH LAND

This indenture made this twentieth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five Between William Taylor of the City of Philadelphia in the state of Pennsylvania of the one part and Samuel B. Search Lewis D. Harlow James Rogers Samuel B. Taylor Yardley Search Titus Phillips and Jacob A. Woolery Trustees on trust for the uses and purposes hereinafter mentioned all of the town of Taylorsville in Bucks County and State aforesaid of the other part. Witnesseth that the said William S. Taylor for and in consideration of the sum of one Dollar in specie to him in hand paid and upon the sealing and delivery of these presents the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged hath given granted bargained sold released confined and conveyed and by these presents doth give grant bargain sell release confine and convey unto them the said Samuel B. Search Lewis D. Harlow James Rogers Samuel B. Taylor Yardley Search Titus Phillips and Jacob A. Woolery and their successors trustees in trust for the uses and purposes herein after mentioned and declared all the estate right title interest property claim and demand whatsoever either in law or equity which the said William S. Taylor hath unto or upon all and singular (a certain lot or piece of land situate lying and being in Taylorsville County and state aforesaid bounded and



butted as follows to wit: Beginning at a stone standening in the middle of the road leading from Taylorsville to Yardleyville also corner to Mahlon K. Taylor's land running along the middle of the said road south twenty seven and a half degrees east seven and two tenths rods, to a stone standing in the middle of said road corner to William S. Taylor's land running from thence south twenty two and a half degrees west twenty and eight tenths rods to a stone for a corner in land belonging to said William S. Taylor thence north along William S. Taylor's land north twenty-six degrees west eight and five tenths rods to a stone for a corner to lands belonging to said William S. Taylor and Mahlon K. Taylor from thence running along the line of land belonging to the said Mahlon K. Taylor north sixty five and three fourths degrees East twenty and fifty five hundredths Rods to the place of beginning, containing one acre of land be the same more or less) together with all and singular the houses woods waters ways privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging or in any wise pertaining To Have And To Hold all and singular the above mentioned and described lot or piece of land situate lying and being as aforesaid Together with all and singular the Houses Woods waters ways privileges thereto belonging or in any wise appertaining unto them the said Trustees and their successors in office forever in trust, that they shall Erect and Build or cause to be Erected and Built there on a House or place of worship for the use of the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America according to the rules and discipline which from time to time may Be agreed upon and adopted by the Ministers and Preachers of the said Church at their General Conferences in the United States of America and in further trust and confidence that they shall at all times forever hereafter permit such Ministers and Preachers belonging to the said Church as shall from time to time be duly authorized by the General Conferences of the Ministers and Preachers belonging to the said Methodist Episcopal Church or by the Annual Conferences authorized by the said General Conference to Preach and Expound God's holy word therein. And also the said Trustees shall make and



keep up the Fence around the said lot adjoining the Lands of the said William S. Taylor on the two sides of the said lot adjoining him. And the said William S. Taylor doth by these presents warrant and forever defend all and singular the above mentioned and described Lot or piece of land with the appurtenances thereto belonging unto the said Trustees Samuel B. Search Lewis D. Harlow James Rogers Samuel B. Taylor Yardley Search Titus Phillips and Jacob Woolery and their successors chosen and appointed as aforesaid from the claim or claims of him the said William S. Taylor his heirs and assigns and from the claim or claims of all persons whatsoever. In testimony whereof the said William S. Taylor has sealed and delivered in the presence of us

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR

BENJAMIN P. BURROUGHS

County of Bucks and State of Pennsylvania

Be it remembered that on the Twentieth day of March A. D. 1855 before me ..... Esquire one of the Justices of the peace in and for the said County came the above named William S. Taylor and acknowledged the above written Indenture of Deed of conveyance to be his act and deed and desired that the same might be recorded as such according to Law.

In testimony whereof I have herewith set my hand and seal the day and year above written.

BENJ. P. BURROUGHS, J. P.

In front of the church we face a little white house across the road,

(4) The Home of Eliza Hutchinson Taylor. "Yes, this was my grandmother's home after she left the place by the mill. I don't know whether the house was built for her or not, nor how long she lived here. But after her children were all married and she was left alone she moved in with us and died in our home about 1845. I don't remember her at all."

A fine old tree in front of the house was removed in 1934-5. The



house now belongs to the state. The grounds of these homes in the village which are a part of the State Park, are kept by the State. Even the lawns are mowed by men employed by the State, but much leeway is given the renter to care for the inside as his tastes dictate.

Returning to the main street, we turn left at

(5) The Store, Post Office and Dwelling, owned by Mahlon K. Taylor. "Uncle Mahlon was postmaster for a great many years. His son, Oliver, ran the store for a time and then his younger son, Benjamin, took the store and lived in the house adjoining. He died here. I was with him the very night that he died but not at the time of his death. He was such a nice man, if he had only let drink alone. Dr. Harlow, who was a young physician in those days, and a very intimate life-long friend of our family, lived in the house before moving to Uncle Bernard's home in 1852."

During subsequent years the house was occupied by many different tenants. As part of the state property it is still the Post Office, but the store which was run for many years has been discontinued.

The house next to this one is also State property and was

(6) Amos Taylor's home, and later, Mahlon H. Taylor's. "My father's oldest brother, Amos, lived here. He was a tailor but I do not remember him at all. Later, Uncle Mahlon H., my father's youngest brother, a tailor, lived here for a time before moving to Philadelphia. Then Charlie Young, who was also a tailor, lived here, and used to attend lodge at Yardley with my father. I don't know who have lived here in later years."

The little house next, on the corner, holds for us more interest than all the rest, as it was

(7) Father's Birthplace. "My father built this home soon after he was married and all of us children were born here. This was our home until 1856 when we moved to the Highland farm, and traded this place to Marshall Taylor as part payment for the farm. In 1855 my father built a frame kitchen at the back with an unfinished attic above for the hired girl." (This addition is shown in the picture on p. 142 taken in 1926, but has since been torn down.) The well-built house is small but neat and trim in its white plaster coat with



the old fashioned shutters below and green blinds above, and more cheery within than one would infer from the plain outside. Father thus describes the plan of the house as he remembers it, "You go into the front hall from the porch; the parlor is on the right, dining room straight ahead and behind it the kitchen. From the dining room you go up a little winding stairs; on a landing at the top you would be opposite my father's and mother's room. Opposite the door to Mother's room you went up to 'the little garret room' where Sis and Sallie slept. Then up two or three steps from Mother's room, turn left and you were at the attic door. This could also be reached from the front stairs. We boys slept up in this attic. When we were little we slept on a trundle bed in Mother's room. Aunt Sue's room was over the parlor and over the front hall was a little spare room. My father's shop was east of the house where the street now runs and there was a fence all around the place. In the back yard Mother had an outside oven big enough to bake twenty loaves of bread at a time."

The front portion of the fence with its graceful arching front gate still stands. Various tenants have occupied the house since Grandfather's day. The place is now State property as is the house next it on the west which was

(8) Elmer Buckman's Birthplace. "My father and mother, who were married in 1833, first began housekeeping here and lived in this house while their own house next door was being built. About 1850 Sammie Howell's family lived here. They had four daughters, Huldah, Tish, Phebe and Susan and one son, Theodore (Dory). Susan married Tom Buckman and afterwards moved to Kansas, near Topeka. I remember as a little boy I thought it wasn't very nice of Tom to marry the prettiest girl in the family and take her away off to Kansas besides." In 1860 Father's oldest sister, Mary, married M. Speakman Buckman and began housekeeping here as her mother had done twenty-seven years before. During Mary's residence here their eldest son, Elmer Ellsworth, was born.

Across the street opposite these two homes is an imposing residence,



(9) Bernard Taylor's home. "When my father's Uncle Bernard who was a brother of Uncle Mahlon K. Taylor, built this home and lived here it was a large farm with the land extending to the Brownsburg road and over to the river. He was living here when I was a little boy and I remember his death which was very sudden. His second wife, Mercy Armstrong, kept nattering at Uncle Bernard to pump out the water from the house well, where a large willow tree had forced its roots, and polluted the water. He went at it one day and pumped so steadily that he dropped dead with his hand on the pump handle. It was about 1852 when this happened. I was a little boy and my father and I were attending an outdoor religious meeting between Taylorsville and Yardleyville when the news of his death reached my father. He started home at once knowing that he would be needed to make the coffin."

Bernard's granddaughter, Lizzie Pickering, recently furnished a few facts about the home not handed down by Father: "My grandfather, when he first came to Taylorsville, lived in the Temperance House, as the old Inn used to be called, and continued to live here until this house was completed in 1821. My father, Jacob, was born just after moving into the new home. This date of 1821, when the house was finished, is recorded in one of the upstairs rooms."

After Bernard's death in 1852, Dr. Lewis Harlow rented the place until 1856 when he moved to Philadelphia. Bernard's son, Jacob, then came back to this home of his childhood and lived here until 1864 when he moved to Yardley. Jacob's youngest brother, Will S., became the owner of the place although he himself lived in Philadelphia. When Arthur Townsend bought up a large tract of Taylorsville and of the surrounding land, he reserved this residence for himself, and later sold it to Mrs. Haven, the present owner. She has modernized the place and built a large addition to the east for an Inn, "The Washington Crossing Inn." The old part of the pleasant roomy house which she uses as her dwelling has been preserved almost intact. The new Inn is modern, roomy and beautifully kept.

As we stroll back to the auto Father points out the houses north



of the Old Inn on the river road." That house on the west side used to be the home of John Frye, who ran a general store. There were four houses on the east side: The first one Uncle Sammie Baker lived in for a short time after he left the Canal house. The second was the home of your mother's Uncle Abdon Hibbs before he moved to Philadelphia. Smith Phillips lived there before Uncle Abdon when the place was a farm. We used to play with the Phillips' children all the time when we were little. I don't remember who owned the one next but the last one was Yardley Search's home." Only two of these four places now remain.

Back in the auto we drive past the Monument which marks the site whence Washington embarked to cross the Delaware, and then start west on the main highway. As we cross the canal Father says, "When I was a boy I could scarcely ever cross this bridge without seeing at least one and maybe two or three canal boats going up or down the stream with one man driving his horses or mules, or maybe riding one of them, and the other man steering the boat. Nowadays we never see a boat." The old tow path once so well worn, is now only a narrow stretch of green and in places almost obliterated.

Across the canal the first house on our right is,

(10) The Old Canal House. "This was part of Burroughs Taylor's property. (Father does not know whether Burroughs Taylor was related to our branch of the family or not. His name does not appear on the genealogical records of our forbears and their descendants.) Later Uncle Mahlon K. Taylor owned it when it was the residence on a farm of seventy-five to one hundred acres. William Carey rented it at one time. Another renter was Wash Radcliffe whom Uncle Mahlon asked to come.\* Jennie Dawes had a private school here which Sallie and I attended when we were little. Uncle Sammie Baker moved here when he left the farm in 1866 and Hutch came here in 1868 after Uncle Sammie left. Mother and Sallie lived here for a time after my father died and we lived here for a year after we came back from Mound City, Kansas." For the

\* See page 146





*Father's Boyhood Home  
Rear View - Showing Frame Addition  
Taken in 1926*



*Store and Dwelling  
The Amos Taylor Home*



*Father's Boyhood Home  
Elmer Buckman's Birthplace  
Looking West*



*Bernard Taylor's Home  
Now The Washington Crossing Inn  
Before the Addition*



*Boyhood Home Elmer's Birthplace  
Looking East*



*The Taylorsville M. E. Church*





past twenty years the place has been owned by Elmer Lodge who has changed the old front and has remodeled the interior.

“This house next was

“(11) Robert Trego’s home which he built in 1872 after his boys had all married, when he left the farm. The little building just north of the house Robert built for ‘Sarah’s attic,’ so she would not have to climb stairs. Here on the corner is

“(12) The Old Taylorsville School built in 1855. The spring this was finished, Miss Warner and all her pupils moved from the old Betts school to this one. The first winter teacher here was Jim Lambert.” This school was in use until about 1924 or ’5 when the new school building was completed. The old school building is now used as a store. Just across the street is a yellow house, with barns and other out buildings,

(13) Marshall Taylor’s Home. “Years ago it was an old tavern. Then Burroughs Taylor owned it when it was a part of his large farm on both sides of the road extending up the hill as far as John Eastburn’s land. When Marshall bought it he ran a coal and lumber business on the place with wharves on the canal. Marshall was living here when Hutch married his daughter Fannie in 1866, but lost the home about 1875 and moved to Texas.” The place is now the property of Charles Buckman, who resides here.

## CHAPTER III

### VICINITY—FIRST DAY'S TOUR

Leaving Taylorsville we take the main road west at the corner by the old school and at our right as we go up the hill is

(14) The old Van Artsdalen place. "This was one of the four farms that Uncle Tommy Betts once owned. He moved here in 1850 and lived here for a time before moving to his Brownsburg farm. In my day the Van Artsdalens lived here." Mr. Van Artsdalen sold the place to Franklin Buckman, and later Franklin's son Walter became the owner. Walter's son, Charles, was about two years old when he moved to this home and after the death of his father about 1933, Charles bought the place which he still owns, although, as stated above, he lives in the old Marshall Taylor home.

At the top of the hill we turn right and take the country road which will lead us to the Highland Farm—a road Father never tires of traveling. For Father, as for his youngest brother Lew, "Every step of the way was filled with old associations and called to mind some incident of the past."\*

In less than a mile we come to an attractive house on our right,

(15) The Barton Taylor place. "Uncle Barton was the youngest brother of my father's Uncle Mahlon K., and lived here for a number of years. He built the house and all the other buildings but when he put up the mill he mortgaged the place and afterwards lost the farm as well as the mill. John Eastburn bought it and rented it to Cornelius Slack. Cornelius went with a written recommendation from Uncle Mahlon but Johnnie wouldn't look at it. He said, 'I don't want to see any recommendation; the d—est rascal I ever rented to came with a written recommendation. I'll rent the farm to you for a year, and then we'll see.' So Cornelius rented the place

\* From a letter written in 1904 by Lew after a walking trip over this section.



and the Slack family continued to live on here for fifty years." The house is one of the fine old stone homes of this section and was probably built in 1817 as a stone bearing that date was discovered in the walls by the present owner, Charles S. Jones, who purchased the place from Sarah Brown, granddaughter of John Eastburn.

Charles Jones, who operates an aviation school in Newark, and who is known in aviation circles as "Casey Jones," has improved the house and grounds and the other buildings. He enjoys his residence here, and hopes to add to his acreage the land across the road with the creek running through. He occasionally makes the trip from his place of business to his home by plane, landing in the fields north of the house. Picture Barton Taylor's astonishment had he seen in his day a machine like a huge bird swoop down from the sky and come to rest on the hill back of his house! But he would feel no astonishment over the present owner's desire to purchase the wooded land across the road, which dips sharply down to the creek in which the remains of the old dam for the venture that was Barton's undoing may still be seen.

The next house on our right has no family associations. It was the home of the none-too-kindly neighbor whose land adjoined Grandfather's farm. But it is a fine stone residence and one of the oldest in this part of the country. "We knew this as

"(16) The 'Bennie Burroughs farm.' The old house was said to have been used as a home for the Tories in Revolutionary times. At one time it was a big farm of over two hundred acres, about one hundred twenty-five of which were later sold to Uncle Tommy Betts. Bennie Burroughs, after his wife's death, sold the farm to William Carey and went to live with Abdon Van Hart near the Makefield Meeting House. Bennie's four sisters ran a private school in Lambertville and his son Bob owned a farm near Abdon Longshore's place. William Carey lived on the place for many years and then his son Ed followed him there. I don't know who bought the place when the Careys left."

The residence has been modernized and the fine old house is in excellent repair. The attractive place, now known as "The Three



Brooks" has been for the past six years the property of Frank Mather, a Professor of Princeton University.

The next place on our left is

(17) The Wash Radcliffe Place. The buildings here in the bend of the road half a mile south of the Highland farm are small unpainted frame structures surrounded by a group of fine old trees and commanding a pleasant view of the country and hills to the north. I scarcely note the modest home until Father tells me of the memories the little place holds for the family: "This is the place where my father died. We always called it the Wash Radcliffe farm although he had sold it before our folks moved here. Wash was a splendid farmer from up near Buckmanville. Uncle Mahlon K. Taylor met him up there at a sale and liked the appearance of a farm that he was running for a widow so much he asked him to come down and farm his place in Upper Taylorsville, which was the farm belonging to the Canal House. Wash remained on Uncle Mahlon's farm for a time then bought this forty-acre farm, and lived here for several years. He sold it to Willam Carey from whom my father rented it. But Pap lived here for less than a year; he moved here the twentieth of April in the year we were married and died the next February."

The present owner, Charles M. Randall, gives us a cordial welcome, invites us within and tells of the successive occupants. "William Akers who lived here after your grandfather's family left, traded the farm to James Whitlock who died here. His son Cornelius sold it, and the next owner sold it to Mr. Pawski. His son-in-law, Mr. Burns, took over the place and sold it to me on May 3, 1921."

From this place we have a fine view of the buildings on

(18) The Highland Farm, half a mile beyond on our right. This place Father loved best of all. The frame house is comfortable but not appealing in appearance. A bay window added on in recent years at the southeast has probably furnished more light within the old "sitting room" but has spoiled the outside lines. Grandfather's two-story shop stands unpainted and severe about half-way up the lane. One longs to paint it, add porches, and make of it a pleasant







*The Old Lambert Hibbs Home*



*The Old Oak  
at Buckingham Meeting House*



*The Graveyard  
at Makefield*



*Makefield Meeting House*



*Father's Leonia Home*



cottage with the attractive view it commands of the low hills to the north. The shop, wagon house, sheds and the house, except for its bay window outside and a bath room inside, are practically the same as in Father's day.\* "We moved here on March 25, 1856, when I was in my fourteenth year. It was always said to be one of the best farms anywhere around in this section. My father bought it from his Uncle Barton's son, Marshall, who built the house, the sheds, and the barn in 1850. The first barn he built was completely burned down on April 2, 1855, but he rebuilt it at once, before we bought the farm.

"Marshall bought the place from David Coleman, and at first lived in the old house which was down towards the barracks east of the barn. There was a fine well with a chain pump down by the old house, but the pump was burned when the barn burned down. However, we used the well sometimes anyway, as the water was so good.

"About two years after my father died, when we came to settle the estate, Adam Konigmacker wanted to buy the place for his two bachelor brothers, Charlie and Tom, and was willing to pay a good price for it. I could not afford to buy it and Hutch had settled on the Billy Beans place, so it went out of the family. Charlie died soon after Adam bought the place and before they took possession of it, but Tom lived here for several years. He never farmed much himself, but rented the place to others, kept a room for himself and boarded with the people who rented it. Your Aunt Mary's family moved here the spring the place was sold and lived here for five years, renting it from Tom. The year they left we rented it for a year.

"After Tom died Jim Leedom bought the place. He had always liked it, was a splendid farmer, and always kept the place up well. The barn that Marshall built burned down while Jim lived here. The barn that is now here is the one Jim built and I tell you he fixed it up nicely, with modern conveniences for his stock.

"Jim had only one son, Harry, and said he wanted Harry's chil-

\* See page 150 for pictures of the place



dren to have the place. Some of his friends urged him to make his will if that was what he wanted, but Jim put it off. When he died the place went to Harry, who soon ran through with the property."

The present owner, J. Weitzel, bought the farm from Harry Leedom. Mrs. Weitzel as a girl attended the Sunday School class in Wilkes-Barre taught by Father's brother Lewis. She always gives us a friendly welcome and lets us wander around the place which makes its appeal to me, as well as to Father, for it was my birthplace. And around one's birthplace are always woven feelings that stand quite apart from the attachment felt for any other home. Two of the other grandchildren were also born here, Mary's second son, Ernest, and her youngest daughter, Nellie. Ernest, too, was always fond of the place and but a few years ago remarked concerning it, "Those five years on the Highland Farm were the best we ever had. Why my father left it, I never could understand."

Mrs. Weitzel kindly shows us over the house and as Father points out the different rooms—the "parlor," used only on Sundays and for company, the "sitting room," the dining room which served as kitchen in winter, and the out kitchen into which the cook stove was moved for the summer—I seem to be living in the past with Grandmother's family, and then with Mother when she came here as a bride. Upstairs Father shows me the room in which I was born and the room where Grandfather Snyder died. Then I climb the dark little winding stairs to the "garrett," and picture Father and his brothers and sisters, scurrying over the unfinished darker part to the light front rooms, plastered and comfortable enough except for the cold. I wonder, as I carefully feel my way down the dark crooked stairs how those six young people succeeded for so many years in using these treacherous steps daily without mishap.

The visit is never complete for Father without a stroll out to the barn where he enjoys looking at the comfortable quarters for the stock, and which he always invites the rest of us to come and see.

Reluctantly we leave the old place and soon reach

(19) The Highland School, a quarter of a mile west. Here we halt and Father tells me that the original site of the school was one



mile west of its present location. The frame school house which was moved to this corner in 1856 was replaced sometime in the 70's by the stone building which still stands.

About 1921, it was abandoned as a school and after standing idle for some years was converted into a dwelling. The substantial brown stone school, surrounded by its grove of trees and neat green lawn, had a distinctive charm which now has vanished, due to the alterations made when it was taken over as a dwelling, and to the erection of unattractive sheds and other small buildings to the south, completely changing the aspect of the one-time pleasant corner.

This school has many associations for Father. His sister Mary taught her first school here, at which time four of her brothers and her sister, Sallie, were among her pupils. With the exception of one year in Solebury, Mary never taught any other school. Later her husband, a splendid disciplinarian, finished a term for a teacher who lost control of the school and had to resign. Mother's sister-cousin, Phebe Hibbs, taught here for a spring term and Mother taught the school for two years after leaving Brownsburg. And here Father's youngest brother, Lew, also began his teaching career. Father himself received most of his education here under his sister and several other excellent (and a few poor) teachers.

At the cross roads here we turn left and take the country road which will bring us to Dolington beyond which is the quiet burying ground at Makefield where our dear one rests, the spot which is the core of each Bucks County pilgrimage.

As we turn into this country road we see at our left a fine old stone house, modernized, freshly painted in gleaming white and surrounded by well-kept grounds and a pleasing grouping of trees. "This used to be

(20) "The Ed Johnson place, just across the road from our old home. Ed went to school with us but he was nearer Lew's age than mine and we were never very intimate with the family although they were good neighbors." The present owner is Rudolph Bermann, head engineer of the DeLaval Company in Trenton. His improvements have made of the old farm and the fine old house a most



attractive place, for which he has adopted the name of Grandfather's old home, "The Highland Farm."

Next on our left with buildings far back from the road is

(21) The Sammie Cadwallader Place. "He was the brother-in-law of my Uncle Amos, and brought up Uncle Amos's daughter, Margaret. While living here she married Billy Yates who was at that time working for her uncle. After their marriage Sammie gave them some land across the road and a little stone house that stood for years in the corner on our right where the road turns. You can see traces of the old house yet," Father explains as we drive slowly past the ruins at the empty corner. The Sammie Cadwallader place, now called Pendella Farms, is owned by Marion Harper, associated with Harper Brothers Company of New York.

Following the hilly country road that Mother walked twice a day when she taught the Highland School we pass by a farm on our right with buildings so far back we can scarcely see them from the road,

(22) The Abdon Longshore Place. The lane, now abandoned, that used to lead up to the house from this road can hardly be found except for the old gate which still marks the entrance. The front lane out to the Dolington-Newtown highway is the only one used by the present occupants.

"Abdon Longshore married Harvey Tomlinson's sister Per (Permelia). When your mother lived with them at the time she taught the Highland School the family consisted of Abdon, his wife and three children, Ellwood, Maggie, and Ellie and Per's two sisters, Mollie and Becky. We used to laugh at Per about her remark to Abdon: One evening when he was going out, she said, 'Now don't be gone long, Abdon, and leave us here all alone.' Abdon stopped and counted the women, 'One, two, three, four, five, six. Six women and all alone!' he laughed, 'I guess you'll get along!'"

"When your mother lived here we young people used to have so many good times together. I tell you we did enjoy a bright moonlight night when there was enough snow on the ground to make good sleighing. We'd bundle up with our buffalo robes and maybe



# *Highland Scenes*



*The Old Highland School  
About 1926*



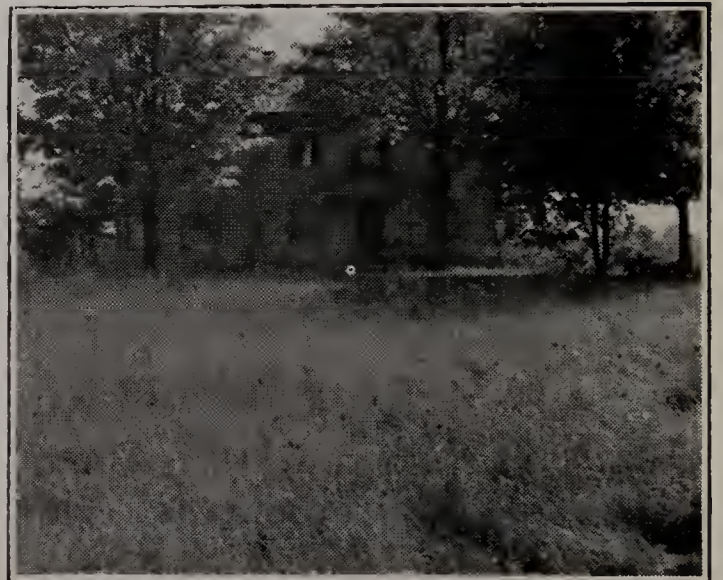
*The Highland Home - Side View*



*The Highland Place  
The House - The Barn - Ice House - Shed - Shop*



*The Highland Home - Front View*



*Grandfather Taylor's Last Home*





drive several miles to attend a lyceum or to spend an evening with some of the neighbors, or maybe go just for the fun of the sleigh ride." After Ellwood's marriage in 1875 he moved to a farm near Newtown, but in 1894 sold that farm and moved back with his father's family. Ellwood died here in 1900 after which his wife and daughter Marian moved to Philadelphia where his younger daughter, Alice, and husband, Edgar Stroud, were living.

Permelia died in 1903 after which Abdon and his daughters continued to live on the farm for a short time. Then Abdon and Ellie moved to the Friend's Home in Newtown where Ellie became assistant matron. Abdon sold the farm to Willard White who in 1904 had married Ellwood's daughter Marian. Willard had been renting the place and farming the land for some years previous to purchasing it. He later sold the farm to Jacob Gunser who still lives there.

Abdon died in December, 1904, after which Ellie filled other positions until she was taken ill when she went to live with her niece Alice, in whose home she died Dec. 18, 1910. Maggie, at the time her father gave up the farm, was filling a position at Arthur Tomlinson's Preparatory School in Swarthmore. Later she moved to the Friend's Home but in her last illness was cared for by her niece Marian in whose home she died in 1921.

Our road ends at the highway where we turn left and passing through Dolington turn right at the next corner and in half a mile come to

(23) Makefield Meeting House and Graveyard. This is the property of the Hicksite Friends and is one of the old Meeting houses of the county, bearing on its stone plate by the front door the date 1750. It has for us many family associations. The home of Benjamin Taylor our ancestor was one of the first used for worship on First Day before the Meeting house was built. Genealogical records tell us that he was one of a committee of four appointed by Falls Monthly Meeting in 1752 to purchase land and erect this meeting house, which was originally 25 x 30 feet, and one story high. \*In 1764 it was enlarged by 20 feet and is said to have been used as a

\* This differs from B. Eyre's statement on page 154



hospital for the patriot troops when Washington held the Delaware river in 1776. Benjamin's sons, Bernard (our ancestor) and Timothy were two of the Trustees appointed by Falls' Monthly Meeting in 1753 to purchase land and erect the Meeting House. They attended this meeting for many years. Bernard's son, Benjamin, was also an influential member in his day serving on committees and as clerk of the Meeting. (See pictures on pp. 147 and 127)

As little girls, my mother (Ruth) and sister-cousin, Phebe, attended this meeting with their grandfather's family who worshipped here. In those days the men, wearing their hats, sat on one side of the house and the women on the other. Originally a partition separated the two sides. The Elders and Overseers occupied raised seats in front facing the members in the pews. The Friends conscientiously objected to paid ministers, "Hireling Preachers" as they called them, and to music in the meeting. The hour of worship began with a period of silence when each heart communed in its own way with the Father of all. At times after a period of this peaceful quiet some one "moved by the spirit" would quietly rise and offer a prayer or give a short spiritual talk or sermon. At other times the silence would remain unbroken for the hour, until the elders in front shook hands, which was the signal for "breaking up" the meeting. At the close, every one arose and the silence gave way to the pleasant hum of friendly greetings.

The chief duty of the Elders of the meeting, now called the Committee of Ministry and Council, is to see to the worship i. e., "to foster the spiritual life." The Overseers run the business and have the Pastoral care of the membership. The Monthly Meeting is the business organization. The Clerk presides. They have no voting, just discussion. The clerk writes up the minutes which he reads and if no objections are raised the minutes are recorded as read. Preparative Meetings are held as a preparation for the Monthly Meeting. Items of importance are referred to the latter for final action.

Many of the Taylors were buried in the graveyard back of the Meeting House as are many of the Hibbs family. Mother's own mother, Mary Hibbs Snyder, who died in 1844, lies buried out by



the old wall. She died before gravestones were allowed, when each grave was dug next to the grave of the one who had died previously and no record kept of the interment. "We know they lie out behind the sheds and that's enough to know," answered Stephen Twining, one of the overseers of that time, who objected to any kind of markers for the graves when some of the members suggested them. Mother's father, Samuel Snyder, and her step-mother, Anna, died after gravestones were permitted and are buried near the center of the graveyard, and Grandmother Taylor's Uncle Tommy Betts and wife are buried near the drive under one of the trees. Our little plot is just around the corner from the Tomlinson graves. Phebe and Ruth, so near in life, lie in their last sleep but a few feet apart.

As we linger here in the sacred well-kept burying ground with its double row of old evergreen trees down the centre and its few fragrant boxwood bushes near the entrance, Father wanders about reading on the simple low stones the names of many relatives and many old time friends. (Now he no longer walks by my side as I enter the familiar grounds, and there are now two graves in our little plot. I linger alone in the quiet graveyard and realize that "here are more secrets forever hidden than in the archives of a library—secrets that would illuminate, amplify and complete the findings of the most resourceful historian, but secrets no one will ever know."\*) As I gaze at the tranquil scene around me and beyond the stone wall to the pleasant landscape and the low-lying hills in the distance, I feel that Death will be no arch enemy but indeed a kindly friend to bring me at the last to so peaceful a spot.)

Barclay Eyre, one of the faithful members of the meeting of Father's generation, prepared in 1923 a short account of the founding of Makefield now kept on file with the old records of the Meeting. It reads as follows:

#### MAKEFIELD FRIENDS' MEETING

A minute of Falls Monthly Meeting in 1750 reads: "The Friends of Makefield, having represented their being heretofore exposed to

\* Father's son-in-law, George R. Tilford



difficulty in attending meetings in the winter season, and this meeting, taking the same into consideration, does, agreeably to the request of said Friends consent that there may be held a meeting for worship the first Firstday in each month at Benjamin Taylor's and the third Firstday in each month at Benjamin Gilbert's.

"On the fifth day of the month called March, 1753, Thomas Harvey conveyed a tract of land on the road from Yardley's ferry to Wrightstown, containing one acre and eighteen perches, to Henry Harvey, Abraham Harvey, Bernard Taylor, Joseph Duer, Timothy Taylor and Robert Whiteacre, to be held in trust by the direction and appointment of the members or persons belonging to the monthly meeting of the people called Quakers at the Falls township, in the County of Bucks, aforesaid, for the benefit, use and behoof of the poor people of the said Quakers belonging to the said meeting forever, and for a place to erect and continue a meeting house; and to bury their dead."

Note: The land from Dolington to the river, on the north side of the road was formerly held by the Harveys; on the south side of the road, by the Duers. Within my recollection George Duer lived down near the river, and Thomas Duer opposite the Meeting House. They were not Friends.

The meeting house, one-half its present size, was erected soon after and reported "fit to meet in." The original house was used over thirty years before the addition was built.

In 1788 one acre of land was added to the original tract, through the bequest of Joseph Harvey. This constituted the original burying ground, which was added to, by purchase, upon the west from William Hill in 1824, and on the east from Rachel Stapler in 1853. The old burying ground was first enclosed by a high board fence, but after the purchase of 1853, the whole was enclosed by a good stone-wall, capped with boards. Thirty years of rain and sunshine sufficed to demolish this frail covering, and in 1886 the boards were replaced by a neat and substantial stone capping from the Twining quarries at Stockton, N. J.

The open sheds were built about 1800, the worshippers, previous



to that time, having mostly come on horseback, making the inclosed stable and horse block necessities of their time. These stood directly west of the Meeting House, and were removed in 1858 and the three open sheds adjoining them on the west were removed to their present position. All the sheds were re-roofed at this time and made public, having previously belonged to individual families.

In 1861 the Meeting House was thoroughly overhauled, plastered on the outside and re-roofed, and the porticoes on the south and west added. Committee in charge of repairs: Mahlon K. Taylor, Benjamin Beans and perhaps others. At the suggestion of the former, the walnut railing along the gallery, was put in, though some Friends thought it too gay for a Friends' Meeting House.

The meeting at Makefield was an indulged meeting under the care of Falls Monthly Meeting until about 1790, when it was created a preparative meeting. It remained a branch of Falls Monthly Meeting till 1820, when, uniting with Newtown preparative meeting, Makefield Monthly Meeting was established, meeting alternately at Newtown and Makefield.

In the original burying ground but few of the graves are marked by stones, the rules not allowing it, but the Yearly Meeting of 1851 or 1852 permitted their use, limiting their height to six inches.

About twenty years ago a concern arose with me to have a permanent fund for the up-keep of the graveyard, and an earnest appeal was sent out for all interested persons to contribute to the fund. The response was most cordial and a much larger fund was raised than was at first anticipated. More recently a large addition has been made to the grounds, through the aid of generous contributions.

Written by Barclay Eyre, 10mo. 20th 1923

A few excerpts from the minutes of the Makefield Preparative Meetings during the years 1793 to 1803, show the customs and high standards of morality that these early, upright, thrifty Quakers conscientiously followed: (During eight of these years, Benjamin Taylor, Father's great-grandfather acted as clerk of the meeting.)

"1st of 8th month, 1793. The general Queries were read and considered and the following answers agreed to and ordered to



be transmitted to the Monthly meeting and Jonathan Paxson and Joseph Taylor are appointed to attend therewith.

1. Our meetings have all been kept up and attended on first days by most of our members. Meetings on other days of the week for Worship much neglected by many: Meetings for Discipline also neglected by some: the hour nearly observed, and friends preserved from unbecoming behaviour except Drowsiness which appear in some at times.

2. Love and Unity are in a good degree maintained among us generally; Talebearing, Backbiting, and evil reports in a good degree discouraged, no apparent differences amongst us.

3. Some friends endeavor to bring up those under their care in plainness of speech, behaviour and apparel.

4. The unnecessary Distillation and use of Spirituous Liquors much discouraged by some of our members but more care is wanting in others; some have attended places of Diversion respecting which care has been extended.

5. The necessities of the Poor are inspected and they relieved; their children freely partake of learning.

6. We believe Friends are clear as to the particulars in this Querie except one instance of a member accomplishing his marriage before a Hireling Minister.

7. Clear of importing, purchasing, disposing of or holding mankind as slaves.

"23rd of 5th mo. 1793. The Overseers inform this meeting that Jonathan Buckman, Robert Knowles, William Jackson and Moses Harvey have been concerned as Spectators at a Horse Race; Therefore, Zachariah Betts, Joseph Taylor and Benjamin Beans are appointed to take opportunity with them and report to next meeting.

"2nd of 4 mo. 1795. Benjamin Taylor is appointed to act as Clerk to this meeting in the room of Oliver Hough who is removed away.

"2nd of 6 mo. 1796. It being thought necessary by this meeting that some friends be appointed to sit up stairs on first Days to endeavor to keep good order among the youth and others; therefore, William Field and Samuel Johnson are appointed for this month.



"27th of 9th mo. 1798. One of the Overseers inform that Phineas Briggs proposes laying his Intentions of Marriage with Sarah Taylor before the Monthly Meeting.

"31st of the 3rd mo. 1803. — —, has been guilty of spending a great deal of time at taverns in gaming, quarreling and fighting for which he has been spoken with and does not deny; therefore, his case is referred to the monthly meeting.

On 9-1-1803 Benjamin Taylor was succeeded as clerk by William Taylor (probably Timothy's son).

Copies of William Penn's 'No Cross, No Crown,' Sarah Grubs' Journal and eight books of Spalding's Reasoning were to be circulated among Friends and others.

The following names are mentioned in the Minutes as members of the Meeting during these ten years. There may have been others, but these fifty-three with wives and children made a goodly meeting: Joseph Ballance, David Barton, Jonathan and Timothy Balderson, Benjamin Beans, Zachariah Betts, Amos and Phineas Briggs, Abdon, David, John, Jonathan, Phineas, Samuel and Stacy Buckman, Jacob and Cyrus Cadwallader, Whitson Canby, Cadwallader Childs, Philip Dennis, Joseph Fell, Benjamin and William Field, Moses Harvey, Oliver Hough, William Jackson, Samuel Johnson, John, Joseph and Robert Knowles, Elijah Leedom, James Longshore, James, Joseph and William Lownes, William McGill, Jonathan Paxson, John Scott, Isaac Stackhouse, John and Thomas Stapler, Benjamin, Joseph, Sr., Joseph, Jr., Samuel and William Taylor, Mahlon Trego, Amos Warner, William Wood, John Worstall, Joseph, Mahlon and Thomas Yardley.

From Makefield we retrace our course to Dolington. Of this village and the old school house between it and the Meeting House, Barclay Eyre, in the same paper quoted above writes the following bit of history, giving us a vivid glimpse of those stirring days—the days when Emerson and Bronson Alcott and William Lloyd Garrison and other well-known characters were arguing in the same spirited manner in another section of the country those questions that faced our Nation in its crisis.



## THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE

The date of the erection of the first school house on the Meeting property is indefinite, the most reliable information being that "a few years after the erection of the meeting house, a school and dwelling house were built, both low, one-story buildings." The school house was a log building 20 x 35 feet. This was torn down in 1830 and a two-story house built under the supervision of Samuel Buckman and Jesse Lloyd. Seneca Beans was the first teacher in this building down stairs and Christina Stapler taught the little children upstairs.

Until after the middle of the last century, the school was conducted under the care of the Preparative Meeting, the last committee in charge having been appointed in 1850, consisting of Samuel Buckman, Jonathan Paxson, Preston Eyre and Samuel C. Cadwalader. During their term of service the school was turned over to the care of the school board of the township and became a public school, the local director at that time being Isaac Randall.

After becoming a public school the attendance of pupils increased, reaching a maximum of seventy-eight in the summer of 1856, and all under the care of one teacher, Sarah Jones, who is now Sarah Cox of the Newtown Friends' Home. In those days school was kept six days in the week from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. in summer, with a two hour noon intermission and the teacher received a salary of \$25 a month.

The "Old Schoolhouse" was for many years, especially during the early part of the last century, used as a town hall, where the neighborhood people for miles around, were wont to congregate to discuss the live issues of the day, or promote some public enterprise of an intellectual or moral character. Dolington, in those days, was a business and literary center of no mean importance.

In the "old schoolhouse" on the 16th of March 1816 a respectable number of persons assembled for the purpose of consulting on the practicability of establishing a library in the neighborhood. The outcome of this meeting was the Dolington library. While it spent the greater part of its life within the limits of the village, for two years,







*Rear View*

*Views  
of  
The Old Taylor Home  
Upper Views  
Show the Old House as  
It Was in the Days  
of  
the Last  
Benjamin Taylor*



*Front View*

*The  
Lower View  
Shows the Front  
After Remodeling  
as It  
Appears at Present  
Looking Down the  
Old Driveway*





1839 and 1840, it occupied the second story of the old school house. That the "old schoolhouse" was the literary hub of an extended community is clearly shown by the following list of the promoters of this enterprise: Charles Buckman, Thomas Betts, Benjamin Taylor, Abram Slack, Jonathan Paxson, Charles Cadwallader, Mahlon K. Taylor, Samuel Buckman, Robert Longshore, Benjamin Beans, William Cadwallader, Richard Janney, Joseph H. Yardley, Esq., Seneca Beans, Mahlon K. Knowles, Benjamin Burroughs, Robert S. Trego, and Charles B. Hill.

In the fall of 1833 the far-famed Dolington lyceum was organized in the old school house, and for a number of years, weekly in winter and semi-monthly in summer, those walls echoed the burning eloquence of the participants in many a hotly contested debate. This was the forerunner of a brainy period embracing the anti-slavery and temperance agitations. During the high tide of the anti-slavery agitation, and later, of the temperance reform, the old school house shared in the glory of creating sentiment for the cause of righteousness, and on more than one occasion the audience listened with bated breath to the persuasive eloquence of Charles C. Burleigh, Robert Collyer and others of more or less renown.

(Upon one of these occasions the writer in 1854 or 1855 first signed the temperance pledge at the personal request of Wm. P. Tomlinson.)

Written by Barclay Eyre, 10-20-1923, and kept on file with the records belonging to Makefield Meeting.

Leaving Dolington we continue west on the Newton Pike coming soon to a farm house on our left with two large boxwood bushes on either side of the front entrance,

(24) The Willard White Place. "This previously belonged to Willard's father, Albert. After his death his two sons, Willard and Anthony owned the farm. After Anthony's death in 1921, Willard ran the place alone. Willard's first wife was Etta Burroughs, Bob Burroughs' daughter, whose home was just across the road from the White place. Anthony and Ellie Burroughs, Ettie's sister, were intimate for years but never married. Ellie later married William



Janney but Anthony remained a bachelor all his life and lived with Willard. Willard's second wife, Marian Longshore, was the daughter of Father's good friend, Ellwood. After Willard's sudden death in 1933 his wife and sister, who always made her home with them, sold the farm to John Shearer from Philadelphia who now resides there. A short distance beyond we come to a large handsome old stone farm house on our left,

(25) The Benjamin Taylor Home. "This was the old, old Taylor Place, the home of our ancestors for generations back. I have often heard my father say that five generations of Benjamin's lived here," says Father as we leave the highway which cuts across the handsome oldtime driveway lined with a double row of fine old trees that led out to the old road, and draw up in front of the ancestral mansion. The old part of the house was probably built by Father's great-great-great grandfather, the first Benjamin Taylor or his son, Bernard. This first Benjamin's eldest son, Benjamin, Jr., died when a youth, and the place was left to his second son, Bernard, who was born in 1724. Bernard's second son, Benjamin, born in 1751, was the next owner of the home. " 'Old Benjamin Taylor,' as we always called him, was my father's grandfather and my father often spoke of the many Bucks County farms which he owned; among them were the Chris Van Horn place, the Alec Chamber's farm on the Yardley road and the Ephraim White place near Newtown. He left the place to his son, Benjamin Taylor, Jr., who lived here in my day. We always referred to it as 'The Uncle Bennie Taylor Place.' Uncle Bennie was a well-to-do farmer, a good man and very generous and kind. When I used to take him the interest on the three thousand dollar mortgage he carried on my father's farm, he always gave me back ten dollars of it, letting me keep it for spending money. He built the eastern part of the house for his only son, Henry. Henry's son, Benjamin, died when very young and his only surviving son, Will, was the last one of the family to live here. Will went into business and ran through with his property so lost the old homestead. I often wondered why they built the barn so far away from the house. It sits back from the road up there on the hill."



An artist from Philadelphia who owned the place for a time added modern improvements and changed the simple and dignified front of the imposing \*old house by building the columned portico which now forms the front entrance. Later the place was sold and run as a hotel, bearing the fanciful name of Lavender Inn. The proprietors built an unattractive glassed-in room at the back for a dining room, and kept the place in an indifferent and untidy manner. They finally gave it up. The exterior is still imposing with its pleasing lines and calls back sad reflections of the thrifty and well-to-do owners who once took pride in the fine old place. The changed interior has been dismal, unkempt and forlorn. The property is now in the hands of a Trust Company and the house stood empty for a time save for the negro workers who occupied the western room. It has recently been rented to an antique dealer, Alfred Conrad, from Newtown, who uses the large front rooms for his shop and occupies the eastern portion as a home, thus relieving the former desolate aspect of the interior.

A short distance beyond the old ancestral mansion we come to an acute angled fork in the road where on our right is

(26) The Prospect School. "This is the first school your mother ever attended. She and Phebe came here when they were little girls living with their grandfather, Lambert Hibbs, on his farm about a mile away." The building which was here in Mother's time has been replaced by the present structure, built in 1870. This school house with half an acre of ground was advertised to be sold at auction on October 14, 1939. It, with one acre of ground, was bought by Luella Sexsmith from Huntingdon Valley, for \$1,675. We turn right and about a mile distant on this back country road a left turn soon brings us to

(27) The Old Lambert Hibbs Place. This was the old homestead owned by their grandfather when Mother (Ruth Snyder) and her first cousin Phebe Hibbs went as motherless little girls to be brought up by their grandparents. The old deed shows that Lambert Hibbs became the owner of ninety-six acres of this farm in

\* See pictures on page 159



1816. This he bought from Charles Gilbert. In 1817 Lambert bought twenty additional acres from Stacy Roberts. Whether Lambert and family lived here before purchasing the farm is not known. One of Lambert's younger sons, Daniel, took the farm after his father's death and lived there the rest of his life. After Daniel's death the farm was sold to Walter Wright who made it his home until within the last three years or so when he sold the place to Ben Shull who now owns the old homestead. The east end of the house was green for years with a wonderful English ivy of a century's growth. The severe winter of 1934 killed almost the entire plant with trunk as large as the trunk of a tree. The old stone house, save for a few alterations inside, remains almost unchanged.

We return to the corner, turn left and continue north on the old country road, always referred to by Phebe Tomlinson as "Hog Lane." At the second cross road Father says, "We might drive a mile

(28) "Down the Highland Road. The homes between here and the school a mile away have no family associations but old neighbors and friends lived here." So we turn right and drive to the school house corner. "This first place on our left is Will Harvey's. It belonged to Will's father, Kinsey. Will and I went to Highland school together and he was in the same company as your Uncle Hutch during the War. He moved to this farm when he was first married and lived here the rest of his life. He died in 1929. The next place on our left was the old Trego place owned by the father of Robert and Jimmie. Jimmie lived here until 1856 when he moved to Illinois and his son, George, took it. Later the farm was owned by Albert Slack, son of 'Yankee Neal Slack' who lived beyond Dolington but was not related, I think, to either Sammie or Cornelius. The farm opposite was

(29) "The Robert Trego Home. Robert moved here in 1847. For a time he lived in White Haven where he went to manage a large tract of wooded land owned by Uncle Mahlon K. Taylor. As there was no railroad for Robert's wife to travel on, my father moved her up in a wagon. He said he never pitied any one more in





*The Old Betts School*



*The Kansas Home Near Wilsey*



*The Old Betts Home*



*The Old Baker Home*



*The Albert Hibbs Home  
The Old Simpson Homestead*



*The Jacob Taylor Home  
Later the Malone Place*





his life than he did this young wife with a small baby whom he had to leave in the little cold, lonely house in the mountains and among total strangers. She and Robert later returned to Bucks County. Robert's son, Mahlon, lived here after Robert moved to Taylorsville and after Mahlon went west a younger son, Will, lived here until he, too, went to Kansas when the farm was sold. Will's family was very intimate with Sis's (Mary Buckman) family when they lived at Highland. The Trego boys all went to school with us and all of them in time went west." This place is now owned by Lawrence Russell from Riverton, New Jersey, where he is engaged in the steel business. Mrs. Russell was a Biddle from Philadelphia. On the old barn were found the date 1798 and four names, among them a Buckman. The house bears the date 1819.

Retracing our mile, we continue west and near the next cross road see

(30) The Home of Alfred Yates. "He was Billy's son and a brother of Isaac, old settlers of this vicinity. His mother was Margaret Taylor, the daughter of my uncle Amos." Alfred's son, Taylor Yates, and family make their home here. Alfred died in the early summer of 1939. "This place upon the hill at our left was

(31) "The Old Larue Place.\* The barn here in my day had a cupola which was a well known landmark. We always called this place 'Up on Canaan;' it was said to be the highest point of land between Easton and Philadelphia." This saying was recently corroborated by Alfred Yates, who always lived in the neighborhood. From the yard one has a fine view of the surrounding country to the east and south. The house has been modernized, the barn removed and a stone garage erected. The place is now the property of Dr. J. B. Spradley a member of the staff of the State Hospital at Trenton.

At Wrightstown a mile or so beyond we turn left and stop at

(32) Alvan Tomlinson's Home. Alvan, the son of Robert and Mary (Hibbs) Tomlinson, a first cousin of Mother, married Ella Merrick and for years lived on the old Merrick homestead next

\* See Upper Makefield Map of 1859



door. Later when Alvan's son Homer married he moved into the farm house and Alvan built a cottage next door for himself and wife. Alvan's sudden death in October, 1938, leaves his widow the sole occupant of the cottage. Two other sons survive him, Carol who lives in Glenside and has been for years with the Bell Telephone Company and Robert, Business Manager of the Friends' School at Westtown. A short distance beyond, on our right, is

(33) The Good Intent School, surrounded by a fine natural bit of woods. When Father's sister Mary Buckman lived on the Stacy Buckman farm her daughters attended this school. This property was the gift of Jacob Buckman as the inscription on the wall of the interior informs us:

"All the rest and residue of my estate I give and Bequeath unto such persons as may be the directors of the public schools in the township of Newtown, Bucks County, Penna.

The income arising therefrom I desire shall be used by them first for the purpose of enlarging and improving the public school houses in said township and afterwards to be applied for the benefit of said schools in such a way and manner as the directors for the time being deem most beneficial and will most promote the cause of education.

JACOB BUCKMAN."

This school is still attended by a goodly number of pupils.

The next farm on the right, with a long lane leading to the buildings is

(34) The John Holcomb Home now called Hickory Dell. "Uncle John was the husband of your mother's Aunt Elizabeth Hibbs. They had four children—Oliver, Phebe, a deaf mute, Hannah and Joseph. Oliver married Cynthia Scarborough and Joseph, Sallie Martindale. When Uncle John gave up farming and moved to Newtown, Oliver took the place and lived here for several years. Then he too, moved to Newtown where he and his wife spent the remainder of their lives. Aunt Elizabeth died at their home in Newtown the same day as her sister Anna, \*your grandmother, on February 8, 1879." Hannah, who was quite a scholar, conducted a private school in Newtown for some years. After the death of her par-

\* See page 76



ents and sister she moved to Philadelphia and spent the rest of her life with the family of Dr. Willmer Cruzen, a prominent Philadelphia physician. He was a former Newtown boy whom she had helped coach for college and was like a son to this intelligent, capable woman, in many ways the most fascinating of the large circle of Mother's first cousins.

Their old farm home is most attractive and has been beautifully modernized and improved by the present owners, James Carnwath and his wife, a young couple of taste and appreciation, who recently purchased the place from Paul Weitsel. James Carnwath is a lumber merchant from Philadelphia and has a reverence for the solid timbers and hand construction of the original house which dates back to 1684. It is a few feet from the main house, has a fine old fireplace and well-preserved hand-hewn beams, some blackened by the smoke of those early days of fireplace cooking and smoking of meats. At one side of the fireplace is a huge old fashioned brick oven, one of the few in Bucks County in perfect repair. Mr. Carnwath has taken out the partitions in the old house and made of it an attractive recreational room. The main house, supposed to have been built in 1794, has been modernized in such a way as to preserve the beauty of the fine old residence. The immense old kitchen fireplace with the Carnwath's fine collection of old fashioned utensils is now the chief attraction of the present dining room. The old fashioned parlor fireplace, with its beautiful, simple lines, adds its charm to the living room. From the south of the house one has a pleasing view overlooking a little creek valley with low hills beyond.

The adjoining farm on our right as we resume our journey to Newtown was (See picture p. 201)

(35) The Stacy Buckman Farm. The house here was built 1830-'34. "Stacy was the father of Speak who married my sister Mary. She and Speak lived here for several years and at two different times. Their daughter Sallie was born here and their oldest daughter, Maggie, died here in 1881. Speak left this farm in 1884 and moved to Newtown, after both his boys had left home to go to school. He



never tried farming again." The place has recently been purchased by Lyman Clark, who has greatly improved it. The second farm on our right was,

(36) The Ellwood Longshore Home. "Ellwood married Florence Eyre, daughter of Joseph, an uncle of Barclay. Ellwood and Florence had three children, Marian, Alice, and Harvey." As stated above Marian married Willard White, and since her husband's death resides in Dolington with his sister, Loretta. Alice married Edgar Stroud, and lives in Jenkintown. Harvey, who married Anna Leedom, lives on a farm near Bridgeton owned by Charles Q. MacDonough.

In 1894 Ellwood sold the place to a Miss Foster from Wilkes-Barre. She built a dwelling with no distinctive character between the road and the old stone house, thus partially hiding it from view. Before Ellwood's time the farm was owned by Jimmie Tubbs with whom Grandfather Taylor lived for a time when a boy. Ellwood bought the place from Dr. Parry, a veterinary in Newtown, who owned the farm but did not live on it. Miss Foster sold the place some years ago to a Mr. Parker. The present owner is Francis E. Snively. About a mile beyond we enter

(37) Newtown, which because of its historical interest and because it holds many associations for Father we are anxious to explore. As a young man Father came often to this pleasant village to attend lyceums or the popular Newtown Exhibitions or services at church or to visit friends. This town, now over two hundred fifty years old, boasts of land grants dating back to the royal charter from Charles II of 1681 and the Indian Deed of 1682; of having for a time quartered General Washington and his troops; of having been the county seat for the better part of a century; of having the oldest frame building still standing in the state of Pennsylvania; and of a local history in which the inhabitants take a justified pride. Much of the following information has been taken from the little book, "Historic Newtown," by Edward R. Barnsley.

Newtown was a part of the land purchased from the Indians, July 15, 1682 before the arrival of William Penn. "The tract in-





1876 Map  
of  
Newtown Township  
Taken from the Centennial Atlas  
of  
Bucks County





cluded all the land now contained within the townships of Bristol, Falls, Middletown, Newtown, Lower Makefield and parts of Upper Makefield and of Wrightstown." . . . "In the fall of 1682, Penn's Surveyor General, Captain Thomas Holme, began to make a map which was published in London in 1687, showing the land owners of the Province. On the map the township of Newtown was sketched with essentially the same pentagonal boundaries that it has today" and the names of fifteen patentees of the township were indicated. Two Taylor names appear, Christopher and his son Israel. An unseated tract of three hundred acres deeded to Elizabeth Barber in 1684 was sold by her and her second husband, Robert Webb, to William Buckman who had come in the "Welcome" with William Penn. Speakman Buckman, Father's brother-in-law, was a direct descendant of William. A tract of land patented to Israel Taylor on February 18, 1692 was sold by him the following year to James Yeates who had arrived in Philadelphia, July 17, 1684 as an indentured servant of Henry Baker, Grandmother's ancestor, with whom he lived for his five years of service in the Baker home along the Delaware. One of the sons of James Yeates, James Yeates, Jr., was a participant of the infamous \*Indian Walk, for whom it was evidently too strenuous a feat as he died the following day.

On March 24, 1724, the General Assembly of Pennsylvania passed an act to enable any three of five-designated men "to purchase . . . a piece of ground . . . in Newtown in the county of Bucks for the use of the said County, and to erect a court house and prison thereon sufficient to accommodate the public service of the said county." This land was east of State Street and laid out into six equal squares divided into halves by Court Street and into thirds by Centre Avenue and Mercer Streets, each lot 190 by 142½ feet. The first Court was held at Newtown, June 16, 1726. By legislative act of 1810, the County seat was moved from Newtown to a more central place. The county buildings were sold by Public Sale, January 15, 1813 and the last session of the Court held at Newtown began on March 1, 1813. The last business transacted in the county offices

\* See page 186



was on May 10, 1813, and the first court held in the new county seat at Doylestown was on the following day. The old court house stood on the site opposite the Horace Reeder home. It was a square, two story building with a fireplace in each room, and an old fashioned hip roof with a square box on top in which hung the bell. The jail was on State Street about the present site of the Effrig store.

The first court house lot sold was at the northeast corner of State and Mercer Streets and George Welch, the purchaser, built an Inn thereon between 1726 and 1728, called "The Old Frame House" during the Revolution. In 1817, after passing through the hands of many different owners it became the property of Tamat (Worstall) Cary, wife of Asa Cary. They had a sign painted picturing Franklin's adage, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and since that time the building has been known as "The Bird in Hand," but has not been used as a tavern for over seventy-five years. This is supposed to be the second oldest building in Newtown and the oldest frame building extant in Pennsylvania. It is now the property of Edward R. Barnsley, a public spirited young man keenly interested in local history, who has restored the old tavern from attic to cellar and has preserved in the grounds an old time setting.

Newtown was the place to which Washington transferred his papers and articles of value just before the battle of Trenton and the place to which he came on December 26, the day after the battle. His officers were quartered at inns and private houses, the soldiers in the Presbyterian church and the jail. His own headquarters were in a brown stone house at the southwest corner of Sycamore Street and Washington Avenue. This house was torn down in 1862 and the present structure erected on the same foundation out of the stones of the Headquarters House. Washington left Newtown on December 30th, and marched to Trenton where he encountered Cornwallis on January 2, and followed the advantage by the successful Battle of Princeton on the following day.

Entering the borough on Washington Street we turn right on State, the old fashioned business street running the length of the town from north to south. Our first stop is at Ye Olde Temperance



House on State Street, which offers no attraction from the outside but which within furnishes a satisfactory lunch of well-cooked food, moderately priced, nicely served and accompanied by clean table linen, an attraction not always found in country hotels. On the Menu cards we find a "Brief History of Ye Olde Temperance House," which informs us that the land was part of the 278 acre tract patented by William Penn's commissioners to Mary Haworth on August 26, 1704. The first part of the present building was erected by Andrew McMinn, a school teacher, and used as a tavern and school house. The place was offered at auction in 1824; in 1835 it was rented to Chilion Higgs, borough constable and stage coach driver, who eight years later converted it for the first time into a temperance house calling it "The Sign of the Good Samaritan." In 1866 the name was changed by its purchaser, Joseph Willard, to "Niagara Temperance House" and later to "The Temperance House," a name now sadly misleading since George Benetz, proprietor since 1934, serves intoxicating liquors. Another pleasant eating place a half block up the street, The Brick Hotel, is also a historic old place, erected in 1740. The present proprietor, Gildo Sissoldo, is proud of the fine paneling in living room and corridors, the ornate arches over the stairs, and of the fact that many distinguished guests in the past were entertained here, among them Napoleon's brother, Joseph Bonaparte.

After a satisfying lunch, as temperate as the old temperance house ever served, we are interested in seeing the historical places above mentioned but are even more anxious to find those that have some personal associations for Father. "I used to like to attend the Presbyterian church here in Newtown whenever I could come." We learn it is the oldest institution in Newtown of continuous organization. Founded in 1734, it was originally located half a mile west of Newtown where a neglected old graveyard in dilapidated condition marks the resting place of founders of the community. If indeed, rest be the proper word to apply to a spot which for years has been used as a dumping ground, and which, as Barnsley rightly observes, became "a shameful disgrace to the community at large."



The Methodist Church was organized in 1840 but the first church building was not erected until 1846. "I used to like to come to this church, too, and it was here during revival services that I finally decided to join church. Of course, I united with the Taylorsville church when I joined for it was under the same minister as the Newtown church. But I often attended the services here too."

Up Liberty Street we pause in front of the double house, in the southern half of which Father's two sisters lived. All the family enjoyed the visits we made to this pleasant, comfortable home so neatly kept with its clean old-fashioned ingrain carpets and fine old pieces of furniture, many of which were made by their own father. Coming here two years after the death of Mary's husband in 1904, they lived here until her own death in 1911. The place is now the property of Elizabeth Palmer, Matron of the Newtown Friends' Home, who lives here with her sister. For a time they rented a part of the house to two friends, well-known to Father's family, Fannie Ely and her first cousin Lizzie (Ely) Martindale. Since Fannie's death in June, 1939, Lizzie has moved to the Friends' Home.

We hunt up the house at the northeast corner of Court and Centre (originally Sullivan Street) built by Bernard Taylor in 1772 which \* "must certainly have been an imposing structure for a private residence in the little village of Newtown prior to the Revolution." In 1784 Bernard sold this property to Francis Murray, "Newtown's most notable citizen," afterwards General Murray. It is now known as the Horace Reeder place.

Near the southern end of State Street we find the Ellinger place, a big old stone house bearing a plate marked with the name of Buckman, evidently its original builder. In this house, Father's sister Mary and family lived, moving here when they left the farm some twenty-five years before her move to the Liberty Street house. Mary's daughter Sallie often speaks of the pleasant two years they had in this big old house set back in a large yard well shaded with fine old trees.

As we drive back to the main part of the town Father observes,

\* See page 36, Historic Newtown



"Several of your mother's relatives used to live here in Newtown, but I don't remember the exact location. Her Uncle John and Aunt Elizabeth Holcomb and their daughter Han, who taught a private school here for several years, lived on State Street. Han's brother Oliver and his wife lived near them and her Aunt Esther and youngest daughter, Nellie, lived here too after Uncle Daniel's death. Another first cousin, George Hibbs, built a home on Chancellor Street." We find his two daughters, Sadie (Mrs. Richardson) and Mabel in a large farm house at the north end of State Street. We also call on Nellie Hibbs at the Friends' Home, the youngest of all Mother's first cousins, who, after many years in Philadelphia, returned to the old neighborhood for her last years. We learn that Uncle John's old home stood where the Miller store is now located, that Oliver's was on the site of the Seese apartments and that Aunt Esther's home was between Uncle John's and the Malloy building. This house is still standing.

At the Hillborn stationery store we receive a friendly greeting from Watson's wife, Mary. "Watson Hillborn is the son of your Uncle Speak Buckman's sister Marianna who married Cyrus Hillborn. Cyrus at one time owned a good deal of property here in Newtown," Father explains as we start out on Washington Avenue. At the eastern end of the town we pass the well-kept Newtown Cemetery where Father's oldest sister, Mary Buckman, her husband and three of their daughters lie buried. About a mile out on our left with buildings near the road is

(38) George Buckman's home. "George was Speak's brother and married Mary Cunningham. They had four children—Walter, Fred, Howard and Anna who married Fred Sellers." George's wife, Mary, was also a descendant of the Timothy Taylor line as was George. Soon we see on our right

(39) Silver Lake School. "Your Uncle Speak taught here in 1862 and lived on the Bennie Yardley place, which is a short distance up the next left hand road—the first old stone farm house on the left after crossing the little creek." This frame school house with 1.1 acres of land was advertised to be sold at auction on the



same day as the Prospect School. It was bought by Virgil Jordan, owner of the adjoining property, for \$1,950.

(40) At Yardley, we turn right on the main street and locate on our right, after crossing the little bridge over a small creek, the "Old Van Horn House" with a basement kitchen, where Jacob Taylor\* and wife lived for a few years with their daughter, Lydia Stockton. Across the railroad a low stone wall on our left bounds

(41) The Old Stone Graveyard. "Here are some of the old Baker graves. My mother's father and mother, Henry Baker and his wife, Mary, are buried here and my little sister Susan." We copy the inscriptions on the Baker tombstones: (The elder Samuel was Henry's father, and Samuel, Jr., his brother.)

In memory of  
HENRY BAKER  
who departed this  
life  
Dec. A.D. 1827  
in the 50th year of  
his age

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SAMUEL BAKER  
departed this life  
April 18, 1813  
Age 61 years, 2 months  
and 11 days

In memory of  
MARY B. BAKER  
wife of  
Henry Baker  
who departed this life  
Oct. 16, 1832  
in the 53rd year of her age

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SAMUEL BAKER, JR.  
departed this life  
Feb. 28, 1810  
Aged 25 years 6 mo.  
and 1 day

This burying ground, belonging to stately Falls Meeting, has been for years a disgraceful tangle of brambles and weeds through which one stumbled upon scattered tombstones in a dilapidated condition, quite hidden from the road by the rank growth. For the first time in years and years the brambles have been cleaned out and the weeds mowed down. Whoever is responsible for bettering the condition of this long-neglected burying ground deserves the gratitude of the community and of those of us whose ancestors lie buried here.

Returning through Yardley we turn left just beyond the village, then right at the first corner. Father likes to stop for a chat with his old schoolmate, Eugene Trego, at the first place on our right,

(42) The Eugene Trego Place. "I never could see why Eugene wanted to leave his nice fertile Kansas farm and come back to this

\* See page 271



old Briggs place which used to belong to his wife's people; the farming is so much harder and the house old, with no improvements." But I reply, remembering my own pleasure in moving from Kansas back to the beauty of the East, "After all, Bucks County is back home for him and he no doubt felt after the death of his wife it would be a comfort to end his days in the community where he grew to manhood, especially when his son and wife were willing to come with him." Since Eugene's death his son and wife have returned to Kansas. The place is now owned by L. W. Heller, a civil engineer of East Orange, New Jersey, whose wife is a school teacher in that city. The Hellers occupy this as a week-end home and are improving the old stone house and surroundings.

The next place on our right is

(43) Abdon Longshore's early home, which belonged to his father Robert. "Abdon's two eldest children, Ellwood and Margaret, were born here. Marshall Taylor lived here for a time and later W. R. Neal bought it. Opposite is William Balderston's; it was intended for Abdon's father but by some mistake he failed to get it. The road on the north is still called the Longshore Road."

We make a jog left, then continue north, coming out at Makefield, and take the stony old country road to our right. "This is the township line; we used to call it the Barclay Eyre Road. You will see his place up on the hill, the last one before we reach the river road. Before Barclay lived here it used to belong to Will Tomlinson, Harvey's brother, but Will sold out and moved to Kansas." Barclay was a prominent member of Makefield Meeting and a public spirited citizen. Several years before his death he and his wife moved to Washington, D. C. and lived with their daughter, Edith (Mrs. Furman Lloyd). As we reach the river road Father points out a group of buildings across the canal on the right,

(44) An Uncle Tommy Betts' Place. "This was the only one of his four Bucks County farms he never lived on. About 1854 he traded it to Charles Moore for Philadelphia property. This next place north on the river road was Abdon Van Hart's home." It is marked in the Centennial Atlas as Washington's Headquarters but



Father never knew it as such and we find no one who did. Near the corner at the creek is

(45) The Old Covered Bridge over Goose Creek. One of the few old covered bridges still in use. At this corner beyond the bridge was

(46) Samuel Taylor's Home. "This place was bought for my grandfather by his father, Benjamin, a large landowner in Newtown township, long before the canal was built. Grandfather had a saw mill on the farm run by the water from Goose Creek and a pond into which he ran the logs from the river. It was in this mill race that he was drowned in 1814 when my father was a little boy. The old house was on the east side of the road and the barn on the opposite side nearer the creek. In my day we knew this as the 'Sammy Wildman place'." We succeed in finding a few ruins of the old house which lie hidden in a thick growth of weeds and briars. Vestiges of the barn's foundation mark its former site, but all traces of the old mill have disappeared. A second house and other buildings have been erected on the west side of the road and the property greatly improved. It is now owned by E. B. Edwards of the Bell Telephone Company in Trenton.

Returning to the corner we take the hilly old road, unattractive enough but only a mile long, referred to by Father as the Aqueduct road, and pass on our left the old Elijah Leedom land which Father helped farm when living in the "Canal House" in Taylorsville, and then,

(47) The Charles Howell Place. "He was the first husband of my father's only sister, Aunt Polly, whom I never knew. Their son David lived here for years, but became addicted to drink and lost the farm." On the concrete road back to Taylorsville we come soon to the hilly lane on our right leading to an almost hidden group of unimproved buildings, at the top,

(48) The John Graham Place. "Yes the place looks very much as I remember it," Father observes, as we drive up the tree lined lane and reach the old stone house where strangers come out and greet us in a kindly way. Father explains his interest in the place as







*The Doylestown English and Classical Seminary  
Established 1867-'8*



*Property and Residence of James D. Scott  
Compiler and Publisher  
of  
The Centennial Atlas*



the home of old neighbors, one of whose daughters was a favorite teacher. Back on the road he continues, "It did seem queer that three of the family dropped dead right here on their home place without any apparent warning. John himself died this way, so did his son Tom and his daughter Nell who taught at Highland and thought so much of your mother and of Lew. This was the old Sammie Howell place before Uncle Bernard Taylor bought it for John." The present owners of the place, Anthony Smith, formerly of Trenton, and his son, Alfred, have lived on the place for the past twenty odd years. Alfred is an aviator and has recently established an air port on the upland stretch to the south of the house. In response to his cordial invitation a friend and I had the unexpected thrill of soaring over this familiar section whose winding roads we have so often threaded and of gazing down on the clusters of farm buildings, on the neatly laid out fields of green wheat and of corn in shock, on the wooded hills in their October coloring and the beautifully laid out State Park, on the canal, the meandering creeks and the dark blue of the curving Delaware—a lovely panorama.

Mr. Smith is operating some four planes and building others. He is constructing a hangar large enough to accommodate eight planes and his air port, which has been inspected by the government, has been accepted as a transport station. Just beyond we see

(49) "The Widow's Curse Place," a modest white house on our left. "This house was built for my grandmother after the death of Grandfather who was drowned as I have told you. His father, Benjamin, built it for her and left it to her for life, with the five and three-quarters acres of land surrounding it. She lived here with her seven children until her brother-in-law Barton Taylor, who wished to build a mill near by, wanted this for the miller's home and urged her to sell it. She was very much opposed to selling it but finally gave in and sold it to him, saying, 'Barton, the Widow's curse will always be upon this property and thee will never succeed with thy mill.' And her prophecy proved true." The plain but substantial looking house, always referred to by us as "The Widow's Curse House," is still standing and in good repair. It, with the surrounding tract, is



now the property of a Doctor Bimler from Philadelphia, who has built an addition to the old house. Upon a part of the tract near the road a large stone house has been erected, which has never been occupied. This house was built by Dominic de Benedictus who intended it for a hotel. The funds for its construction were furnished by George Eastburn, a wealthy man to whom de Benedictus had rendered a kindness. The interior of the house is now being changed into apartments, and the surrounding grounds are being graded and improved. The stones used for the house are said to have been from

(50) The Old Mill, who last grist was ground many years ago. "This mill was built by my great-uncle Barton Taylor and according to my grandmother's prediction was never a success. He lost it as well as his own home by Sheriff's sale." As late as twenty years ago the mill was still standing and in 1928 when we attempted to take pictures of what remained, enough of the old walls and machinery were left to make a picturesque ruin. Now scarcely a vestige remains to mark the site although traces of the old dam may still be seen in the creek. In the corner near this property is a small house by the road,

(51) Kit Dillon's Home. She was a well known character in the neighborhood, chiefly because of her personal visit to \*President Lincoln. This little house in which she lived with her husband, John, and their eight children stood idle for many years after the death of her bachelor son James who spent his last years here. A nephew of James, we are told, still has an interest in the place. It has recently been repaired and is now occupied by a young craftsman who lives in the house and uses the front room as his shop and salesroom, which bears the sign "Greim's Lamp Shop. Metal Repairing." (See picture on p. 201)

Our last place for the day is half a mile south of the old school house corner in "Upper Taylorsville," on the Upper River Road,

(52) The Old Baker Place, which we reach by crossing the canal. "This place formerly extended on both sides of the road and up the

\* See page 54



hill. It was owned by 'old Henry Baker' an ancestor of my mother. I think the old house must be a hundred and fifty or two hundred years old. The barn is much more recent. My mother's grandfather, Samuel Baker, lived here and I think her father lived here for a time, but I am not sure. He inherited Philadelphia property and my mother was born in Philadelphia." Father's surmise that he lived here is no doubt correct as his mother's two youngest brothers were both born in Upper Makefield township in 1817 and 1819, respectively, and old letters, his son's will and accounts in Genealogical records corroborate the fact of his residence here. (See picture p.162)

The first Henry Baker came over from England in 1684 and settled along the Delaware. His son Samuel (1) who came with his father as a boy of eight is no doubt the Samuel who obtained a proprietary's patent in 1702 for eight hundred fifty-nine and a half acres of land, two hundred four of which went in 1729 to his son Samuel (2) who in 1740 obtained another three hundred fifty-nine acres of the estate. During these years the present Washington Crossing was known as *Baker's Ferry*. Samuel (2) lived here from 1706 to 1760. The five hundred sixty acres which he inherited from his father were sold in 1774 to Samuel McConkey, when the name of the ferry was changed to McConkey's Ferry. In 1777 McConkey sold this land to Benjamin Taylor, two of whose sons later settled near the Ferry. Then the name was changed to Taylor's Ferry and later to Taylorsville. Samuel's son Samuel (3) known as Samuel, Jr., was born here, then lived in Philadelphia for some years but later returned to this home in Bucks County where he died. His eldest son, Henry, was Grandmother's father, whose widow, Mary B. Baker, inherited from Henry's Uncle Joseph Baker one hundred three acres of this land which he had bought from Benjamin Taylor, (and probably more of his father's estate). Joseph died in 1827 "leaving neither widow nor issue nor brother nor sister living but the children of a deceased brother, to wit, Henry Baker, . . . Margaret Baker who intermarried with Thomas Betts and Elizabeth Baker who intermarried with John Brooks." Henry, the eldest of these heirs, died in December 1827. "In Feb. 1828 it appearing that



said premises could not be parted and divided said premises was adjudged to Mary B. Baker upon her securing to be paid to the other heirs their respective shares." In 1829 Mary sold one hundred six acres, including a tract on River Delaware, to Mahlon K. Taylor.

"My mother told of her uncle living here," Father continues, (this must have been Henry's younger brother Samuel who died in 1810 at the age of twenty-six leaving a will which shows that he owned the place at that time) and her brother Samuel, years later moved from Jersey to this farm. In 1850 he sold it to Mahlon K. Taylor and moved to the old Betts homestead, but in 1855 bought back about ninety acres of the farm from the canal to the 'low water mark in the river' and moved back. Later he went into business with Marshall Taylor, mortgaged his farm and lost it. Watson Large, an intimate friend of the family, whose land adjoined on the south, bought the place, but did not occupy the house. It was once rented to Emmer Trego and my brother Hutch lived here when first married in 1866." While Father was living in the west Mother's brother, Henry Snyder, talked of buying the place which was then for sale as a home for Father and Mother. But the matter was delayed and Henry died soon after so that nothing came of the plan. Before the State Park was created Arthur Townsend purchased the farm when he bought up a large section of Taylorsville, and planned to sell this property off in lots, which still remain staked out as they were several years before his death. At the request of the present owner, John Broich, who was then living in the house, Townsend sold him the buildings and about five acres of land for a poultry farm. He states that a corner stone bearing the date 1806 had to be covered when he remodeled the kitchen. The place is in excellent condition and neatly kept. By a road leading directly from the house to the village we return to Taylorsville for the night.

The will of Samuel Baker (4), above referred to, reads (in part) as follows: "I Samuel Baker, Jun. of the Township of Upper Makefield County of Bucks and State of Pennsylvania being favored with a sound mind memory and understanding do make this my last will and testament . . . For the sole use and benefit of my Father and



Mother during both or either of their natural lives and after their decease the principal of my said estate to be equally divided between my brother John H. Scattergood, Henry Baker, Jun. Elizabeth Brooks, wife of John Brooks and Margaret H. Baker or their heirs or assigns. I give and bequeath unto my sister Margaret H. Baker for the sole use and benefit of her all my rights interests and claim unto the stock Farming utensils etc also my household goods and Riding chair Grain in the Ground and other property, now under the care of my Father . . . I constitute and appoint my friend Thomas Norton my Executor to this my last will and Testament. In witness whereof I have set my hand and seal the twenty second day of the second month in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and Ten. 1810

SAML. BAKER JR. (Seal)

Witnesses present

THOM. K. BILES

ROBT. BATTY

JOLLY LONGSHORE

At the time of this will Samuel's brother Henry, Grandmother's father, was living in Philadelphia.

## CHAPTER III

### VICINITY — THE SECOND DAY'S TOUR

After a pleasant night at Mrs. Haven's Inn with all the comforts of cleanliness, modern conveniences and satisfying meals we are ready to set forth on our second day's tour. Our map shows that the road to the Highland Farm serves as a boundary line between the places visited yesterday and those on the north left for today. At the school house corner beyond the canal bridge we turn right. At our immediate left is

(53) An Old House, with severe lines and bearing the scars of the years. I give it but a glance knowing of no claims for any family associations with this marred old house looking as though it were uninhabited. But Father's memory for details does not let it escape, "Your grandma and her mother lived here for a time when Mother was a girl, after the death of her father. At this time or later Burroughs Taylor owned the place. He was a wealthy man at one time but lost all his property through drink and died in the poor house." Some years ago Samuel Gwinner owned the place but sold it to Emery Cramer who always rented it out. Within the past two years the house has been sold to Harold Erickson. The surrounding farm land is the property of Charles Buckman. "This little house on our right was Pat McCarn's, on a part of Uncle Bernard's old farm. Next is the farm where my brother Henry attended the sale and caught that bad cold that ran into consumption from which he never recovered. Next are the ruins of

(54) "The Thomas B. Lownes Place. He was named for my mother's Uncle Tommy Betts. After his wife's death his sister Eliza lived with him and kept house for many years. Your Aunt Phebe, whose mother was a sister of Tommy and Eliza, made her home here from the time she was sixteen until her marriage to Harvey Tomlinson, and was one of the heirs to the property after the death



of her uncle and aunt. The house and barn were completely destroyed by fire not many years ago. Next to this farm (probably across the road) was the farm belonging to Tommy's cousin, Tommy C. Lownes, but it was later bought by Tommy B. . . . Just beyond this corner to the north is the 'Josie Betts Place.' Josie was an unmarried brother of Uncle Tommy, whose sister Betsy kept house for him. Josie left this place to his namesake Joseph Betts Stapler. Later, my cousin Ed Malone bought the farm which is still a part of the Malone property."

At the corner we turn left and pause in front of

(55) The Old Betts School. "This was one of the oldest schools in the township and the first public school I ever attended. All my brothers and sisters except Lew went here too. It was also used as a place of worship for a good many years by the Methodists and all our family attended services here until the Taylorsville church was built. After the Taylorsville school was finished in 1855 this school house was bought by Josie Betts and turned into a dwelling. It has been used for that purpose ever since. Miss Warner, a great friend of my sister Sallie, was the last teacher in the old school house. Next to the school on the west is a little old stone house said to have been built as a home for the teachers of the school but never used for this purpose within my memory. The father of Bennett Bowman, the best apprentice and helper my father ever had, lived here for a time and later Elias Paxton Lownes lived here for a good many years. Those woods back of the school with the creek running through, which belonged to Tommy B. and Tommy C. Lownes, made as fine a playground for us children as you could want."

On the other side of the road, further up the hill, is

(56) The Old Betts Home. "This home belonged to the father of Uncle Tommy, and was his boyhood home. When his wife, my mother's Aunt Margaret, inherited about seventy thousand dollars they invested it in farms and Uncle Tommy lived for a time in two of his three other farms but in 1855, when I was living with him, he moved back to this old home and lived here until his death in 1878." The old stone house is situated on a hill commanding a pleasant



view. After a fire which did some damage to the house, the present owner, Norman S. Davis, made alterations both inside and out so that the present house, with plaster finish, presents a very different appearance from the original brown stone dwelling. The corner stone reads "Z. B. 1815." (Zechariah Betts, father of Thomas.) The place is now known as the Delmont Farm. (See picture p. 162)

Next on our right is

(57) Jonas Ely's Place. "This was formerly the old Slack home. Two Ely brothers married two Slack sisters, daughters of Henry. Seth Ely married Elizabeth and Jonas who married Rachel, took over her father's old home and lived here until his death." Noah Slack, who was born in 1744 and married Rachel Baker built his cabin on the site of the present house. Noah's son, Henry Baker Slack, born in 1773, built part of the present house, which at his death became the home of his daughter Rachel and her husband, Jonas Ely. After the death of Jonas in January, 1915, the property went to his son Newlin who married Edith Tomlinson the only daughter of Robert and Mary Eliza (Hibbs) Tomlinson. Mary was the daughter of Mother's Uncle William Hibbs, (whose place is next on our list). Newlin lived on this farm until his death, April 2, 1921, since which time his son Robert has occupied the place. The Elys have always been members of the Society of Friends, Robert at present being one of the influential Overseers of Makefield Meeting. Newlin's widow lived here for a time, then moved to Newtown and later to the home of her daughter, Elizabeth (Mrs. Joseph Parry), near Penn's Park where she died in March 1939. She had been for years an earnest and much beloved worker at Makefield, particularly in the First Day School. She was also an ardent advocate of the Temperance Cause, participating actively in the W.C.T.U. as long as her strength permitted. Edith's younger daughter, Florence, died in 1924; her second son, Herbert, lives in Glenside. He is engaged in landscaping with the Tri-County Construction Company.

From The Ely place we return to the school house corner, turn right and soon reach



(58) "The Billy Hibbs Place," with house on one side and barn on the other in a quiet, secluded spot. A small creek runs near by with a pleasant little wooded slope on the other side. "Your mother's Uncle William Hibbs bought this farm 'on a 2c bid'; the owner bid \$49.98 an acre and Billy raised it to \$50. After he died in 1857 his son George lived here. After the death of his only son, George gave up farming and left the place the following year." On the east end of the well built stone house up near the roof is a half moon stone slab bearing the inscription "Rural Retreat 1827." After the Hibbs family left, James R. Cooper, Justice of the Peace, lived here for several years. A few years ago it became the property of Robert Mountseir, a writer for the New York Sun, who modernized the house and made some changes, but preserved intact the old lines and the seven old-time fireplaces. In July 1938 the property was sold to David I. Goldstein, a lawyer living in Maplewood, New Jersey, who has kept the house as he purchased it but has improved the grounds and the barn. He expresses a great fondness for the place, which is now pleasingly neat and attractive.

This stony old country road, only a mile in length, leads us back to the Highland road, where we turn right. Passing by the old Highland Homestead we reach the school house corner and turn right. A short distance beyond, Father begins to point out the homes of neighbors they knew so well who lived on the road to his brother Hutch's home, the "Billy Beans Place." "Those buildings way back on our right were Johnnie Tomlinson's. He had a nice pond where we always went for ice every winter to fill our ice house." At the next corner where we turn right we face

(59) Joseph Leedom's Place. "He was the father of Rose Emily, Theodore, Jim, Anna, Howard, Clara, and Horace. The Leedoms were not members of any church but were splendid \*neighbors. Mrs. Leedom and Mother were young girls together and always great friends. On voting days Pap always took Mother as far as the Leedoms and left her there to visit while he went on up to the Eagle to vote. This next road, like a lane, leads between the buildings on

\* See page 34



(60) "Samuel Slack's Place. His children were Rebecca, Abe, Mary, Josephine, Jess, Jim, Rose and Agnes. The family were always faithful attendants of the Presbyterian church in Newtown. Rose was a schoolmate of my brother Lew and they were very congenial. She was the last of the family to live in the old home." After her death a big auction sale of household goods and farm implements was held in 1930. We were part of the large crowd that attended this sale—a never-to-be-forgotten experience when every article conceivable that a house could hold was auctioned off. From the finest pieces of mahogany to the oldest kitchen chairs, all the furniture was set out in rows on the lawn; all the smaller articles from the choicest china and glassware to the oldest frying pans and other kitchen utensils tied up in bundles, were placed on long tables in the house. The whole house, cleared of all furniture, was thrown open for inspection. The farm and buildings were later bought by Jim's son Samuel.

After a west turn at the end of this road the first right hand place is

(61) The • "Billy Beans Home." "Hutch moved to this place about 1868 I think and later bought it. He lived here until he left for Texas in 1878. Then Speak and Mary Buckman moved in and Mother and Sallie with Aunt Sue, who had lived in the east end of the house part of the time that Hutch's lived here, but had gone to Trenton in 1876, moved back. The house is a double one; Billy Beans built the new part for his son Adrian. Hutch's two youngest children, Justin and Lillian, were born here and Aunt Sue Ustick, who lived with Mother for a good many years, †died here in 1878."

The place is now owned by J. Cooper Pidcock, whose deed shows the following successive owners: Patent from Commissioners of Property of Governor of Pennsylvania to Tobias Collett, Daniel Quare, Henry Gouldney, 1706; Release to Thomas Scott, 1722; Hezekiah Bye, 1754; John Harris from Bye, 1761 and Deed: Trustees of Penna. Land Co. of London, 1763; Charles Stuart, 1773;

• See picture on Upper Makefield Map 1859

† See page 219



Charles Stuart to daughters, Mary and Hannah, 1794; his widowed daughters, Mary Hunter and Hannah Harris, to John Harman, 1801; Adrian Cornell, 1844; Cynthia, wife of William R. Beans, 1857; Hutchinson Taylor, 1874; William Beans, 1878; Andrew Jackson Gibson, 1881; Gibson's heirs to daughter, Mary (Gibson) Pidcock, and husband, the present owners, 1923.

Beyond, we come to

(62) "The Eagle," now called Wood Hill. "This was once a hotel, one of the five that used to be in Upper Makefield township. It has always been the voting place for the township." The unattractive three story frame structure now stands idle except at voting time when the owner opens it up and prepares for the voters. Beyond is

(63) The Eagle School, pleasantly situated with trees in the yard and a woods adjoining. "Elmer and Ernie Buckman came here to school when Sis and Speak lived on the Billy Beans place. When I was a boy on the Highland farm a Presbyterian Sunday School was held here every Sunday." Mary's daughters, Maggie and little Sallie attended the Brownsburg school in which district they lived, but her husband, attracted by an excellent male teacher at the Eagle School, sent his boys there and paid tuition. Next on our right is

(64) The Isaac Yates Place. This is now the property of Isaac's son William. "Isaac was another son of Uncle Amos's daughter Margaret. The place formerly belonged to Mosey Van Horn." William's son Isaac now lives here with his father. At the corner we take the road for

(65) Wrightstown and drive through the little village past the attractive old Friends' Meeting House in its grove of trees with the graveyard to the north. Here Mother's first cousin, Hannah Holcomb and other members of the Holcomb family are buried, as is Alvan Tomlinson whose family attend this Meeting. Adjoining is

(66) The Monument which marks the beginning of the infamous Indian Walk of 1737. The inscription on the monument reads: "To the memory of the Leni-Lenape Indians, ancient owners of this region. These stones are placed here to mark the starting



point of the 'Indian Walk', Sep. 19, 1737." In the History of Pennsylvania by Charles Morris the following account is given of "The Walking Purchase": "To gain title to this land a base trick was played upon the Indians in 1737, one which they never forgave. Thomas Penn, William Penn's son, agreed to it and thus brought deep disgrace upon his name. (William Penn had died some years previously.) There was a tradition of William Penn's 'three days' walk' which was only half taken. The Indians were willing to agree to the remaining day and a half's walk. It was to begin at Wrightstown, Bucks County and run northward in a line parallel to the Delaware River to the 'Forks of the Delaware,' a place where this river is joined by the Lehigh.

"The savages supposed that the walk would be made in the easy-going way of William Penn with stops to rest and chat. But they had now a man of different character to deal with. Walkers were advertised for, prizes offered to the one who would walk farthest in a given time. The governor was to select three and the Indians three others. Everything was done to make the walk a long one. Trees marked as guides, underbrush cut away, food and liquors placed along the road. (Thomas?) Marshall and \*two others were chosen by the whites. On the first day one of the whites was tired out and before sunset the Indian walkers left in disgust, saying they were being cheated. 'No sit down to smoke,' 'no shoot a squirrel,' 'run, run, all day.' At noon the next day, Marshall, the only one to survive, had reached a point sixty or seventy miles above the starting point and thirty miles north of the Lehigh river, far beyond the Lehigh hills, the expected stopping point. The Indians refused to give up their homes but in the end were forced to do so. Never again was there the friendly feeling between the Indians and whites, which William Penn had so wisely fostered."

On the way to Pineville we pass

(67) The Anchor. An old inn, a landmark, near the corner of cross roads, one of which is a main highway to Philadelphia. A large white anchor is painted high up on both slopes of the red

\* One of these was James Yeats, Jr. See page 167



roof and at one end, but the building itself is unappealing. At Pineville we turn right and at the fork take the middle road for Washington's Headquarters, passing two farms on our left, first,

68) The Bennie Wiggins Place. "Bennie was an Orthodox Friend and one of the six directors for the schools of the township who examined all the teacher applicants not having a county certificate. He was an influential director and especially kind to your mother\* when she took her first examination." . . . The present owner of this old Wiggins Place is J. A. Beyer, who is a cabinet maker, repairer of old furniture and clock maker. He tells us that the west end of the big stone house was built in 1787 by the first Benjamin Wiggins. His son Benjamin built the addition in 1814, and in 1835 built the small house below for himself, giving the original home to his son, the third Benjamin, who lived here in Father's time. This last Benjamin left no sons but a son-in-law, Ed Horn, bought the place. Ed Horn's son, who was a doctor in Philadelphia, inherited it and sold it for speculation to Ed Kirk. A Mrs. Carr bought it from him for a summer home but wearied of the poor road and sold it to the present owner.

Opposite the old house is a little spring house, built in 1798. In 1824 Benjamin built a room over the spring house and fitted it up for a school. Here his oldest daughter, Margaret, taught her little invalid sister and about eighteen of the neighborhood children, who paid three cents a day for tuition.

Beyond the Wiggins place is a school house and next, set back from the road, is the old Eastburn home where John Eastburn was born. It is now the residence of C. E. Morgan, 3rd, who has improved and beautified the old place.

"This next place on our left was

(69) "George Ely's Home, owned by John Eastburn." John moved to this home when he was first married in 1830, but in 1849 he took over the home that had belonged to his wife's father, Abraham Smith, on the opposite side of the road from the Wiggins place and further down at the corner. Here he built the square house and

\* See page 61



big stone barn which he paid for by giving to each workman a bushel of wheat a day. This place is now owned by Dr. Bucher, a Philadelphia physician. After John left the home where he lived when first married, he rented it to George Ely. "George was the father of Alfred, Amos, Jonas, Sam, Debbie, Anna, Seth, Joe, Albert, Timothy, and Lewis. Their mother, 'Aunt Phebe Ely,' as we all called her, was a dear old lady. The family were all Quakers. Sam was a successful teacher in the township and later moved to a small farm near Kansas City. Anna taught for a good many years in the Indian school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Debbie married Newlin Smith and moved to Mound City, Kansas. Seth lived in Trenton. He had two daughters, Marianna, who died several years ago and Fannie who now lives in Newtown." (Fannie died in June 1939). The place is now the property of Henry Bristol, one of the manufacturers of Ipana toothpaste and other household products. He has modernized the house and made striking improvements in the surroundings. Next on our left is the Old Keith Place, known as

(70) "Washington's Headquarters." This place was occupied by Washington and his troops for ten days before the Battle of Trenton. It was in this place that the battle was planned, and that the spy, John Honeyman, reported to Washington. Disguising himself as a British soldier, he escaped from their lines and was taken prisoner by Washington's soldiers, who, at his command, imprisoned Honeyman in an ice house back of the house. Washington detailed a guard to watch him but during the night sent the guard on another mission to fight a fire and while they were gone he himself set Honeyman free after learning from him details concerning the number and position of the enemy. In the morning when the guard unlocked the door to bring the prisoner before Washington they found him gone and in great excitement reported the fact to Washington. He, feigning surprise, sent some of his soldiers to search for Honeyman, who had by this time reached the British lines and had reported to them his capture. He told the British he had escaped and described the pitiful plight in which he had found the American forces, half clad, half fed and utterly unprepared to



fight. He said the British need have no fear from the Revolutionary forces in their present condition. Hence the Hessians, totally off their guard, were taken completely by surprise in the midst of their festivities when Washington made his famous attack early on the morning after Christmas.

This old house in which Washington was quartered sets back from the road almost at the base of Jericho hill. In Washington’s day it must have been an ideal place of hiding. The ice house is gone but the old elm that overshadowed it still stands at the corner of the house, carefully tended by the Bristols, the present owners of the place. (See picture on p. 201)

Father always referred to this as the “Old Keith Place.” The Keith family obtained the land as an Indian grant; William Keith, who lived here during Washington’s stay, had, but a short time before, built the addition to the old part. Desiring to keep the place in the Keith family and having no son, William left it to his nephew John Keith Slack, who had his name changed to John Slack Keith. John left it to his son James, who sold it to a Dr. Paxson of Langhorne. He lived here for three or four years then sold it to Sigafos and Poore, a Reigelsville firm who bought it for the lumber. They cut down several trees, enough to realize more than they paid for the place. This firm sold the place to Harry Thompson from Wycombe. His widow and some of their ten children lived here until June of the present year, although about five years ago they sold the property to Henry Bristol the owner of the adjoining farm. He is now improving the old house which, in its fresh coat of glistening white, stands out a conspicuous feature of the landscape, in striking contrast to the brown stone finish of the old house which blended into its surroundings.

James Keith often visited this old Headquarters place after he left it and liked to wander from room to room, telling of many incidents that had occurred in each and pointing out the rooms occupied by Washington. We are indebted to Mrs. Thompson, the wife of the previous owner, for the above information, much of which she had from James Keith on his visits to the old house. Her ac-



count of the Honeyman incident differs but slightly from that given by \*Todd.

At the end of this road we bear left and, deciding to risk a puncture, take the old stony country road

(71) Over Jericho. "Well, as long as I can remember this has never been a good road. We used to say the hill was so steep that at the top of 'Jericho Mountain' the wagon would be sloping up the hill at the same time that the horses were beginning to go down." Nothing daunted, however,—for we love the by-roads—we reach the top, pause for a view of the surrounding country and take the first left road after descending. A right turn leads through

(72) Buckmanville, so diminutive a village that we feel some doubt as to whether we have found it. In Father's day it was of sufficient importance to boast of a post office. At the second cross road we bear left and pass on our left as we turn,

(73) John Smith's old Home. "Mary Marcellus† lived here with her uncle John after her parents died, until he moved to Kansas. Your mother's Uncle Sammie Hibbs, who married Ellen Smith, lived here for a time also." It is now the home of Letitia Betts, whose mother was descended from the Timothy Taylor family.

On the other side of the road at the near by corner is a small cluster of homes. "In my day this was always known as

(74) "'Smith Corners.' I believe one of these houses was the home of Robert Simpson, the father of Mattie, who married your mother's first cousin Bert Hibbs." Beyond at our left is

(75) The old, old Smith Place. "This was Newlin Smith's home. He and Debbie lived here before moving to Mound City, Kansas, about seventy years ago. The place belonged to ancestors of John and Jonathan Smith and the deed is said to date back to an Indian land grant. Newlin was Jonathan's son and was the last Smith to live here."

The present owners of the home are justly proud of the original deed for the place which dates back to three Penn owners, John,

\* The Washington Crossing's Sketch Book—Todd, page 12

† See page 64



Thomas and Richard, sons of William Penn. These three brothers granted to Robert Smith a patent for two hundred thirteen acres, of which the present farm is a part. The oldest portion of the substantial stone house was built by Thomas Smith in 1738 and bears the initials of Thomas and his wife, Elizabeth, as does the addition which was built in 1754. Jacob Livezey bought this place from the Smiths nearly seventy years ago. After Jacob's time the property passed into the hands of his son and later to his grandson, Charles W. Livezey, the present owner and occupant of the home.

Before reaching Pineville we turn right at a V-shaped fork of the road and after crossing a creek see a handsome old house on our left with all the buildings and grounds in beautiful condition,

(76) The Albert Hibbs Place. "This was the old Simpson homestead. Your mother's Uncle Bert Hibbs married Margaret Simpson in 1850 and they became the owners of the old homestead. Uncle Bert lived here for a good many years. His only son, Simpson, died in early manhood. His daughter, Mary, married my cousin Justice Taylor, and lived in Philadelphia. Uncle Bert and Aunt Mag left the place and moved to Philadelphia while we were in the West." The house was built by Margaret Simpson's father about 1810. Albert Hibbs was the youngest of the eleven children in his father Lambert's family in which Mother was brought up. He was a handsome man, genial, kindly, of great force of character and exceedingly neat. Albert and his family loved the old homestead and kept it in splendid condition during their residence here.

When Albert and his wife left the place about 1891 and moved to Philadelphia with Mary, they rented the farm to Richard Carter to whom it was sold after the death of Albert's wife in 1909. She outlived Albert by several years. It is now owned by Mrs. McGimpsey, an interior decorator from New York, who has made of the fine old residence an artistic and beautiful home, wholly in keeping with its earlier traditions. (See picture on p. 162)

On our way to the five point corner a mile beyond we pass on our left another fine old house now owned by John R. Clark, of Teachers' College, Columbia University, whose taste in improving the



place has made of it a beautiful home. At the corner we take the road to

(77) Doylestown, which has been the county seat since 1813. Two interesting places here, built since Father's early years, repay a visit. Mercer Castle, out on Court Street, has been open to the public since Mr. Mercer's death. This fascinating place, resembling an old world castle, is shown by a guide. Each room is ornamented with tiles and all the window sills, columns and fireplaces, each of a different architecture, are of tiles, most of which were designed by the owner and manufactured in his tile factory, a short distance back of the castle and still in operation. The Museum in another part of town, also built by Mr. Mercer, somewhat resembles the castle in architecture. It is the property of the Bucks County Historical Society and contains many interesting exhibits.

The Doylestown Inn, an old hotel recently enlarged and improved, offers an attractive lunching place. The Old Fountain House nearly opposite is another old landmark and attracts many visitors.

Doylestown is of personal interest to us because of the fact that Mother taught here before her marriage in

(78) The Doylestown English and Classical Seminary, founded about 1867 by Benjamin Smith and his half-brother, Eugene. The school occupied the block bounded by Court, West, La Fayette, and Ashland, but the buildings have been gone for many years. Mother resigned as teacher at Highland School to accept this position in the Seminary soon after the school was started and taught here until her marriage. During those years Father thought nothing of making the fourteen mile drive with horses and "falling top" or sleigh to see her and sometimes took her back with him and on to Trenton for a weekend visit with her parents. This made an additional eight miles, totalling forty-four miles for the round trip. This distance was again to be traversed after her visit was over, for she must be back in time for her Monday classes. Father in telling of these trips, never speaks of them as a hardship. Mother's company for half the journey no doubt compensated for the other half that had to be made alone. Father also recalls the fact that here in Doylestown, over a hundred



years ago, his father began his work as a journeyman cabinet maker before he settled in Taylorsville and opened his own shop.

On the New Hope Road near Lahaska, we pass

(79) Buckingham Friends' Meeting House, one of the oldest Meetings in this section. As early as 1700 leave was granted by the Quarterly Meeting at Falls to hold a meeting for worship at Buckingham. These meetings were first held in the private homes of William Cooper, James Steiper and Nathaniel Bye. James Steiper gave a deed for ten acres of land upon which to build a meeting house. This first building was a log meeting house near the lower side of the present grave yard. In 1731 "a pretty large stone house was built, a little higher up the hill." Some were desirous at that time of building where the present house stands and Thomas Canby purchased a piece of land for that purpose.\*

A plate on the front of the present building bears the date 1764. In the north stone wall is a bullet hole made during the Revolutionary War. From the large yard that surrounds this place of worship is a pleasing view of the Buckingham valley and in the yard east of the Meeting House stood a handsome old oak, which we always admired, and which, but a few years ago, was a gnarled and picturesque giant. (See p. 147) After the tree was dead the large bare trunk stood for a time defying the elements, but has now been removed. Back of the Meeting House are the old sheds, once used as shelters for the horses. Beyond these lies the large burying ground with its neat, low markers pleasantly overshadowed and surrounded by many beautiful old trees. In the side yard stands the old stone mounting block.

For many years this Meeting House was well filled with worshippers each First Day (Sunday) morning and was a popular place for the large crowds who came from many miles around to attend the all-day "Quarterly Meetings," always held on a week day. Now but a handful of regular attendants gather for the quiet meeting hour each First Day morning.

Near Lahaska the Solebury road leads us to

\* Information taken from "Bucks County" by Dr. John Watson, 1804



(80) The Solebury Meeting House, another fine old stone meeting house, surrounded by well kept grounds, pleasantly shaded—a peaceful spot in which to worship in this quiet country neighborhood. Diagonally across the road is the graveyard and opposite is

(81) The old Solebury School in which Father's sister Mary taught a year's term in 1857 when she lived with Merrick Reeder's family. It is now used as a dwelling. Some six years after her marriage Mary lived on a farm in this vicinity which she always referred to as such a lonesome place with house set back from the road against the side of a hill. In this home her eldest daughter was born. Father says, "To reach it we used to turn left on a road about a mile beyond New Hope, go up one steep hill, down it and up another. The house was not far from the Meeting House which was on the left, the farm on the right." However we fail to locate it.

New Hope is soon reached, and a short distance south of this old fashioned little village, a side road leads off from the River Road to

(82) The Thompson Memorial Church and graveyard. A Presbyterian Church and very old, which Mother's Uncle Albert Hibbs and family attended for years. Adjoining the attractive grounds that surround the church is the well-kept graveyard. Opposite is the Boyd place, bought some years ago by the Women's Club of Trenton. A short distance south another road leads off from the River Road to

(83) Bowman's Hill, now a part of the State Park. A tower at the summit marks the spot where at the time of Washington's crossing the Delaware, a tall pine stood, in the top of which a soldier kept look out for any surprise attack before the time for crossing. From the top of the tower a fine view may be had of the surrounding country. Returning to the River Road we soon pass through Brownsburg and just beyond is

(84) The Brownsburg School, set back from the road on a slope with a woods behind. "Your mother was teaching her first school here the winter that I first became acquainted with her." This building is still used as a school. The next place beyond the school is

(85) The Old Tomlinson Place. The large old house is now va-



cant and falling into decay. "This was owned by Palmer Tomlinson and after his death by his son Robert, who lived here the rest of his life. Palmer's other five children were: Harvey; Will, who taught in the township several years and later moved to Kansas; Permelia, who married Abdon Lonshore; and Rebecca and Mary, the two unmarried sisters who were always together and who lived with Per." So great was the devotion of these two sisters for each other that after the first was taken the other lived but a short time and died, the family thought, of a broken heart.

"Robert and Mary Eliza (Hibbs) Tomlinson had seven children: Arthur, Ernest, Alvan, Walter, Palmer, Will and Edith. Arthur began his schooling under your mother — the brightest pupil she ever had, she often said." He later became a teacher and founded a successful preparatory school at Swarthmore. Ernest edited and owned a newspaper in Morristown where his widow, Mary, and their only son still live, the son carrying on the newspaper work begun by his father. Alvan (see p. 163) and Palmer were farmers. Palmer married Ellie Johnson and lives up near Bowman's Hill on the place formerly owned by his wife's father. Ellie died several years ago. Walter died as a young man. Will studied medicine but on account of ill health gave up his practice and lives on a farm near Philadelphia. Edith married Newlin Ely (see p. 182). The property is now owned by Mrs. Buckland. (See No. 87). The next house near by, back from the road, was

(86) "Stony Brook"—the Tomlinson House by the Mill. "This was built for Harvey and Phebe by Phebe's father, Abdon Hibbs, soon after their marriage. When Palmer Tomlinson died, his oldest son, Rob, did not want to take over the farm unless Harvey would run the mill which was on the place. Harvey agreed, and lived here for a time but the mill was never a paying proposition and Harvey sold it after a few years to a Mr. Hall. Your mother and her parents boarded here when she taught at Brownsburg." Mr. Hall's son Samuel, followed by Samuel's son, Lew, lived on the place until a short time ago when Charles Levi, a salesman in Philadelphia, bought it. Mrs. Levi is a sister of Mrs. Lew Hall, the former owner.



Across the bridge where the road divides we keep to the right on the old road and soon come to (See picture p. 201)

(87) A Tommy Betts Home. "Uncle Tommy was living here when I went to live with him November 20, 1854. In 1855 he sold the farm to John Moore and moved back to his old home (See No. 56). Some years later this place became the property of Henry Wynkoop." The capacious house with its handsome front door, its graceful stairway, its old time wooden shutters, its large porch on three sides of the house commanding a pleasing view of the Jersey hills has stood idle for many years and has been falling into decay. The barn which was across the road from the house burned down a few years ago, but the old stone foundation is still standing. (Since writing the above the big front porch has been torn down and the place has within the past few months been rented by its present owner, Mrs. Gertrude Buckland of Allentown, to Mr. and Mrs. Hershberger of Wilkes-Barre. Mr. Hershberger is a cabinet maker and jeweler and his wife a decorator. They are improving the place which has been for so long but a disconsolate reminder of past beauty.) A short distance on is

(88) The Ed Malone Place, a handsome, well-kept group of buildings with a long maple-lined driveway leading to the house. The place was called by the Malones "The Collingwood Farm." This farm was given to Jacob Taylor at the time of his marriage in 1846 by his father, Bernard, who built the house for him at that time. The farm was a part of Bernard's extensive tract, which, as previously stated, extended from Taylorsville to Brownsburg and down to the river. In 1850 Jacob went into business in Philadelphia and rented the farm to Joshua Heston. He later sold it to his sister Hannah's husband, Watson Malone, of Philadelphia. Sometime in the 60's the entire house burned down but Watson rebuilt it at once on the old foundations, apparently reproducing the original house which appears on the Upper Makefield map of 1859 (see p. 127) and closely resembles the present one pictured on p. 162. After Watson's death his son Edwin became the owner. He bought up several adjoining farms, modernized the house, beautified the grounds



and with a second house and several other buildings forming an attractive cluster pleasantly situated near the canal and overlooking the river, made a delightful summer home for himself and family.

Edwin, a genial man who won the respect and warm affection of neighbors and employees, gave us cordial greetings as we halted at the fine old home where Father enjoyed a chat with this second cousin of whom he had seen but little in recent years. Since Edwin's death in 1934, which followed a few months after his wife's decease, the place has been the property of his only child, Elsie Burtnett, wife of Edward Wright Deakin. She inherits her father's kindly disposition and dispenses the same cordial hospitality.

Within the past few months the place has been sold to George R. Kent of New York. This home is the last one of the many old Taylor homes in the vicinity to pass out of the family. The present owner, George Ruddle Kent, is the son of William Campfield Kent and Anna Sharpe Ruddle of Jenkintown, Pennsylvania. George's father, William, was the grandson of William Campfield Kent who built Beechwood at Jenkintown. Mrs. George Kent, the former Alicia Amory Maddox du Pont, is the daughter of the second Mrs. Alfred I. du Pont, whose mother was Eleuthera Pauline du Pont, the wife of Judge Edward Green Bradford of Delaware. The late Alfred I. du Pont, who was the second husband of Mrs. Kent's mother and also her second cousin, was the owner of the large estate of "Nemours" at Wilmington, Delaware. The Kents express a fondness for this old Taylor-Malone home, into which they have but recently moved, and to which they have given the name of Buckstone Farm.

The front drive from the house leads to the lower river road and we are soon back in Taylorsville. No family tour of this old Bucks County neighborhood, so familiar to Father, would be complete without a run over to Titusville a mile up on the Jersey side of the river. For this little village also has family associations.

Crossing the Delaware by the Taylorsville bridge, we follow the winding road near the river through the New Jersey State Park with its monument opposite the one on the Pennsylvania side which marks the site of Washington's landing. This Park is older and more



extensive than the Washington Crossing section of the Pennsylvania State Park. The old McConkey house, where lived the man who ferried Washington over the river, is now an interesting museum. The pleasant road leads on to Titusville becoming the main street of the little village with its houses on our right and river bank on our left. A little white house next the old Hart-Hill property was

(89) Grandmother Taylor's Last Home. "This was the place where Mother and Sallie moved when they left the 'Billy Beans Place.' Mother died here the following spring. Then Mary Marcellus stayed with Sallie until she broke up housekeeping and came to live with us." I gaze at the diminutive front yard and wonder how as a small child I ever constructed the big mansions I used to make out of the piles of dead leaves, on those autumn days when I was permitted to go up from Trenton for a weekend visit. How I would beg my aunt not to rake up the precious leaves until I could come! And when the leaf house with downstairs rooms and second story bedrooms was done what fun to run up the stairs I had so carefully made and jump into the big piles which were heaped high to represent the beds! The little home brings back childish memories as golden as the autumn days.

A few blocks further on is

(90) Grandmother Snyder's Last Home, a double cement house beyond the corner, once of dreary aspect, in shabby red, but now repainted. "This is where we were living the year your Grandma Snyder died, when your mamma was so sick with erysipelas. We lived in the south side of the house and Will Wharton, Mary Marcellus's brother-in-law, in the other half. It seemed strange that your two grandmothers, who spent nearly all their lives in Pennsylvania, should both have died over here in Titusville." Pondering on life's mysteries as we drive slowly by I look at the plain old house and, with a dim memory of its dark little rooms, lift a prayer of thankfulness that Mother, in her fight for life up in that front bed room, was spared to live in more pleasant homes and to bequeath to us a wealth of happy memories in a family circle unbroken for many years.

The village street leads us through a narrow little road back to the



main route. Our pleasant loitering at ten and fifteen miles an hour with the enjoyment and safety which lack of hurry ever affords, is over. We have left The Past with its flood of memories and are back to the speed of the Highway and to the rush and responsibilities of The Present.









*The Home of Thomas Betts  
in 1854 – Later  
Henry Wynkoop's Home*



*Washington's Headquarters  
Behind Jericho*



*Eliza H. Taylor's Home  
The "Widow's Curse Place"*



*Kit Dillon's Home*



*Stacy Buckman's Place  
South View*



*The Billy Beans Place*



## PART III

### GENEALOGY — BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES





## CHAPTER I

### FATHER'S ANCESTORS

#### PATERNAL ANCESTORS — THE TAYLORS

The name of Taylor, one of the four commonest names in England and found in every county there, is believed to have been given to its original bearers because of their occupation. It has passed through various spellings—Tayler, Tayleur, Tailor, Taylard, Taylour, Taylur, gradually emerging as Taylor. One branch of the family at least was said to be descended from a Norman Baron Taillefer, who came to England with William the Conqueror in 1066. On the death of the Baron in 1066 his family received from the Conqueror large estates in Kent.

On the Hundred Year Rolls of 1273 we find Henry le Taluir, Cecil le Tayllour, Roger le Taylur and Richard le Taylor. By the early fourteenth century a John Taylor was living at Scholoschurst, Kent, and a direct descendant in 1560 was Lord of the Manor there.

The earliest bit of family tradition within my recollection—that our first American ancestor was Christopher Taylor who came over with William Penn—is inaccurate. True, Christopher Jr., son of Christopher of Skipton in Craven, Yorkshire, did come over in 1682 and was a close friend of Penn. But all efforts of genealogists, even to search in England, have failed to discover the link, if such exists, between Christopher and Philip, from whom our descent is established. Philip's parents were from Devonshire, England. For this information and other items concerning his life in England I am indebted to Mrs. Stanton Taylor, Sr., of Philadelphia. (See Appendix).

*Philip Taylor*, an English Quaker preacher, was the son of Gawin, or Goyne of Holcomb Rogus, Devonshire and Ursulah of Halberton, also known as Priscilla of Samford - Peverell (near Halberton.) Ursulah died 8/31/1694 and is buried in Spiceland. Philip's first wife was Joane Dascom of Tiverton. His second wife, who was our



ancestor, was Julian, daughter of William and Elizabeth Lyddon of Dulverton and widow of John Atkins. Philip married Julian sooner after the death of his first wife than was consistent with the custom of Friends, but permission was granted because of their intention to leave for America. (See Appendix for notice of marriage and other details.) The date of Philip's arrival in America has not been ascertained but he and Julian were living in Oxford Township, Pennsylvania, in 1695 and were early settlers of the present site of Tacony, Philadelphia. Here Philip owned an estate of 218 acres, which was sold by his children to Gabriel Wilkinson in 1723. No reference, however, is made to this estate in his will the fac simile of which may be seen on the opposite page.

*Benjamin Taylor*, son of Philip and Julian, who was born in Oxford Township, Philadelphia in 1695, was the first Taylor ancestor to settle in Bucks County, to which place he came when a young man. Benjamin was a farmer and blacksmith, an occupation which in those days included the skillful forging in iron of a great variety of useful utensils. He became a large land owner in Upper Makefield, Lower Makefield and Newtown townships. A tract of four hundred thirty acres in Newtown township, which he purchased in 1730, he conveyed to his sons Timothy and Bernard in 1747. In 1719 Benjamin married Hannah Towne, daughter of John and Deborah (Booth) Towne. Both Benjamin and his wife were members of the Falls Meeting Society of Friends. When permission was granted by this Meeting to hold services for the Society in the neighborhood of Makefield, their home was one of two which were used for worship before the Meeting House was erected. Benjamin and his wife both died in 1780 within a few days of each other. Of their ten children, Benjamin, the eldest son, died in early manhood.

*Bernard Taylor*, the second son of Benjamin and Hannah, was born in 1724, in Newtown township, probably in the old, old Taylor farm near Dolington. (See p. 160). In 1746 he married Mary Kirkbride, whose great-grandparents, Mahlon and Rebecca (Ely) Stacy were married at Cinder Hill, Yorkshire, England in 1668. Mary's paternal grandfather, Joseph Kirkbride, was a member of the Penn-



In the Name of God Amen I Philip Taylor of  
the Township of Oxford in the County of Philadelphia  
being sick and weak of body but of perfect memory  
thanks be to God considering the frailty of mankind  
do make and ordain this my last will and testament  
in manner and form as followeth/

Imprimis I commit my Soul into the hands of Almighty God  
who gave it, and my body to be buried in christian burial  
in hope of a joyfull resurrection at the last day/

Item after my Just and lawfull debts be justly and honestly  
paid I do give and bequeath unto Julian Taylor  
my loving wife Seventy pounds lawfull money of Penn-  
sylvania/

Item I give unto my Son Peter ten pounds of like lawfull money

Item I give unto my Son Benjamin ten pounds of like lawfull money

Item I give to Julian my Daughter ten pounds of like lawfull money

Item I give to Sarah my Daughter five pounds of like lawfull money

Item I give to Martha my Daughter five pounds of like lawfull money

Item I give to Elizabeth my Daughter five pounds of like lawfull money

Item I give to Ursula my Daughter five pounds of like lawfull money

and it is my will that the Children beqisier shall be paid to  
each of them as they successively come to age/

Item I make and ordain my well beloved Brother Peter Taylor -  
absolute and sole Executor of this my last will and testament

Item I give to my Executor five pounds of like lawfull money -

Item I make and ordain my loving and faithfull friend Abble -  
Hoddy and Julian Taylor my loving wife to be Rulers  
and supervisors of this my last will and testament -

In witness whereof I have here unto set my hand  
and Seale this thirtieth day of 4<sup>th</sup> sixth month August  
anno Dom. 1709.

Sealed and delivered  
in the presence of  
Ezekiel <sup>his</sup> Hartman  
mark

Philip Taylor

Abble Cotton  
Julian Taylor Jun<sup>r</sup>





sylvania Assembly from 1712-1720 and Justice of Bucks County from 1708-1726. Her father, \*Mahlon Kirkbride, was a member of the Assembly from 1740-1756 and Justice from 1749-1752. They were among the largest land owners of Bucks County. Bernard, like his father, was an influential member of the Society of Friends. He and his brother Timothy served as two of the trustees appointed in 1753 to purchase land and erect Makefield Meeting House. In his will, dated 1789, the year of his death, Bernard left to his son Benjamin "all my plantation whereon I dwell, with all the buildings, appurtenances, utensils, horses, cows, sheep, etc"; to his nephew Bernard, son of Timothy, his farm in Upper Makefield, and to his son Mahlon "£500 which he owes."

*Benjamin*, son of Bernard and Mary, was born in 1751 and was married at Falls Meeting in 1772 to Elizabeth Burroughs, the mother of his eleven children. He too was a large land owner, giving, as was the custom of the day, a farm to each of his sons when they set up homes of their own. In 1777 he bought from Samuel McConkey several acres of land along the Delaware including the ferry at the site of Washington Crossing, when the name was changed to Taylor's Ferry and later to Taylorsville, as stated in Part II.

Benjamin was an influential member of Makefield Meeting, serving on many important committees and as clerk for a period of eight years. In his will dated 4-1-1831 where he refers to himself as "Benjamin Taylor the Elder far advanced in years", he meticulously mentions each of his children and some of his grandchildren. He bequeathed to his second wife, Ann, the household goods that she brought with her at the time of her marriage, \$500 in cash and together with his unmarried daughter, Nancy, life interest in the farm which he left to his son Benjamin, Jr. To daughters Nancy, Lydia Yardley and Elizabeth Warner \$1000 each. The proceeds from sale of 13 acres of woodland in Upper Makefield and 700 acres in Huron County, Ohio, to daughters Lydia Yardley and Mary Cadwallader. To each of his five living sons he gave \$10 but had previously advanced money and land. No doubt the land advanced

\* See Appendix for the Kirkbride ancestry dating back to 1095



to Mahlon and Bernard who both settled in Taylorsville, was from the McConkey purchase. To the widow of his son Samuel he gave a small property for life. "To my grandsons Jacob and Charles Cadwallader and granddaughter Elizabeth Sellers an affectionate remembrance and I am happy in believing that they are blessed with a competence without my feeble aid." Of Benjamin's seven sons three preceded him in death. The four younger sons outlived him by many years and were well remembered by Father. (See p. 268)

Benjamin's eldest son, *Samuel*, Father's grandfather, was born in 1776 and in 1799 married Eliza Hutchinson, of whose family we have no records. Samuel was at one time a large land owner in Bucks County, but left this section for a time and moved to Troy, New York, where he lived for five years or longer. In 1804 his wife was admitted to The Friends' Meeting in that place. The simple certificate for her admission reads as follows:

Dear Eliza

Troy 28 Nov. 1804

This is to inform thee that thou art Received  
as a member in our Society

Phebe Merritt

Ruth Birntnall

Samuel returned to Bucks County sometime between 1809 and 1814, and lived on a \*farm south of Taylorsville, where he ran a saw mill, getting his supply of water from Goose Creek by building a dam. Here he was drowned in his own mill race in 1814, supposedly slipping off the logs while working with them in the pond. His fifth son, Samuel Buell, Father's father, was about five years old when this occurred and frequently referred to the event. Samuel and Eliza had seven sons and one daughter, of whom brief sketches follow later. (Goose Creek is also known as Hough's Creek)

#### MATERNAL ANCESTORS — THE BAKERS, HEADS AND USTICKS

Grandmother's ancestors on her father's side were the Bakers and Heads and on her mother's side, the Usticks, all of whom came from England in early colonial times.

\* See page 174



*John Head*, a Friend, came to Philadelphia in 1717 from Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, England where he attended Mildenhall Monthly Meeting. He was a prosperous joiner in Philadelphia and died there in 1754. In 1710 he married Rebecca Mace and all of their eleven children, except Samuel, were Friends. Their son *John Head, Jr.* married *Mary Hudson* who was the great-granddaughter of *William Hudson* of York, England, an early convert to Friends, who died in York in 1713. William and his first wife, Mary, had five children of whom the eldest, William, Jr., and the youngest, Timothy, came to Philadelphia. *William Jr.* was born in York in 1664 and brought his certificate from York to Philadelphia Monthly Meeting April 3, 1686. He purchased five hundred acres in Pennsylvania but located in Philadelphia where he had a tannery on Dock street. He built a fine brick house near Third street back from Chestnut and opened Hudson's Alley. He was prominent in the Provincial Assembly and in the Philadelphia Common Council and was an Elder of the Philadelphia Monthly Meeting. He married *Mary Richardson*, the daughter of *Samuel Richardson* who came from the Barbadoes. Mary was born in London in 1673 and died in 1708-9. William died in 1742. *Samuel*, the eldest son of William and Mary (Richardson) Hudson, was born near Germantown in 1690 and married *Mary Holton* in 1715-16. He was a tanner with his father, and also, like his father, a member of the Provincial Assembly. He was lost at sea on a voyage. Samuel and Mary's daughter Mary was born in Philadelphia in 1724 and married John Head, Jr. in 1746. We know but little of John Head, Jr. and his wife except that genealogical records tell us that the Hudsons and Heads owned large estates in Pennsylvania and elsewhere and belonged to the aristocratic class in Philadelphia in early colonial days. John Head's will shows him to have been a man of considerable wealth. He left cash bequests of some two hundred thousand dollars besides a deal of property in and around Philadelphia. As stated in Part I he was probably the friend of the Revolutionary financier, Robert Morris, to whom Morris went for money during the Revolution. His will reads as follows:



## WILL OF JOHN HEAD

Be it remembered that I John Head of the City of Philadelphia a Merchant do make and ordain my last will and testament in manner following

Imprimis I direct all my just debts and funeral expenses be paid.

Item, I give and devise unto my daughter Elizabeth Baker during her natural life, only for her own separate use and disposition the following Messuages Lots and Rent charges towit: a certain lot of ground situate on High street in this city now in the tenure of Jacob Esler near Fifth street containing Eighteen feet in front and extending two hundred feet to South street also a rent charge of forty eight dollars yearly issuing out of an adjoining lot of the same dimensions which I granted to Charles Chamberlain now in tenure of Conrad Baths another yearly rent charge of forty eight dollars issuing out of an adjoining Lot of like dimensions Which I granted to Henry Welfling now in tenure of William Bell one other yearly Rent charge of fourteen pounds issuing out of a lot on South street granted to Thomas Savery, also a vacant Lot on the north side of the said South street eighteen feet in front and seventy six feet in depth more or less also fourteen acres of ground on Moyamensing Road formerly Samuel Hudsons also a Messuage and lot on the south side of Mulberry street now in the tenure of Sampson Harvey being thirteen feet four inches in front and continues that breadth twenty seven feet then widens fifteen feet six inches she paying the rent charge of seven pounds yearly to the heirs or assigns of Rebecca Steel deceased also a Messuage and Lot on the same side of said street now in the tenure of William Sansom about seventeen feet in front and fifty one feet in depth to hold to her and her assigns or appointees during life.

Item, I give unto her the sum of fifteen hundred pounds in cash or good bonds to her own separate use and to be at her own disposal by will or other writing or by parol or otherwise and from and immediately after her decease I give and devise to her six children as follows to wit: To John Head Scattergood his heirs and assigns forever my said lot on High street in tenure of Jacob Esler.

Item I give him a present legacy of fourteen hundred pounds in cash or good Bonds to Rebecca Scattergood her heirs or asisgns forever, my said Messuage and lot on Mulberry street in tenure of William Sansom. Item I give her a present legacy of fourteen hundred pounds in cash or good bonds to Henry Baker his heirs and assigns forever my said fourteen acres of ground on Moyamensing Road and a present legacy of fourteen hundred pounds in cash or good bonds to Margaret Baker her heirs and assigns forever my said two rent charges of forty eight dollars each issuing out of the said lots on High street and a present legacy of fourteen hundred pounds in cash or good Bonds to Elizabeth Baker her heirs and assigns forever the said Rent charge of fourteen pounds and payable by Thomas Savery also the said va-



cant Lot on South street in fee simple and a present legacy of fourteen hundred pounds in cash or good Bonds and to Samuel Baker his heirs and assigns forever my said Messuage and Lot on Mulberry street in tenure of Sampson Harvey subject to the said Rent charge and a present legacy of fourteen hundred pounds in cash or good Bonds and my will is that if any of my said grandchildren should die under age and without lawful issue but not otherwise the estate real and personal of such so dying be equally divided among the surviving brothers and sisters and the children or child of any of them who may be dead leaving issue such child or children only taking what his or her parent would have taken had he or she been living to them in fee to be divided equally as aforesaid.

Item, I give unto my former housekeeper Ellen Gambe twenty five pounds and the like sum of Twenty five pounds to my present housekeeper Mary Strallen to be paid them in one month after my decease Item I give unto my executors one hundred pounds to be paid over to the order of the three monthly meetings of the people called Quakers in this City when they shall direct their Almshouse for friends to be enlarged. Item I give and devise unto my daughter Sussannah Sansom her heirs and assigns forever my Messuage and Lot on the east side of Front street which I purchased of Benjamin Swett also a lot of ground and Coach house on Vine street also a Rent charge of ten pounds yearly issuing out of the adjoining Lot let to John Ives now of Doctor Say also a plantation of about one hundred and seventy seven acres situate in Nottingham Township in the County of Burlington New Jersey which I purchased of Richard Brown, also a plantation of about one hundred acres in Macunge Township which Samuel Morris as sheriff sold to me sometime John Landaws also a Lot of about fifteen acres of land on the New Germantown Road and a plantation of about six hundred acres of land near Redstone in Virginia which I lately purchased of Samuel Cauby to hold the said Messuage Lots Lands Rent Charge and premises with the appurtenances unto the said Sussannah Sansom her heirs and assigns forever.

Item, I give her eight thousand pounds in cash or good Bonds and two thousand pounds to her daughter Elizabeth in like manner. Item, I give and devise unto my daughter Anna Head my Messuage and lot on the east side of Second street bounded by lots of Thomas Paschall and Stephen Collins also a plantation at Frankford containing about forty five acres of Land in Tenure of Ulrich Rich and a lot of pasture land about fourteen acres with a barn thereon in Moyamensing Township on a lane leading to Passyunk which I bought of Edward York to hold the said devised Premises to the said Anna Head her heirs and assigns forever also ten thousand pounds in cash or good Bonds. Item I give unto my said Daughter Elizabeth Baker one quarter part of my plate Household and Kitchen furniture to be at her own separate disposal, one other quarter part thereof I give unto my daughter



Sussannah Sansom and the remaining part thereof I give unto my daughter Anna Head. Item, I give unto my son Joseph Head his heirs and assigns the Messuage and lot in Second street where I now live also the tenements and lot on the west side of Second street at the corner of Church Alley so called being thirty feet in front and one hundred and thirty two feet in depth with the appurtenances to hold to him his heirs and assigns forever also a gold repeating watch marked M H in cipher and ten thousand pounds in cash or good Bonds and all the rest Residue and Remainder of my Estate both real and personal I give and devise unto my said four children Elizabeth, Sussannah, Anna and Joseph their heirs and assigns forever equally to be divided with power to my daughter Elizabeth to dispose of her part as heretofore is expressed respecting the legacies to her. But in case my son Joseph should die under age and without issue but not otherwise the Estate real and personal to him above devised I give unto his three sisters to be equally divided in fee between them and the representatives of either of them who may then be dead leaving issue such issue only taking such part as their Mother would have done had she been living.

Item, I nominate and appoint Nicholas Waln and William Wilson to be guardians of the Person and Estate real and personal of my said son till his age of twenty one who are desired to take immediate possession thereof to receive the Rents and to place out this money on Interest on good real security by Mortgage in this City.

Lastly I nominate and constitute my friends Henry Drinker and the elder Jeremiah Warder and my son-in-law William Sansom to be Executors of this my last Will and Testament who are desired as soon as may be to divide and distribute the Mortgages Bond Notes (and money) which are good among the above legatees as above expressed and bequeathed recommending love and harmony and a care to avoid giving or taking offence, when my son Joseph attains his age he is to be an Executor with the others of this my will hereby revoking all wills by me heretofore made.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal the seventeenth day of the ninth month called September in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety one 1791.

John Head (seal)

Signed sealed published and declared by the above named John Head as & for his last Will and Testament in our presence

Wm. Wilson, affrnd.

William Wells, affrnd.

All the Witnesses & Jeremiah Warder and Wm Sansom two of the Executors affirmed the 13th February 1792 Henry Drinker before the other Executor affirmed the 15th February 1792

Geo. Campbell, Reg.



*Elizabeth Head*, the eldest daughter of John and Mary Head, married as her first husband John Scattergood. Her second husband was *Samuel Baker*, the third Samuel in direct descent from *Henry Baker* who came to Pennsylvania from West Barby, Lancashire, England in the "Vine," Sept. 17, 1684.

Henry settled in Bucks County along the Delaware and was a prominent member of Falls Meeting having been received there from Hardshaw Meeting, Lancashire, England. He was also a member of the Provincial Assembly from 1685 to 1701. Henry's first wife was *Margaret Hardman* of Aspull, England, whom he married in 1667 and by whom he had nine children. Margaret died in 1688. His second wife was Mary Radcliff, widow of James, the first settler in Wrightstown township, by whom he had one child. Henry died in 1701. (See Appendix for details concerning this influential man)

Henry's fifth child and eldest son, *Samuel*, was born at West Barby, England, in 1676, coming as a child with his father to Bucks County where he spent the rest of his life near Washington Crossing, known in those early years, up to 1774, as Baker's Ferry. Like his father, Samuel was prominent in public affairs and served as a member of the Provincial Assembly 1710-1711. In 1703 he was married at Falls Meeting to *Mary Warder*, daughter of Willoughby, and granddaughter of William from the Isle of Wight. Samuel and Mary had ten children, one of whom was *Samuel (2)* who was born in Makefield township in 1706 and died there in 1760. In 1742 he married *Elizabeth Burroughs*, daughter of John and Phebe, from Hunterdon County, New Jersey. The four children of Samuel (2) and Elizabeth were, Henry, Hannah, Samuel and Joseph. Their son *Samuel (3)*, known as *Samuel Jr.*, was born in Bucks County about 1752 and died there in 1813. (The dates in genealogical records differ by a few years from those on his tombstone.) As a young man Samuel joined his uncle Joseph Baker in Philadelphia in the hat manufacturing business. Joseph had married Esther, the daughter of John and Rebecca (Mace) Head, and was engaged in business with his father-in-law. Samuel Jr. married Elizabeth (Head) Scattergood in 1772, and lived for some years in Philadelphia but later



moved to Bucks County where he spent the remaining years of his life. Samuel and Elizabeth had four children of whom Henry, Grandmother's father, was the eldest.

*Henry Baker*, son of Samuel Jr. and Elizabeth (Head) was born in 1778 and in 1801 married *Mary Brown Ustick*, descended from Thomas, the American progenitor of the Ustick family. *Thomas*, the son of *Stephen Ustick* of the parish of St. Just, Cornwall, England, was born at St. Just near Botallock where he was baptized Nov. 27, 1704. It is stated that there were Usticks in the parish as far back as 1660 when a John Ustick is mentioned on the records. Stephen's father, *John Jr.*, living at Botallock in 1690 was probably his son.

On coming to America Thomas first settled near Schooley Mountain, New Jersey but soon removed to New York City where he was admitted May 30, 1738 as Thomas Eustick. He married *Elizabeth Shackerly*, daughter of William, of Albany, in the old Dutch Church in New York. Thomas died soon after moving to New York and is buried in Trinity churchyard, New York City at the head of Wall street. The inscription on his tombstone (now entirely obliterated) reads: "Here lies the body of Thomas Ustick who died October 11, 1738, aged 34 years, born in St. Just, in Cornwall, Old England."

The eldest of the four children of Thomas and Elizabeth was *Stephen* who was born in 1729 or 30 and was married in Trinity Church June 30, 1752 to *Jane Ruland* (or Reaulong), of the old French Huguenot family (Reaulong, Roland, Rolland, Ruland) from La Tremblade, Saintonge, France, who fled to Holland after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Three brothers, Pierre, Jean and Abraham Ruland (Reaulong) came to America and were naturalized in 1702. Jane was a Baptist whose brother, Luke Ruland, was pastor of the Baptist church at Patchogue, Long Island. Stephen, Jane's husband, died at Port au Prince Feb. 1771 at the age of 42. Most of the following information concerning *Thomas*, the eldest son of Stephen and Jane's nine children, is taken from "Memoirs of Rev. Thomas Ustick" by T. W. Ustick, printed in 1848. *Thomas* was early placed under the care of Stephen's brother William, a hardware dealer in New York. William was a devoted member of Trin-



ity church and two of his grandsons were bishops—H. V. Onderdonk of New York and B. T. Onderdonk of Pennsylvania. But young Thomas formed acquaintances among the members of the First Baptist Church in New York where he became a regular attendant. Here, under the ministry of the Rev. John Gano, his first religious impressions were received. When a little over thirteen he desired to be baptized by the Reverend Gano much to the dismay of his uncle William who strongly remonstrated with him for renouncing the Episcopal faith to which his ancestors had been attached for many generations. This uncle "made arrangements for confining him to his chamber during the day on which he was baptized. Our young Christian hero learning that such was the design escaped too early for it to be executed. This was his only act of disobedience to an uncle who tenderly loved him and to his latest hour spoke of him in terms the most endearing and respectful." This uncle is buried in Trinity churchyard by the side of his father, Thomas. The inscription on his tombstone reads:

IN  
MEMORY OF  
WILLIAM USTICK  
WHO DIED  
2ND MAY 1806  
AGED 71 YEARS 10 MONTHS

Thomas early felt the call to preach, was graduated from Rhode Island College at eighteen and at nineteen was married by the Rev. John Gano to *Hannah Witear*, daughter of John Witear, bell founder of Fairfield, Connecticut. "Thirteen children were the pledge which a bountiful Providence was pleased to give as a proof of his acceptance of the mutual love and early union of this devoted young couple."

In 1774 Thomas received his master's degree and was licensed to preach. For a time after his marriage he taught "a highly respectable school in New York . . . chiefly Greek, Latin and high mathematical studies." In 1775, fearing the British would take New York, he moved his family to Connecticut. In 1777 he was "set apart to the work of preaching by Apostolic ordination," and served churches in

Connecticut and Massachusetts until 1782 when he was called from Connecticut to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Philadelphia. On their trip from Connecticut to Philadelphia Hannah rode in a three cornered chair, probably in some conveyance which transported them and their possessions to the new home. This beautiful chair is still a prized article of furniture in the home of Father's youngest brother, Lewis.

Thomas served the church in Philadelphia for over twenty years. "He was ever an ardent friend of civil and religious liberty and fostered every means to promote a knowledge of the arts and sciences and to minister to the general welfare of humanity." In 1793 the yellow fever raged in Philadelphia, and several of his own children were attacked. He "confidingly committed all to the direction and care of Jehovah" and devoted himself to working "side by side with that great and good man, Benjamin Rush," in administering to the sick. All his children recovered. In 1802 when the fifth epidemic during his residence in Philadelphia scourged the city he, having previously been in poor health, moved to Burlington, New Jersey, where he died the following year. He is buried back of the First Baptist Church in Philadelphia and on the marble tablet over his grave is the following inscription:

IN MEMORY OF  
THE REV. THOMAS USTICK A.M.  
A GRADUATE OF RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE  
WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS  
APRIL 18TH 1803  
IN THE FIFTIETH YEAR OF HIS AGE  
WHO WAS MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS  
MINISTER OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH OF  
PHILADELPHIA  
NOR DEATH NOR HELL SHALL E'ER REMOVE  
CHRIST'S FAVORITES FROM HIS BREAST

His wife who died in 1837 was buried in the same tomb with her husband.

*Mary Brown Ustick*, the sixth child of Thomas and Hannah, was born July 9, 1780 at Grafton, Massachusetts, and married Henry



Baker, December 17, 1801. Henry and Mary lived in Philadelphia for a time and here their three eldest children were born. Sometime between 1812 and 1814 they moved to Bucks County, where their three youngest children were born in Upper Makefield Township, probably on the old Baker place. For a time they lived on a farm in New Jersey but later returned to Bucks County where Henry died in 1827 and Mary in 1832. They are buried in the Old Stone Graveyard at Yardley. Four of their six children lived to maturity—Margaret, Father's mother, and her three brothers. Brief accounts of their lives follow later.

## CHAPTER II

### FATHER'S PARENTS AND THEIR CHILDREN PARENTS

*Samuel Buell Taylor*, son of *Samuel* and *Eliza (Hutchinson) Taylor*, was born May 7, 1809 in Troy, New York, but sometime before 1814 his father, as previously stated, moved back to Bucks County. After his sudden death by drowning in 1814 his wife moved with her children to the small property near Taylorsville willed to her for life by her husband's father, but later sold by her to her brother-in-law. (See p. 175)

When a boy Samuel lived with Jimmy Tubbs on a farm near Newtown. At sixteen he went to learn the cabinet making trade under Stacy Pickering at Yardleyville, as stated in Part I. As was the custom, he lived with the Pickering family during his five years of apprenticeship, receiving for his work his board, thirty dollars a year in cash, and a month's schooling each year. After completing his apprenticeship he obtained a position in Doylestown as a journeyman, walking to Taylorsville each week end to take the earnings home to his mother. He used to cover this distance of fourteen miles at the rate of four miles an hour, a record of which he was evidently justly proud—relating it to his sons perhaps to serve as an example.

Soon he set up in business for himself in Taylorsville, where he acquired the reputation of being an excellent cabinet maker. On March 29, 1833 he was married to Margaret Head Baker, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. William H. Bull. A short time after his marriage he built a home of his own in which he and his family lived for over twenty years. The story of his married life in this home and on the Highland farm to which the family moved in 1856 has been told in Part I.

Father often speaks with pride of his father's lack of fear of any contagious disease. When the men were digging the Jersey canal in



1830 and a severe cholera epidemic broke out, the men came to Grandfather for coffins. He let them sit in his shop while he constructed the plain coffin for which they waited, and which they had to transport by ferry to the Jersey side. Often a man who came one day would be stricken the next and others waiting for his coffin, where he had sat the day before. When Grandfather's Uncle Mahlon remonstrated with him for letting the men inside, he replied he would not want to wait outside in the cold himself and would not ask others to do so. Besides he had no fear of catching the cholera. Father relates another incident showing his father's kindly nature and his lack of fear: Passing by Girard College one day Grandfather said to a man standing at the gate "That's a nice looking building," upon which the man invited him inside and Grandfather accepted, saying he had never been in the college although he had often passed by. But instead of showing him around the rooms as Grandfather had expected the man had a corpse to carry out and could find no one to help him. Of course Grandfather offered to do so upon which the man confessed it was a case of small pox. "Oh that's all right" said Grandfather, and helped carry out the victim, thus speedily terminating his only visit inside Girard College!

Although a man of home-loving habits he participated actively in neighborhood affairs. He was a member of the Horse Company whose duty it was to hunt the thief when a horse or other stock was stolen; (this company is still in existence in Bucks County); he joined the Know Nothings, a political organization supporting the Whigs, which came into existence about 1844; and he was also a member of the benevolent organization of Odd Fellows. His devoted service to the Methodist Church has already been referred to in Parts I and II. He had been a birthright Friend up to the time of his conversion at the Methodist camp meeting in New Jersey. But after his conversion he became an ardent Methodist and helped to organize the first Methodist services in the vicinity which were held in the Betts school. Later he took the initial steps for building the Taylorsville church, as told in Part II.

He was evidently a born executive. As Father puts it, "Preachers



and church members alike looked to him to manage and he managed his household in the same way." A strictly temperate man in Frances Willard's interpretation, "Moderation in the use of things that are not harmful, total abstinence in those which are," he never smoked nor drank. Although he liked the taste of alcohol, telling the doctors they could not order any medicine he liked as he did whiskey, he remained a conscientious and total abstainer all his life, and must have grieved over the fact that some of his own brothers and cousins became ensnared by the wiles of alcohol. At the age of thirty-six he had a serious case of brain fever from which Grandmother thought he never entirely recovered, as he suffered intensely from severe headaches the rest of his life. He was a great reader, devoted to his newspaper, his Advocate and his Bible.

To many of his sayings and his ways Father refers again and again with reverence and an unquestioning loyalty. His emphatic expressions, strong convictions, and positive teachings impressed themselves upon his children's minds in ways they never forgot. Industrious, religious, upright, hospitable and friendly—a stalwart man—he lived unafraid, respected and trusted by neighbors and friends, loved and revered by his family. He died Feb. 25, 1870 and was buried in the Taylorsville graveyard behind the little church he had so faithfully served.

His will of date Feb. 17, 1870 reads as follows:

I, Samuel B. Taylor . . . in view of the uncertainty of life and being desirous of settling my worldly affairs while of sound disposing mind and memory do make and declare this my last Will and Testament as follows:

I First Direct that all my just debts and funeral expenses be paid by my executors as soon after my decease as may be convenient.

Second. I will and bequeath unto my beloved wife Margaret H. Taylor all my property of whatsoever kind for the term of her natural life, for her sole use and benefit; to be used appropriated or invested as she may think proper she having exclusive control of the same; as well as any other monies or property that may hereafter inure to my estate for the aforesaid term of her natural life.

Third. Should any residue remain after the decease of my widow I will that the same shall be equally divided amongst my children according to the intestate laws of this commonwealth.



Fourth. I hereby appoint my sons Hutchinson Taylor and Frederic Taylor executors to this my last Will and Testament.

*Margaret Head Baker* was born on Front Street, in Philadelphia, on Sunday, January 19, 1812. As previously stated her parents moved to Bucks County sometime before 1814 and then for a time lived on a New Jersey farm which Father remembers his mother pointing out to him as her home when she was a girl. It was on the Pennington road about two miles from Taylorsville beyond the Bear Tavern. After the death of her father she and her mother lived for a time in Upper Taylorsville.

She was a slender girl of twenty-one when married but grew to be very fleshy in later life. Her neatness as a housewife, her fame as a cook, her industry, her devotion to her family and her good sense in bringing up her children, her good nature, her love of fun, her popularity among relatives and friends, her hearty welcome for all who pulled her latch string which seldom hung idle, and her fine Christian character have all been dwelt upon in Part I.

After her husband's death she, with her daughter Sallie and her Aunt Sue, left the \*Wash Radcliff home and moved from place to place. They lived with her married daughter Mary near Newtown; also in the Old Canal House in Taylorsville; and in the east end of the double house on the Billy Beans place, where her son Hutch lived for several years. In 1876 she was living at 52 Hanover street, and the following year at 32 Academy street, Trenton, at both of which places she and Sallie took boarders. Then back again they moved to the Billy Beans place in 1878 when Mary lived in the west part. During this year her Aunt Sue Ustick who had lived with them since 1850 passed away. Mary Slack, daughter of Henry, who was helping take care of Aunt Sue related a curious dream she had a short time before Aunt Sue's death: "I dreamed of having two old teeth pulled which is a sure sign of the death of two old people; I suppose one of them will be Aunt Sue, but I can't think who the other one will be." A short time before her death Father started to walk home from a visit to his mother and met on the way the messenger

\* See page 146



coming to report the death of their Uncle Tommy Betts at the age of ninety-six. At this news they all recalled the dream.

In the spring of 1879 Grandmother and Sallie moved to Titusville, New Jersey, where Grandmother died on May 20, 1880. Three of her children, Fred, Sallie and Lew were with her the night she died and Fred's family, too, were there.

Samuel and Margaret Taylor had nine children, two of whom died in infancy—the eldest son who died soon after birth and who, Father remembers his mother telling him, was to have been named Samuel had he lived and Susan Ustick who was born in 1845 and died when less than a month old. The other seven children grew to maturity.

#### CHILDREN

*Henry Baker Taylor* was born July 21, 1835. As a lad he attended the Betts school and when a young man went to Pennington Seminary for two or three years. He learned the cabinet trade under his father and worked with him in the shop until they moved to the Highland farm, when he decided to give up cabinet making and seek quicker financial returns. However, after a brief trial at helping on another farm, he returned home, apparently willing to settle down. But whatever plans he may have had for his future were cut short on that fatal day in the spring of 1857 when he attended a sale, stood out in a cold storm and waded around in the slush, contracting the cold which developed into consumption. After more than a year of invalidism he died in July 1858.

In spite of Grandfather's theory that boys were subject to too many temptations in a village, Henry contracted no bad habits during his twenty-one years of life in Taylorsville but grew up to be a devoted and obedient son, a consistent Christian and a regular attendant at church services. He was engaged to Sue Lanning, afterwards Sue Hart, whom he probably met during her visits at the home of John White, a relative of hers who lived in the old Canal House in Taylorsville. Because of her affection for Henry Sue always kept up her intimacy with the family. Henry was the only one of the children buried in Taylorsville graveyard.



*Mary Baker Taylor* was born June 8, 1837. After her childhood training at the Betts school she went to the Pennington Seminary and later to the Philadelphia Normal. While attending the latter school she lived with the family of her uncle Tommy Baker, a printer in Philadelphia. In 1856 Mary taught her first school at Highland, which at that time had the reputation of being one of the worst in the township. When Mary took the school, Robert Trego's wife, a good neighbor, said, "It is a shame for that nice young girl to take such a bad school; it will just ruin her chance of success as a teacher." On the contrary her success was phenomenal and established her reputation as one of the county's best teachers.

Near the close of that first term the directors visited her school, assured her of the satisfaction she had given and asked her to return the following year. To her question as to whether there had been any criticism of her work they replied that the only criticism they had ever heard came from one family who thought she showed partiality to her own brothers and sister. On hearing this, she lost no time after school that day in walking the three miles to the home of Mr. Large, a good friend of the family and the director in charge of the school. She came straight to the point and handed in her resignation. Her mind was made up and nothing could alter her decision.

During the summer she heard of an examination in Solebury which she took, standing so high that the directors offered her the choice of any of the township's thirteen schools. She chose the Solebury school which was at that time opposite the Friend's Meeting House. At the close of the year the Upper Makefield directors urged her to return to the Highland school, which she decided to do. The gratification of being asked to return and the pleasure in being at home no doubt compensated for the overcrowded school of eighty-six pupils with seats for forty-four. Notwithstanding this handicap she was ever mistress of the situation and exerted a lasting influence over the lives of her pupils.

Her teaching career came to an end in 1860 when on November first she was married to Micajah Speakman Buckman, son of Stacy C. and Sarah Ann (Briggs) Buckman of Newtown township. Sarah



was the daughter of Phineas Briggs and Sarah (Taylor) of the Timothy Taylor line. Stacy was descended from William Buckman who came in the "Welcome" with William Penn. Speakman was named for his step-grandfather, Micajah Speakman, the second husband of Sarah Taylor Briggs. He was a land owner of Concord Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania, 1767.

Mary and her husband began housekeeping in the \*house next door to her girlhood home in Taylorsville where Speakman taught the village school. The next year he taught the Silver Lake school and lived on the Bennie Yardley farm. The following year they moved back to Mary's home with her father's family on the Highland farm and Speak engaged in the butter and cheese business in Philadelphia. It was probably at this time also that he finished out a term at Highland when the directors dismissed a teacher who could not control the school. As Speak was noted for his strict discipline he easily restored order. Although he had attended the Normal at Millersville and had prepared for teaching he decided to give it up and devote himself to farming.

Their first farm was on a hilly place in Solebury, possibly owned by Speak's father. After a year or two here they moved to the Stacy Buckman place on the Newtown pike, where they lived until the Highland farm was sold in 1872 when they moved back there and remained for five years. Then Speak tried a year in the coal business in Trenton, where his two boys helped him in delivering coal and kindling, but returned to farming in 1878, living on the Billy Beans place for a year, and then returning to the Stacy Buckman farm near Newtown. After five years here Speak gave up farming, as both of his sons by that time had left the farm, the elder to take a business course and the younger to prepare for teaching and later for practicing medicine.

After leaving the farm, Speak became a salesman and he and his family lived successively in Newtown, Tullytown, Trenton, and Frenchtown. In Trenton they lived on Mercer, South Broad and Passaic Streets and Mary's two youngest daughters attended the State

\* See page 142 for illustration



Normal, to which Sallie had started during their residence in Tullytown. Their last move was to Frenchtown. Here they also lived in three different homes and here Speak died in 1904.

Speakman and Mary had six children. Their eldest son, Elmer Ellsworth, was born in Taylorsville; their second son, Ernest, and their youngest daughter, Nellie, were born on the Highland farm; their eldest daughter, Margaret, was born at Solebury; Lizzie and Sarah Ann (Sallie) at the Stacy Buckman place. Lizzie died in infancy. Maggie, a lovable girl, died at the age of sixteen. Sallie and Nellie both graduated from the Trenton Normal and both took teaching positions in northern New Jersey. After a few years of teaching both daughters married. Sallie's husband, William MacKenzie, has held a government position in the United States Customs office for many years. They and their two children, Ernest and Mary, live in Westwood, New Jersey. Nellie, who married Edwin Bebout, died in 1899, not many years after her marriage.

Elmer graduated from a business college in Trenton, after which he obtained a position there as bookkeeper. A few years later he availed himself of a good opening in a Wilkes-Barre bank, where he remained for the rest of his life, rising to a position of prominence in the bank several years before his death, which occurred after a short illness in August, 1923. On October 5, 1893 he had married Bertha Bannister, a daughter of the Rev. Edward Bannister, a Methodist minister in California. This accomplished young woman was a graduate of Syracuse University, and later a teacher in the Wyoming Seminary at Kingston, Pennsylvania. Elmer's and Bertha's three children are Helen, who resides in Leonia, New Jersey; Alice, now living in Washington, D. C., and Henry whose home is in Washington state. Their families are shown on the Taylor genealogical table.

Ernest taught school for five years after graduating at Millersville, then took a medical course at the University of Pennsylvania, graduating in 1892 in which year he began the practice of medicine. He first went as an assistant to his mother's youngest brother, Lew, who was by that time a successful physician in Wilkes-Barre. Later Ernest opened his own office and attained great success in his profes-



sion. He was married June 31, 1893 to Elizabeth Thompson who was the mother of his six children, Mary, Lewis Taylor, Edgar, who died in infancy, Ruth, Elizabeth and Samuel Thompson. Elizabeth, Ernest's wife, died May 21, 1920 and on December 29, 1921, Ernest married Carrie Best, who survives him. He died after a brief illness on June 1, 1937. (See genealogical table for the families of Ernest's children.) Mary died in 1934; Ruth lives in Duluth, Elizabeth in Pittsburg and Lewis and Sam are physicians in Wilkes-Barre.

The year following Speak's death Mary and her sister Sallie visited their brothers in the west—Fred in Kansas and Hutch in Texas. In 1906 they left Frenchtown and moved to a pleasant home in Newtown, where the sisters had a comfortable four years together near their old home neighborhood. Mary died here on May 6, 1911 and lies by the side of her husband in the Newtown Cemetery where their three daughters, Lizzie, Maggie and Nellie are also buried.

After Mary's death the following quoted lines were found, which had been sent to her by her early lover, Edgar Trego, in 1858:

"Oh as my muse says 'Mary' the deep strings  
Of my heart's lyre swept: fancy awakes  
Memory's torch is kindled, and there breathes  
Upon my mind the vision of past things.

I had a lovely friend, 'twas Mary; yea,  
That sweet name Mary had a talisman for me."

A former pupil of hers, paying tribute to the love and esteem in which she was held, wrote: "So thorough was she in command that the most refractory pupil would soon come under her control. She ruled by love. Kindness was her nature and she was ever bright and sunny . . . She was of a strongly religious temperament. It was her invariable rule to open the school exercises each morning by reading the Bible. At times she would read a chapter herself, briefly commenting on the passages; then again she would have the reading done by the school in concert and still at other times have each pupil commit a verse and recite it. In this way those in her care became familiar with the Good Book while the moral natures were trained along with the mental. . . . A good and righteous woman has gone to her reward."



Her industry, patience, unselfishness, kindly disposition and devotion to husband and children were evident to all who knew her, as were her painstaking neatness in the home, her faithful adherence to Christian principles and her careful training of her children who all admired and respected her as much as they devotedly loved her. Her picture as a girl, which attracts the attention of many a guest in our home, shows a beautiful face of intelligence, sweetness and strength of character and we who knew her in later life saw these traits in full fruition. We loved her for her sweet and unselfish disposition, her patience, her kindly thoughtfulness for others. In her presence we tarried for awhile with one of God's own children of whom it could be said, "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

*Hutchinson Taylor*, named for his paternal grandmother, Eliza Hutchinson, was born Nov. 4, 1838. As a lad he attended the Betts school but less regularly than the other children. Of his schooling after he went at eight years of age to live with his uncle, Father says, "O yes, he went to school with the rest of us when Uncle Sammie could not think of something to keep him home for". He had a somewhat dreary time of it for eight years—years which were too full of hard work. His day began in the early morning when he often went to sleep as he trudged wearily up the hill after the cows. He endeavored to make up for some of his lost educational opportunities by leaving his uncle's at sixteen for a year of uninterrupted study at home, but the following year he again returned to his uncle, although he was permitted to continue his schooling more regularly. The first year on the farm he attended the school taught by his sister Mary at Highland and one winter when he could not go to school, he and Mahlon Trego took private lessons of Mary and studied at home. In 1858 Mary paid his expenses for a year's schooling at Millersville.

On August 9, 1862 he and three neighbor boys, Abe Slack, Joe Merrick and Bill Harvey enlisted for the war as members of the 128th regiment. About six weeks after going to the front came the battle of Antietam when Joe Merrick, standing between Abe and Hutch, was killed. Sorrowfully his two friends carried him from the



battlefield. Their next engagement was the two day battle of Chancellorsville when two other neighborhood boys, Tom and Bob Dillon, were killed, and Hutch and Abe were taken prisoners and put in Libby prison. Fortunately, after four days in the loathsome place, they were exchanged. When his nine months were up Hutch returned home but reenlisted in the State Militia which was called to the front when the battle of Gettysburg was fought. During this enlistment his father visited him in camp, to which visit Hutch referred in a letter written "In Camp at Pottsville," expressing his pleasure in seeing him and in receiving the things sent from home. Evidently the monotony of camp was dreary enough, altho his mild statement, "The time does not go very fast here, not so fast as it would if we were at home," is his nearest approach to a complaint.

Hutch was married in 1866 to his second cousin Mary Frances Taylor, daughter of Marshall and Mary (McMasters) Taylor. They began housekeeping on his uncle Sammie's farm, where he had spent so many years as a boy. His uncle by this time had left the farm and moved to Taylorsville. In about two years Hutch and Fannie moved to the old Canal House in Taylorsville and thence to the Billy Beans place where they lived until 1878. Then they sold out and with their three small children moved to Texas where Fannie's father, Marshall Taylor, had settled a few years before.

On their arrival in Texas they went at once to Marshall's home in Jack County. Marshall met them at Jacksboro with an open wagon and a pair of mules, "the longest eighteen miles I ever saw or heard of" Fannie wrote in a letter home telling of their trip, which, by train to Fort Worth and thence by stage, took almost a week. When Marshall and his family moved to Jacksboro sometime after their arrival, Hutch took over the farm. Fannie's early letters give vivid descriptions of the poor living accommodations and other hardships that fell to the woman's lot in this new, sparsely settled country, on the desolate plains. This earliest home consisted of two small cabins, one with a stone floor and the other "mother earth." The threshers had been there for three days—eighteen men whom they had to sleep and board. In January they had all been sick with chills and



she wrote for quinine, which could not be procured in Texas . . . She would not be content until they could move where there were schools . . . In February the news of the "Jennings Estate," about which all the heirs were dreaming, had reached them through an uncle who told of the \$300,000,000 in the Bank of England for the heirs of Jennings. "What a godsend it would be to us just now!" she wrote.

In the second autumn Fannie tells of their plan to move to a farm that Hutch had rented eight miles from Rock Creek, where they had been living, "I suppose our next move will be Kansas. Hutch says if he had money enough he would be in Kansas by next spring. We now have to haul water six miles but will not have to do so in the new place. And I am to have a board floor for which I am thankful as I am getting tired of this stone floor." Six years before going to Texas Hutch had visited his younger brother Sam in Kansas which no doubt accounted for his desire to move there, a less desolate country, offering better educational opportunities and the companionship of several Bucks County acquaintances who had been in Kansas for a dozen years or more. But they never went. In a later letter Fannie wrote, "Fred asks how I like Texas. I don't like it. However Hutch likes it so I am contented. And the boys say if they get ponies they will never want to leave here."

Hutch's careful Bucks County farming habits must have soon impressed his neighbors for Fannie wrote when he considered moving that several sent for him to rent their farms. This second home on the Scott place was called Long Hollow. From here they moved to the Atkinson Ranch near Christian, Palo Pinta County, then moved back to Long Hollow for a year but returned to the ranch where they were living in the late Eighties. From the Ranch they moved to the "Armstrong place," about two miles from Christian, where they lived for twelve years. In November 1903 Hutch bought a home of his own—a ranch of a thousand acres—fourteen miles south of Jacksboro, near Barton's Chapel, where Hutch attended church.

Here on the ranch they had a simple four room cottage with generous porches on three sides and a fenced in yard surrounding it. In this home, half a mile back from the road, this cultured woman, al-



though more comfortable than in earlier Texas homes, spent many a lonely hour. With all her busy days of housekeeping, lacking every modern convenience, she was never so busy as to neglect her books, magazines and papers which she eagerly devoured. She always found time also to care for her attractive flowers and plants which she faithfully watered during the stifling heat of the long Southern summers and which she carefully protected during the cold of the winter. In many of her letters she wrote of her longing for books.

She outlived her husband for many years, continuing to run the home with her son and widowed brother-in-law, Harry Wood, busy with her household cares, her flowers, her reading. She never lost that bit of haughty pride, nor that sparkle of humor, nor her quiet dignity and her neat appearance. Three years before her death which occurred on July 1, 1931, she had a fall from which she never recovered. Uncomplaining and patient she sat for long hours in her chair reading or gazing out over the green pastures of the ranch with its growth of dwarf oaks and other scattering trees whose dark green above the lighter green of the grassy plain made a pleasant outlook.

Hutch and his son cultivated a portion of the ranch to raise feed for the stock, but the greater part of the large acreage was kept as pasture land for grazing. Over these wide stretches the cattle roamed, needing but little care in the warm southern climate where the spring came so early that ploughing was often done in January; where the stock needed but scant protection in winter and the large flock of chickens no other shelter save the low branching trees of the big lot for roosting at night. In a good year luscious melons grew in the big garden and the most delicious peaches that ever melted in one's mouth lay in quantities on the ground under the trees in the orchard. There was no possible market for this perishable fruit; its only use after the family wants had been supplied was to serve as food for the hogs. A sad picture of economic mal-distribution it was to see the men carry bucket after bucket full of the beautiful large peaches and dump them to the greedy swine.

Hutch and his brother Fred who had spent so many years together toiling on the Highland farm did not see each other after their sepa-



ration in 1878 until the summer of 1901. At that time Father went with their two nephews for a brief visit. Hutch was expecting his nephews but Father's arrival was to be a surprise. When they met, Hutch failed to recognize him. This was a hard blow to Father but, aside from the changes which the twenty odd years had brought to both, it was probable that Hutch's attention was so centered on his two big good-looking nephews whom he had not seen since they were lads in their teens, that he gave but scant attention to the older man who was with them. But when he realized it was Fred what a happy reunion the brothers had! That visit, though brief, was one Father loved to recall.

Like his father before him, Hutch was a faithful Christian worker and leader in the little country church a mile from his home. Here his regular attendance and service for many years as trustee and Superintendent of the Sunday School coupled with his friendly and kindly nature won him the respect and attachment of his neighbors and co-workers. Like his parents before him, and his married brothers and sisters, he loved the quiet home life with his family, and after a hard day's work, the evenings spent in their midst.

His sudden death occurred on July 15, 1919 while Father and his sister Sallie were there on a visit. I had started with them from home but tarried behind in Wichita, Kansas, to attend a three day reunion of a small intimate group of Normal School friends after which I was to join them. This long-talked-of visit with the uncle and his family who were little more than strangers to me, was an event we had all eagerly anticipated.

The night before Hutch's death the two brothers had sat out on the porch and visited, talking over old times and old friends till past one o'clock. In the morning Father helped him level up a long trough running down to a large tank, which by means of an engine pump, was kept filled with water for the horses and cattle. When this work was completed Hutch said "If I didn't have to go for the mail and up to the store I'd go in and lie down awhile as I have a sharp pain in my face just like a tooth ache, that shoots up to my eye." Father urged him to lie down saying he himself would gladly



go up to the mail box which was more than a mile from the house. But Hutch replied, "O no, Fannie wants me to do an errand while I'm there so I'll just get on Joe and ride up to see whether Mame's letter has come and then go on to the store."

So off he started on his faithful horse and they saw him ride down the long lane that wound through the pasture from the house to the road. Father sat on out on the porch watching for his return and for the letter they were expecting from me telling them on what train I was due. When Hutch tarried so long his wife grew anxious and Father suggested he might have gone to see the threshers who were working at a neighbor's as he was the largest stockholder in this threshing machine, although of late years he had seldom helped the workers.

When his son Eldredge came up from the field at noon he found Joe standing at the gate. Leading the horse and hurrying up to the house, he called out "Where's Pa? I found Joe at the gate without him." The riderless horse alarmed them all and Eldredge started at once to search for his father. Not finding him along the road, he hurried on to the store but the proprietor had not seen him. Starting back, he found the mail untouched, so pressed on, carefully retracing and searching every step of the way. As he crossed the little bridge about half way home an object underneath caught his eye. Going down into the bed of the dry stream he found his father lying on his back, partly hidden under the bridge in a hollow of weeds, with his hand across his chest, dead. The manner of his death was shrouded in mystery; some neighbors reported that they had seen him at the gate as they passed by, had spoken to him, and had seen him start on down the road on his horse after going through the gate and closing it. So far as known, no one had seen him after that, and no one knew whether he had fallen from his horse unconscious or whether, feeling ill, he had dismounted and crept to the shade. No indication of foul play could be discovered. The coroner's jury reported the case as an attack of apoplexy.

The next day Father and Eldredge met me at the train. Looking around for the uncle I had so eagerly anticipated seeing I asked



where he was. Then I noticed Father's face and knew something was wrong. He said, "I have bad news for you, Mame. Your Uncle Hutch started for the mail yesterday to get your letter which we were all looking for, and died before reaching the mail box." I felt stifled—guilty of his death; if I had only come with Father and my aunt as she had urged instead of stopping in Kansas, he would not have ridden off that day for the mail and might have been spared! Over and over the thought repeated itself all summer long and oppressed me for weeks.

The funeral services were held the next morning in the Methodist church which he had so loyally served and the burial was in the little country cemetery about a mile beyond the church. While all of us were at the graveyard the rain came down in torrents, so that many could not get out of the cars to gather around the grave for the last brief rites in the cemetery.

Eldredge, who had always been at home and his father's constant companion, lingered at the grave in the pouring rain, a pitiful figure of sorrow and loneliness, seeming loath to leave his dear one alone in the dreary spot.

When all was over, our group of eight returned to the little ranch home where the bereaved wife in sad composure went about her duties saying but little. The stricken son, wondering, pondering, longing to know more, went over and over each sad detail; while over us all the mystery of this death cast a gloom far greater than the ordinary sadness of a last farewell.

Hutchinson and Frances Taylor had four children: Marshall, the eldest, died in infancy and was buried in the Taylorsville cemetery. Eldredge Yardley, born in the old Canal House, in Taylorsville, never married and still lives on the ranch. Justin was born on the Billy Beans place in Bucks County and married Cora Wright on May 26, 1897 in Checotah, Indian Territory (afterwards Oklahoma), where Justin died in 1908. Their two children were, Blanche, who died at an early age and Keith, who grew to be a fine young man, the pride and comfort of the family. As a youth he spent much of his time with his grandfather's family on the ranch. On August 24, 1924



he married Bama Spearman in Jermyn, Texas. His sudden death on April 3, 1931 saddened them all and left a dreary vacancy. Bama, an attractive girl of high ideals, good sense, and splendid ability, taught school after Keith's death, then set up in business in Jacksboro and was so successful that she moved a few years later to Fort Worth, where she greatly enlarged her business. On December 18, 1938, she married Mr. Meyer, an old friend of Keith's whose wife had died a short time before. Justin's widow, Cora, in 1915, married Mark Butz of Olney, Oklahoma. Mark's sister is the mother of Carl, Mark, and Paul Van Doren, well known writers and critics.

Lillian, Hutch's only daughter, was born on the Billy Beans place in Bucks County. On October 22, 1893 she married Basil J. Reagan. Her first three children died in infancy. Her son, Basil J. Reagan, Jr., died September 3, 1911. Her youngest daughter, Edith Sibyl, was married in 1919 to Leslie P. Briggs and is living in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Lillian has for several years held a position in Albuquerque and lives with her daughter Edith and family.

*Sarah Baker Taylor*, named after her Uncle Henry Baker's first wife, was born July 25, 1840. For a time as a little girl she lived with a minister's family in Titusville, New Jersey, where she attended a private school taught by the minister's sister, Carrie Davis, later Mrs. Burroughs Blackwell. She and Father went to a private school in the old Canal House and later with the rest of the family she attended the Betts school at which time Father describes her as "a yellow haired little girl of a lively disposition and very good at her studies." One of her tasks as a girl was to put her two youngest brothers to bed each night, sometimes having to chase the "little mischiefs" and sometimes not quick enough to grab Sam as he scampered up a tree. She used to laugh over little Lew's reply made one night while she was washing the dirty faces, hands, and feet before tucking the squirming boys into bed. Lew had been particularly naughty and she attempted a moral lesson: "Lewie, suppose you were to die tonight, where do you think you'd go?" to which the nonchalant lisper retorted, "Thuppothin' and thuppothin' all you want to thuppothin' —to heaven to be thure."



After a term or two at Highland as one of the "big girls" Sallie went to Pennington Seminary taking, as was the custom, her own articles of furniture. Among them was the small mahogany dresser made by her father, which she later passed on to me and which is still one of my cherished possessions. With her lively and friendly disposition she was ever ready for a good time and formed in school girl fashion intimate friendships in each new surrounding. As a little girl she played almost constantly with Virginia Phillips in Taylorsville; at Highland her close friend was Della Hibbs, daughter of Mother's Uncle William. At Pennington there was Ret Weatherby with whom she kept in touch for years. Found among her old letters were many of Ret's letters and others signed "Mary," both girls expressing a warm affection for Sallie. In these letters of date 1860 Mary's question marks were indicated thus  $\text{a.}$  As preparation for a Christmas visit to Sallie this serious young lady wrote, "While we are enjoying the pleasures of this world I hope none of us will forget about our immortal souls." And Sallie herself, with all her love of "being on the go," was ever serious-minded and conscientious.

So far as any of the family know Sallie's only romance was with Alban Paiste whose mother was a sister of John Holcomb, the husband of Mother's aunt Elizabeth. Alban's father was proprietor of the Taylorsville Inn while it was kept as a temperance hotel. Later the Paiste family moved to Newtown and Mr. Paiste ran the Temperance House there. Father recalls Alban's visiting at their home for some days but fails to remember details of the friendship. Alban joined the Army in the Civil War and was killed in action. Years later this aunt expressed the yearning she had always had for a home of her own and her lonely sorrow for the sweetheart of her youth. A brief account of his death, written by an officer who was near him, we found with her letters: "I stood by his side during the engagement and noticed him fighting with remarkable heroism, until he was struck by a rebel bullet in the forehead which terminated his life instantly. His company loses a brave commander, his companions their warmest friend. So brave was his heart that his lips uttered not a groan; but he died as he lived with a soul devoted to freedom."



Sallie never tried a career but helped at home with the household tasks which were ever to her a burden—something unpleasant to be avoided if possible; if not, to be borne with whatever fortitude she could summon but always performed with a conscientious perfection that could but be admired and that made of her almost an artist in her skill along many lines. In canning peaches she would never boil more than one can-lot at a time lest the syrup become too dark, and each half peach she placed in the jar with greatest precision—the final product worth a blue ribbon in any exhibition. Knitting and needle work, more to her liking, were perfectly done. Her knitting was as even as a lined page; her mending was too meticulous—stitches as tiny and neat as would have graced an expensive handmade article seemed wasted on well-worn garments. All her possessions were kept in closets or boxes or bureau drawers in the same neat way as the peaches were packed in her jars. And how she reveled in packing a trunk! Each article was folded or rolled with the greatest care and so perfectly placed that not a cubic inch of space went to waste.

So painstaking was she with all her tasks that her execution was slow and she often sighed regretfully over unfinished tasks, but frequently lacked the perseverance to complete them. In many lines, however, she was most persistent and faithful. At knitting shawls and sweaters she worked assiduously, completing in good time each faultless product. She balanced her accounts with accuracy and for years kept a diary, although there were many blank pages. Once every year she read her Bible through from beginning to end, following an outline for daily readings. For she was all her life a consistent Christian; she joined church at an early age and was a faithful member of the Methodist Church the rest of her life.

Her true worth of character and warmth of feeling were often hidden by surface faults. Without meaning to be unkind her quick criticisms rankled. Her curiosity, without her awareness, often caused annoyance and embarrassment. Her expressed disappointment when left at home if others were going spoiled many a pleasure for those who had to leave her behind. Her fondness for visiting



never abated; every invitation received was accepted if possible and the visit prolonged to its limit.

In her love of collecting she was far ahead of her day. Now women collectors abound. Buttons, bells, bottles, dolls, miniatures, old glass and other articles are painstakingly gathered and proudly displayed. Sallie collected old bottles of pleasing shapes, dozens of which we found, spotlessly clean, packed away in boxes. Old bits of silks, velvets and bright colored woolens, all neatly packed away in box after box, she had carefully treasured to use for making quilts. We were amazed at the number and beauty of these hoarded pieces.

And how generous she was! There was not a stingy streak in her make up. Every member of the family was generously remembered at Christmas and for each birthday. She loved beautiful things. In shopping she was never a bargain hunter, but bought a high grade quality or nothing. And how lofty and unwavering was her loyalty to her family! Her brothers were adored and no word of criticism for them ever escaped her lips. Although well known to all of us she had her pronounced favorites among the nieces and nephews, yet the others, whatever their faults, were members of the family and that bound them to her. She was quickly responsive to kindnesses, to little attentions, and to overtures of affection, revealing a depth of feeling often unsuspected.

Although she longed for a home of her own this joy was denied her. The various homes occupied by her and her mother after her father's death were succeeded by homes with her brother Fred and sister Mary after the death of her mother. Her first move was with Fred's family when shortly after her mother's death in 1880 she broke up the home in Titusville. When Fred moved west she went to Mary's home. For a time she tried the role of companion when she helped care for Mrs. Leeds, a semi-invalid, who with her husband took Sallie to England for a stay of more than a year, an experience she greatly enjoyed. On leaving Mrs. Leeds she returned to her sister's home, which she shared until Mary's death in 1911. The following year she again broke up housekeeping and moved to Fred's home in Leonia, New Jersey, where she spent the rest of her life.



Her last illness began more than a year before the end came, and although all was done for her that hospital treatment and medical skill could accomplish, she gradually failed and from October to February was not able to leave the house. She was cared for by our well-loved friend from Kansas, Hester Evans, who endeared herself to the entire family by her sympathetic and kindly ministrations. During this illness Sallie's affectionate nature and kindness of heart, her Christian faith and appreciation of all that her dear ones tried to do for her comfort made of her a gentle and easily-cared-for invalid. When she was no longer able to climb the stairs we fitted up the sunniest upstairs room for a living room. Here she sat in a comfortable chair or rested on a couch during the day and in the evenings when we gathered at nightfall to spend them with her around the lighted table as had ever been the family custom.

All the family members who could do so came to visit her during the last weeks. How eagerly she looked forward to these visits! On the week end that her brother Lew came for a second visit she slipped away from us. On that last morning she was too weak to be dressed — it was the first time she had remained in bed. She ate very little breakfast but was perfectly conscious and talked to us all. She greeted her nephew Elmer's wife who came for a short call before sailing for Europe, and was out of bed for a brief time about an hour before the end. Although we noted with alarm her failing strength none of us except her doctor brother and the attending physician whom we called realized that the end was so near. About noon on Sunday the 26th of February 1922, with her two brothers standing by her side and the rest of us near by, she quietly breathed her last. Four days later we buried her in the Hollenback Cemetery at Wilkes-Barre in the family plot of her brother Lewis.

*Frederick Taylor*, born in Taylorsville, Pennsylvania in 1842, died in Leonia, New Jersey, February 11, 1936. The story of his life has been told in Part I. Frederick and *Ruth Anna (Snyder)* had two children: Mary Snyder, who still resides in Leonia and Margaret Head (Meta) who lives in Syracuse, New York, where her husband, George R. Tilford, is a Professor in the Syracuse University.



*Samuel Baker Taylor* was born in Taylorsville, November 13, 1847. Of all the children he was the brightest, quickest and most venturesome, nimble in body and brain. Father says, "He could climb a tree like a squirrel even if there were no branches for a distance of twenty feet or more. He would hold on with hands and feet and scramble up as quickly as you need please. He thought it was great fun at bedtime to run away from Sallie and climb the nearest tree. He knew that unless she happened to be quick enough to grab a foot as he started up he could go up any tree in sight, catch a branch and sit there laughing at her while she stood at the foot trying to coax him down."

His brain was as quick as his nimble hands and feet. At the age of four he started to school happily scampering along the mile and a half with his brothers and sisters to the Betts school. The teacher that year, Will Tomlinson, was devoted to the little four year old and became his life-long friend. Years later this teacher wrote of him, "I have been thinking of him as a boy; he was very, very good . . . so bright . . . and learned with such ease . . . He was beloved by all who knew him; he seemed to have the art of making friends. He never had an unkind thought for a living being."

He seems to have gone through life winning every one's affection in the same captivating way that he became a favorite with his first teacher. After school days were over he walked into first one position and then another, apparently impressing people so favorably that they employed him without hesitation. And always in school he learned so easily as to become the despair of many of his teachers. They could not keep him busy. If he read a thing over once he knew it. When a teacher told him to study his lesson, Sam's quick response, "I know it already, I've read it all," sounded incredible but when put to the test he never failed to repeat, word for word, whatever he had read. Tucked away in the old family Bible was a long poem of seventeen stanzas, evidently treasured by his mother. On the outside is written, "An article which took Sam B. Taylor when a child and he repeated it after reading not more than twice." The poem is of a hunter boy whose father lived on the prairie. One stanza runs,



"He taught him first to read and write and to shoot with the Indian bow  
And how to aim his rifle at the heart of the bounding roe.

And he gave him a little pony too and taught him how to ride  
And chase the wild horses when they flocked across the prairies wide."

Years later this venturesome boy himself loved to aim his rifle at the heart of the bounding deer and buffalo out on the prairies wide. As a boy and a youth on the farm he shared in the duties of the home and was busy, as were all the members of that family, with the many tasks that fell to the farmer's lot. He had more schooling than any other member of the family except Lew. Father says, "He ought to have done more with his education than he did, as he had a better chance than any of the family to go to school. But he never wanted to stick at any one thing very long. He went to Pennington for two terms, then changed to Millersville, but would not stay at either place long enough to graduate. Then for awhile he had a great idea of going into the navy but your uncle Harry Snyder, who had been in the navy a good many years, talked him out of that notion. Then he tried school teaching but got tired of that too and wanted to go out west where he thought there would be a better chance for a young man."

In the fall of 1864 he left home to attend Pennington Seminary. From that time on his various activities and his love of change are portrayed in his letters written to the home ones and carefully treasured by his sister Sallie. These letters, as fresh and vivid as they were three quarters of a century ago, reveal his philosophy of life, his love of nature, his interest in the world of affairs, his love of activity, both in work and in sport, his never failing fun, his restless longing for change, his healthy but somewhat nonchalant attitude towards the fair sex, his affection for his home ones and his habits of clean thinking and righteous living.

During his first term at Pennington, soon after his seventeenth birthday he writes of his conversion, "I have some good news to tell you. I have been converted and so have almost all of the boys. I feel so much better now than what I did. When I came last Monday the boys came to me and told me what a good time they had and they



wanted me to give my heart to God. I knew it was my duty to do so, so that night I went forward and on Wednesday was converted."

The next fall he was at Millersville. His letters the first year express an appreciation of his surroundings and an ambition to attain a high standard. He also shows a healthy interest in other activities: "We played base ball from breakfast to noon last Saturday. We get our straps, rings and bags today and when we play again will play in a scientific manner." (We wonder about straps, rings and bags for base ball.) "Yesterday we went to see the wonderful Susquehanna. It was a seven mile walk. I have been wanting to see it so long. . . . Last week I went to Mountville to see Jess. We went gunning with four others. I shot a pumpkin, one stone and a worm fence. They invited us to drink whiskey but Jess and I told them we were Good Templars (which no one need be ashamed of being), then they didn't ask us any more. . . Two teachers and thirteen boys walked to Petersville last Saturday. I like to walk there and sit on the old rocks and look at the Conestoga running over the dam and among the rocks."

He was interested, and never ashamed of it, in moral and religious activities: "I have joined Mr. Harding's Sunday School class and Mr. Byerly's Bible class. We students want to organize a prayer meeting. . . . I am going to take a degree in Good Templars, I think it is worth having. It is awful to think what a hold the demon (of drink) is getting in our land."

At the beginning of his second year at Millersville he writes, "I have been promoted and am determined to stay in this class if I have to study all night to do it." Later in the year his record shows he had kept his resolve: "I stood No. 7 in my class the first month, No. 4 the second, the next month I was No. 3 and last month No. 1." His ability to have fun is shown by the way he makes the best of not going home for Christmas, "The fewer the merrier . . . the other day I skated with Prof. Brook's sister, but it was not half as much fun as skating with that girl with black eyes and blue dress." And his healthy interest in the life of the world and captivating way of winning confidence are illustrated by his trip to see Governor Geary in-



augurated. He expresses a bit of anxiety over the price of the trip and does hope the home ones won't care: "Two brothers of a teacher asked me to go. Dr. Brooks said it was a sight and he would excuse me as I was old enough to go. I had to borrow money. Some boys went to Behmer to borrow but didn't get it. But when I went he just pulled out his pocket book and asked me how much I wanted and gave it to me without saying a word."

But by May of this second year his restlessness and love of change have gained the upper hand: "The doctor says I ought to work in the fresh air. I hate to leave before finishing but I get the headache and am not doing such good work. I ought to be home. Pap is sick. Besides if I don't come till school is out I'll have only a few days at home before I go to teaching and that will be rough." And home he came. The school referred to he had secured by answering an advertisement in a paper. Father says, "He got on a horse, rode up there and applied for the school, which he had no trouble in getting. He easily passed the examination; he always passed a good examination anywhere."

So the fall and winter of 1867 found him at Warrington, southwest of Doylestown, a successful teacher with forty-six pupils. Father tells of a day's visit that he and Sallie with Ellwood and Maggie Longshore paid to his school one winter day when the sleighing was fine, and says, "Sam was a splendid teacher and kept perfect order but never said much. If he just looked at his pupils they stopped any mischief they were at and settled down to study."

But Sam's restless disposition craved more excitement than quieting mischievous pupils with a look. All his thoughts were on going west. Before Christmas he was writing home, "I am glad it will soon be Christmas for then it will soon be spring and I can see Nebraska and the Rocky Mountains."

When his mother found that his heart was set upon the Western adventure she persuaded him to go to Kansas where her first cousin Rebecca Smith, daughter of Uncle Tommy Betts, was living. Cousin Beck, as she was called, wrote to Sam's mother, "Let Sam come, Cousin Margery, if he wants to. I'll try to be a mother to thy boy."



And she was as good as her word. On leaving home he went directly to her home in Mound City where he found a hearty welcome and a hospitable home for that first year and a half in the west and ever after a home to which he returned from subsequent wanderings. One of Cousin Rebecca's daughters says in recalling Sam's life with them, "Father and Mother idolized Sam; I believe they thought as much of him as they did of their own children."

He tells of this trip out by train as far as Kansas City and thence by stage for in that spring of 1858 there were no railroads in Kansas. He says of his arrival, "I know Ell as soon as I saw him. He looked as natural as life. I never saw him before, you know, but I could see Penna. right through him."

His cousin Rebecca's husband, Ellwood, at once gave Sam a position in the hardware store and soon he was made manager on the long trips to haul the hardware supplies from Kansas City or Leavenworth, a distance of a hundred miles each way. As manager he was responsible for purchasing the goods, for seeing that they were properly loaded and also for paying the drivers. Sometimes there were as many as thirteen teams, Sam himself always driving one. Evidently he exerted the same magnetic influence over the teams that he did over men. He writes in one letter of a trip to Columbia, Missouri, "There is some satisfaction in teaming now. I made the trip in three days and a half and would have made it in three if it had not rained. I had some fun with Bartholomew. I had four mules which Ed concluded he must drive. I told him just how to go up a big hill to get them up but he must go to suit himself and half way up the hill he stuck. He worked till he got tired and mad and could not make the mules budge. After awhile I told him if he would quit whipping them and keep his mouth shut I would make them *git*. I got upon the wagon, straightened out the lines and 'you bet' they got. . . . On our trips we do our own cooking and live high . . . we have to sleep with revolvers on account of horse thieves."

He loved Kansas from the first. "Since I have seen Kansas the other states are nowhere . . . The country around is perfectly beautiful. The climate is delightful and I am feeling fine owing to Cousin



Beck's good care of me. I don't think I'll ever be sorry I came but never a day passes but I think of you (mother) and the dear old home in Bucks County."

Glimpses of his faithfulness in religious affairs even in the midst of his fun, which was always wholesome, must have comforted his mother. In January when the roads were too bad to go to Kansas City and the weather mild he writes that "three of us concluded to go down and take a hunt. We had a gay time—it was more fun than sleigh riding a dozen times. We had a tent and a boat, stayed four days and just lived to eat. At night we built a roaring camp fire and sat around it, then we went into the tent, read a chapter aloud from the Bible and went to bed." And a little later he had helped start a Young Folks Christian Association. "We are going to try to do some good . . . As long as a person does right or tries to he can get along as well in one part of the world as another and if he don't do as he knows he ought to do he can't get along anywhere . . . On Sundays I go to church, then after dinner I write till four, then go to Sunday School. I expect to hand in my certificate next Sunday."

After a year in Mound City he is writing of his wish for a "drive in Bucks County. It would be a pleasant change and you know I am a changeable creature." By October he had decided to return home, whether because of poor health or not he does not state, but says he will go by leisurely stages as he will not be able to do any hard work for some time. By winter he was again teaching school, first at Richboro, Pennsylvania, and later finishing out a term at Yardleyville for his friend Maggie Longshore. None of his later letters contain any reference to this time spent amid the home scenes nor to the death of his father which occurred that February nor to the breaking up of his mother's home when she and Sallie left the Wash Radcliff place. A short letter of date April 19, 1870, from Richboro telling of his fifty pupils and the fly leaf of his Bible marked, "Richboro, Pa., 1870; Yardleyville, Pa., 1870" are his only references to this year. A letter that his younger brother Lew wrote to their mother mentions Sam's desire to return to Kansas; he tells his mother not to feel despondent—that Sam really has the family interests more



at heart than he expresses and will no doubt do better in the west than he would to remain east. So back to Kansas he went in late December or early January.

At first he took a position in Pleasanton with Ellwood who had sold out his interest in the Mound City hardware store and had become a member of the T. E. Smith & Co. firm at Pleasanton. They had a flour and feed mill and also sold lumber and machinery. Sam roomed with Ben Blaker, a Bucks County young man from Newtown. Ben sold the lumber and Sam the machinery. Sam writes of their pleasant room in the office and their sleeping room above it. On one occasion he met an Indian who was evidently a recipient of his universal kindness: "Chank, a smashing big wild Arrapahoe Indian whom Jess is taking east to educate, visited us. When Chank got into my office he looked around and said, 'Much lodge, why no squaw?' Jess says I have made a firm friend of Chank and if I were to go among the wildest of the Arrapahoes and he should see me he would take me to his lodge and give me his best bed and a good supper."

Sam found Pleasanton "a dry place" but the monotony was relieved by his pleasant week ends at Mound City with his Cousin Beck where he felt "just at home." Although he writes of his good times with some of the Mound City girls he refers more than once to some one in Bucks County to whom he seems to have remained faithful, "I took a Mound City girl riding; we had a good time but I think I would have enjoyed it better if I had had a certain Bucks Co. girl with me." And again, "I am going to get married in 1872 unless I take a notion to put it off, but when I am ready to do that I expect to return to Bucks Co. where there is a real beauty with blue eyes and brown hair and if any one is in doubt about the color I have a bunch of her hair in my trunk tied with a blue ribbon."

By the last of June he was wanting something better for next year and by October was preparing to go west on a railroad survey in company with Ellwood's eldest son, Ell, and Randall Curtis, a Mound City young man of whom Sam was very fond. They went as far west as Kit Carson, Colorado, and Sam met some people there



who knew of the Normal at Millersville, Pennsylvania, and who, when they found he had attended that school, made him a tentative offer to teach in their school at Kit Carson. But he decided to go on down to New Mexico with the Maxwell Land Grant and Railway Company on a surveying trip and by November was at Camp Cimarron, New Mexico. This survey ran through a wild country where the scenery was varied and beautiful with views of the Rocky Mountains and abundance of wild game. Sam loved hunting and had "shot a black tail deer and seen a thousand antelope." He writes "The elevation is 6500 feet . . . I never felt better, but would like to hear what is going on in the rest of the world, oftener."

By December he was back at Kit Carson, saying he had tired of Cimarron, so started for Kansas, but a Bucks County boy who was freight agent there was going to leave, "so I took his place. It is easy work (in spite of the fact that he sometimes had to walk many miles to deliver a telegram) and I get \$75 a month, working for the K.P.R.R. . . . I got enough of New Mexico to last me a life time but am glad I went to see the country." By January he was leaving Kit Carson. "There is not enough fun here and without fun I would not last long." By March, back in Kansas, he had two or three chances for work but wanted to know what Fred was going to do before he decided. Fred visited him in April and later decided to move to Kansas in the fall. By June Sam had gone to Wichita as manager of a wholesale flour store for Messrs. Deland, Bacon, Goodland and Currie of Fort Scott. By August he writes, "I am feeling as near out of the world as I ever was . . . I would give two sacks of flour for a good swim in the old Delaware." However two old school mates passing through had buoyed him up, "Sallie says I look ten years younger than I used to . . . It does a fellow good to see old school mates."

Two months later Deland and Currie, two members of the firm, had had a falling out and the firm had split. Both new firms wanted him; he would stay with the ones who paid him best. His craving for change made him wish he might have gone on another trip to New Mexico with Randall Curtis, but he could not do so as Fred



was moving to Kansas. One morning he had the pleasant surprise of finding his brother Hutch at the table when he went down to breakfast. Evidently both brothers had been influenced by Sam's praises of Kansas and had come to explore. Fred moved out in November as planned but Hutch returned to Bucks County and never again reached Kansas.

After six months in Wichita Sam was feeling the drabness of life because he had not been over two hundred miles from there since June although he had made a trip to Mount City to spend his birthday, November 13. He had to refuse a chance to go to southern Texas at \$75 a month because of his promise to Deland and Bacon to stay with them. At last in December of 1872 he talks of settling down, "I think I am about done running around now. When done here I will stop for good and settle down with Fred and go to work . . . It is rough that I can't go east nor to Mound City either for Christmas. I hope you may all have a pleasant time and while you are going for the turkey remember the rover."

Later in December Deland and Bacon sent word to close the Wichita store as soon as he could and go at once to Denison, Texas. He closed up the store January 11, went to Mound City on the 13th to see Fred and Ruth and arrived in Denison on the 19th. Of that brief visit to Mound City he writes, "While at Mound City I was anything but well. I had a terrible cold in December but thought I was rid of it, but suppose traveling and sleeping in a different house every night brought it on again. . . . But I am enjoying good health now."

The cold of which he wrote had alarmed the family. Ruth's mother said to him, "Sam thee better stay here and let us take care of that cough." "Oh Aunt Annie when I get down there in that warm climate I'll soon get better," he replied. But Father made him promise to return if the cough grew worse. As late as February 12th he wrote from Denison of his great improvement in health, "I am now building up fast, but don't see how I got so reduced for I had nothing but a cold. The climate is like spring." About this time his love of adventure was again sorely tempting him. He had an offer to go



on another survey with Curtis and most of the old party, but could not leave as Fox was up in Kansas. "As soon as he gets back I intend to do some traveling."

But the only trip he ever made thereafter was back to Mound City. In late February he returned. Father saw him before he reached the house and says, "As soon as I saw him walking slowly up the path I knew he was worse." The doctor who examined him told Father of his serious condition. The poor sick young man was even then in the last stages of "hasty consumption." His Cousin Rebecca always felt he probably contracted it from his good friend Randall Curtis who was his companion and roommate during much of the trip to the southwest, and who was a sufferer from the dread disease. During March and April Sam wrote home of his longing to go to New Mexico. He felt sure if he could only go there he would be cured speedily. When he grew worse his Cousin Rebecca fitted up her large front room for him and they moved him over there where he could have a more comfortable room as Father's home was small and the bed rooms not heated. Cousin Rebecca made a separate bed for her eldest son, Ellie, who occupied the room with Sam and helped care for him.

He had wanted Father to take him to the mountains but, knowing his serious condition, Father told him he could not take him out there and leave him with strangers, but said, "Sam, if you want to go in the opposite direction I'll take you home." But Sam would not give his consent until too late. The poor youth must have been in great distress of mind, for in his letter of April 15th, which his sister Sallie marked, "The last letter I ever received from dear Brother Sam," he wrote, "The doctor advised me to go to New Mexico. I would do anything to get home and see you but when every one advises the other way I think I ought to go." When he grew no better he at last told Father that he would like to go home. "I want to see Mother," he said and asked how soon they could start. Father replied, "Just as soon as you are able, Sam." After that he tried to take a daily walk in the hope of gaining sufficient strength, and April 30th was set as the date for their departure. The day before





# *The Taylor Family*



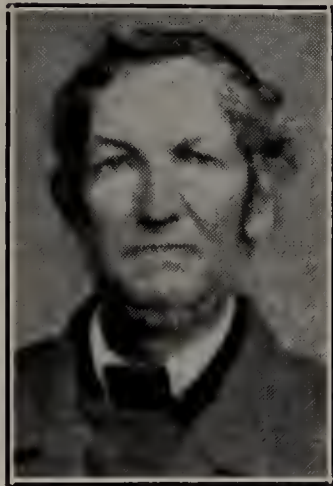
*Sarah Baker*



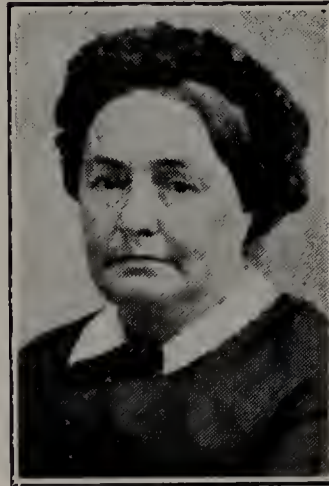
*Mary Baker*



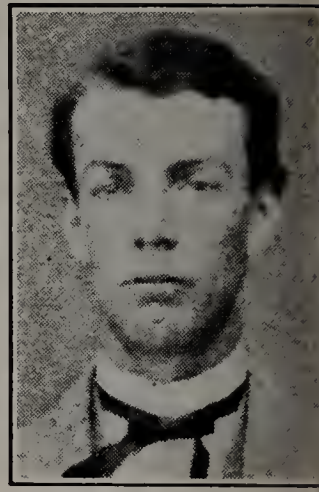
*Henry Baker*



*Samuel Buell Taylor*



*Margaret H. (Baker)*



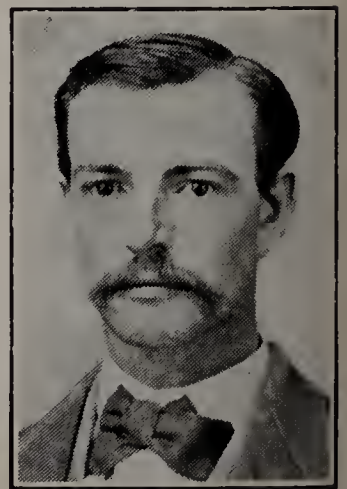
*Hutchinson*



*Lewis Harlow*



*Frederic*



*Samuel Baker*

*Father's Parents and the Seven Children  
in  
Young Manhood and Young Womanhood*



he felt took weak for his walk. Father spent some time with him and they talked together of their plans for the trip. Mother and Cousin Rebecca packed their trunks and bags and at the same time his mother, back in Pennsylvania, having given up hope of his coming to her, was making preparations to start for Kansas.

That night Cousin Rebecca and her husband, Ellwood, watched by Sam's bedside. Between one and two Ellwood noted a change and sent for Father. Father says, "About four o'clock in the morning Sam wanted an orange and while eating it, dropped it out of his hand and was gone." Ellwood wrote that Sam seemed to be in a peaceful sleep about an hour before the end but opened his eyes and looked earnestly at Fred, then at the last went without a moan or a struggle—he never saw so peaceful a death.

They buried him in the Mound City cemetery under the trees, in a pleasant spot next to his Cousin Rebecca's lot. The family all hoped that in time they could afford to have the body shipped back to the Taylorsville family plot. But it was never done. Father built around the grave a white paling fence which has long since been taken away. But the old fashioned substantial stone marker, with the crossed hands and three links of the Odd Fellows, stands as solid today as the day it was placed there sixty-six years ago.

Across the miles the sorrowing family back in Pennsylvania and the stricken brother, who had been with him at the last, joined in a common grief for this fun-loving boy, so lavishly gifted by nature, so full of promise, so likeable — their restless boy over whom the family had always yearned. Their Rover, after only twenty-five years of life — life that had pulsed with eagerness, that had ever craved adventure—had gone, with ambitions unrealized, on his Last Great Adventure, whence none return.

*Lewis Harlow Taylor*, named for the young physician Lewis Harlow, a warm friend of the family, was born in Taylorsville, Pennsylvania, July 29, 1850. Not only in name, but in profession and in beauty of character, did the mantle of the family physician and friend, who lived in Taylorsville for several years, fall upon Lewis. "Lew was always a good boy", says Father. And always so lovable



as to be a great favorite with all his brothers and sisters. Although the youngest of the family and a great pet he was never spoiled. An incident the family liked to recall showed his unselfish thoughtfulness for others—a trait that was his to the last. After supper one evening his father happened to remark how lost he felt without his Advocate to read. It was the day on which the Advocate always came but no one had gone for the mail. Little Lew, about eight years old, heard his father's remark and without saying a word to any one, slipped away, walked the two and a half miles to Taylorsville, returning as soon as he could climb the hills on the way home, and in triumph handed his father the Advocate.

As a little boy he learned to share the work of the household and in maturity became the adviser and helper of them all. Like his brother Sam he was full of fun but unlike Sam in restlessness. Lew was of a steady, persevering nature and stuck to his ambitions until his goal was attained even though obstacles had to be surmounted on the way. He and Sam, "the little boys", of the family were very chummy and used to play and work together. Their sports were simple but they were both so bubbling over with good spirits that we know how those brown eyes danced and those large "Taylor mouths" stretched in laughter as the boys threw corn cobs at each other while they carried in the kindling, or ran around the house in bare feet in the snow "just for the fun of it" or warmed their bare toes in the place where the cows had lain, as Lew laughingly recounted many years later.

Their tasks, too, were simple—bringing in wood and kindling, carrying sheaves in harvest, going to the pasture for the cows, helping to milk, hunting the eggs and running errands. Lew learned to milk at the age of seven. Before he was eight, as told in Part I, he nursed his oldest brother Henry, who was sick for a year with consumption. Patiently sitting with him in the sick room day by day, he read to him by the hour, waited on him as needed and read to himself when Henry was too tired or too weak to listen. As he grew older he gradually assumed more responsibility on the farm, always anxious and willing to do his share. He was trusted to go to market



when quite young and liked to go, responding to the trust reposed in him by endeavoring to do the work well.

He was the only one of the children who never attended the Old Betts School. Less than six when the family moved to the farm, he went for his first term to the Highland school where his sister Mary was his first teacher. Always greatly interested in his school work, he devoted himself to it assiduously and never did much work on the farm after he began teaching the spring before he was nineteen. The preceding fall he had attended the Normal at Millersville but had to leave at the end of the first term because of lack of funds. The spring found him back home helping his father on the new place to which they had just moved. Then an unexpected opportunity presented itself. Nell Graham, who had been Lew's teacher at Highland and knew the capabilities of this bright and conscientious pupil, urged him to finish out her term at the Highland school, as she had to leave on account of illness in her family. For this teaching he received thirty dollars a month and asked to have the money for the three months paid in a lump sum, which he used for another term at Millersville.

Here he did such excellent work that when he told the president he could not attend school the next year as he had no money, Dr. Brooks urged him to remain, saying that he would obtain a loan for him which he could repay after he had finished. When Lew came to repay the money he learned it had been obtained from a Mr. Hollenback of Wilkes-Barre who afterwards became his father-in-law. He graduated from Millersville in 1871 as valedictorian of his class. That spring a delegation from Wilkes-Barre came to Millersville to secure a principal for one of the grammar schools and Dr. Brooks recommended this promising young man, to whom he had already offered a position in the Normal. Lew felt that the Wilkes-Barre position would afford greater opportunities for services and promotion than the one in the Normal, so accepted the former place.

In the fall of 1871 he began his Wilkes-Barre teaching as Principal of the Franklin Street Grammar School, little thinking then that this would be his home for the next fifty-seven years. Nor did



he dream that at the end of that time he would be honored as one of Wilkes-Barre's most distinguished citizens, ranking high in another profession. After serving for three years as Principal of the Grammar School he was elected to the principalship of the High School, which position he filled for another three years. By this time he had decided to take up the study of medicine. In his earlier years he had thought some of the ministry, although his real ambition as a young man had been to continue his studies by attending college and preparing for a professorship. However, three of his best friends who were physicians, probably influenced him to choose the profession of medicine, Dr. Harlow for whom he was named and Drs. Mayer and Guthrie of Wilkes-Barre. Dr. Guthrie, an alumnus of Millersville Normal, had attended the graduating exercises at Millersville the year Lew finished at the Normal and met him at that time. They seemed to have been attracted to each other at once and were warm friends for the rest of their lives. As to Dr. Mayer's influence Lewis in a toast years later referred to him as "that grand old man" and said of him, "No man among us all represented in himself more fully all that was best and true in the practice of medicine."

Lew entered the University of Pennsylvania in the fall of 1877 where he pursued his medical studies for the next three years. He graduated from the University with an M.D. degree in 1880, presenting his thesis on "The Microscope and the Busy Practitioner". He stood second in his class, \*"with an average grade of 97.2, a phenomenal achievement for a medical student". In the summer following his graduation he returned to the University to take a post graduate course in the study of the eye, ear, nose, and throat in which line he later specialized.

The three summers of 1876, 7, and 8 found him engaged in an interesting out door experiment—the first Boys' Camp ever started in this country. In a magazine, Camper and Hiker, April 1929, the story of those three summers is briefly told: The originator of the idea was Joseph Trimble Rothrock, commemorated by a memorial tablet at Harrisburg as "The Father of Forestry in Pennsylvania: Patriot,

\* Quoted from a tribute by Dr. Meyers, a colleague



Soldier, Pioneer, Forester, Botanist, Sportsman, Physician, Educator, Author, Public Servant, Distinguished Citizen and Loving Husband and Father, Leader in the Conservation of Our Forests and Streams." It was no doubt through association with this leader that Lew developed his love of botany, for he made a record of over one hundred specimens gathered in his walks through the mountains surrounding Wilkes-Barre. Dr. Rothrock's story of this first camp is as follows: "In 1876 I had the happy idea of taking weakly boys in summer out into camp life in the woods and under competent instruction, mingling exercises and study, so that pursuit of health could be combined with acquisition of practical knowledge outside the usual academic lines. I founded the school on North Mountain, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania and designated it a School of Physical Culture. . . The multitude of such camps now shows that the seed fell into good ground." This camp was on property adjacent to the hotel known as the North Mountain House, about thirty-three miles northeast of Wilkes-Barre and about two hundred yards from Lake Ganoga. The campers were twelve years or older, mostly from Philadelphia and Wilkes-Barre; the camp opened June 15th and closed October 15th and the price per pupil was \$200 for the season. That first season there were twenty campers and five teachers, among them Mr. Lewis H. Taylor, who taught meteorology and kept the meteorological records; Eugene C. Frank, a local artist who taught drawing; and Dr. Rothrock, the head of the camp, who was the head naturalist. As his attempt did not pay expenses, Dr. Rothrock spent the next summer in Alaskan exploration, but Mr. Taylor and Herr Frank carried on the camp in a small way. During this second summer Mr. Taylor met a Mr. Kelly at the North Mountain House, and these two decided to join hands in 1878 and put over a larger camp. They advertised in the Philadelphia Bulletin and Wilkes-Barre Times and again had a camp of about twenty boys. The bills and the counselors were paid at the end of the season but there were no profits. This was the last year of the camp but the beginning of a warm friendship between these two young men \* "that

\* Camper and Hiker



was to enable each of them to watch the other climb the ladder into medical preeminence, for Mr. Kelly today is Dr. Howard A. Kelly, a world famous physician on the staff of Johns Hopkins Medical School."

During this summer of 1878 Lewis wrote home about his invitation down to Wilkes-Barre to attend a private reception held for the President at Mr. Parrish's: "I saw President and Mrs. Hayes, Secretary Sherman, Secretary Devens, Governor Hartranft and other prominent men. I was introduced to President and Mrs. Hayes and was invited by the Parrishes to remain for refreshments. So you see I took lunch with quite a lot of dignitaries and they all seemed to stand it very well." In October 1878 when back at the University he writes of meeting Dr. Rothrock and delivering to him the "metereological records" and of Dr. Rothrock's invitation to spend a week end with him.

Of the summer of 1879, which he spent as interne at the Wilkes-Barre Hospital he wrote to his sister, "I hope that during the summer that I must be away from home I may acquire a great deal of practical knowledge that may be of value in the future." He was ever mindful of the fact that his mother and sister craved his presence at home but was too conscientious in his work to neglect opportunities for improvement in his chosen line.

He completed his post-graduate work in the study of the eye, ear, nose and throat in the summer of 1880, following his graduation, after which he returned to Wilkes-Barre and began his medical career by opening his own office and for a time engaging in general practice. In 1883 to 1884 he studied abroad in the then famous medical schools of Vienna. Dr. Meyers gives us some details of that year of study: "While in Vienna he felt himself handicapped in the pursuance of his studies because of his lack of knowledge of the German language, which was the language in which most of the medical professors in Vienna delivered their lectures at that time. He arranged with a teacher of languages, Herr Kiehaupt, to give him special instruction in German. As evidence of his thoroughness in all his efforts he began his studies in the very elements of the lan-



guage and mastered the use of the different parts of speech to the most exacting degree, so that after he had acquired a sufficiently large speaking vocabulary of the language he kept a diary written out in the German language, which he transmitted daily to his teacher . . . for his approval.

“With true devotion to his work he makes daily records of his activities in his post-graduate work in a book which he has preserved and which cannot fail to inspire others by his proficiency in every detail of his labors. One entry in his diary reads: ‘After we had eaten our supper we visited the American legation where we had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Minister Taft and his wife.’ Dr. Taylor was not only seeking a medical education while in Vienna, but was acquiring a liberal education by trips that he made outside of Vienna and by the various plays and operas which he attended . . . Throughout all of these records is found proof of his increasing interest in the mastering of the German language as there is evidence of the fine German literature, with a special devotion to standard drama, which he read while pursuing his professional courses in Vienna.”

Before his return home he visited the capitals of Germany, France and England. While in England he visited his sister Sallie who had spent that year with Mr. and Mrs. Leeds in London.

During the years of his early practice between 1880 and 1883 he became acquainted with the family of John Welles Hollenback to whom, as stated above, he was indebted for the loan which enabled him to complete his schooling at Millersville. Mr. Hollenback was one of the prominent citizens of Wilkes-barre, a man whom wealth never spoiled. His dignity, his kindly ways, his simple habits, his righteous living and his noble Christian character won the respect and admiration of all who knew him.

One memorable evening Dr. Guthrie's wife, a cousin of the Hollenbacks, took the young Dr. Taylor, of whom the Guthries were very fond, to call on Mr. Hollenback's family and at this time Lew met the eldest daughter of the family, Emily Beard Hollenback. This acquaintance ripened into a lasting affection. In due time they

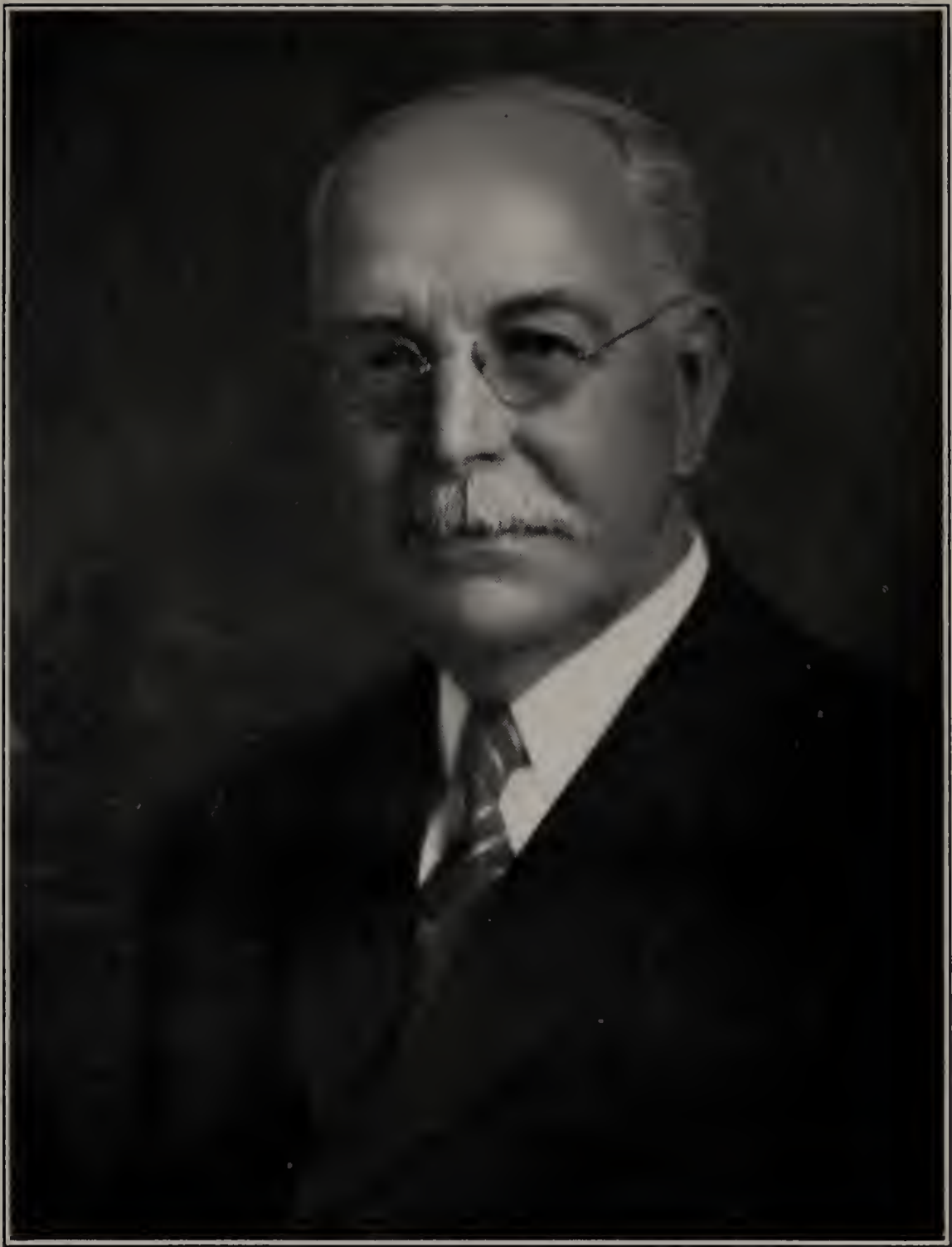


became engaged and on June 4, 1884, after Lewis had completed his studies abroad, he and Emily were married. This union proved to be one of ideal companionship. Lewis's young wife combined with her gentle and modest nature many of the staunch qualities of her father. She was a young woman of culture and refinement, deeply religious, earnest, unselfish, generous and conscientious beyond belief. Her kindly thoughtfulness for others, her quiet, unassuming ways, her indomitable spirit and her rare sweetness of disposition endeared her to all the members of the Taylor family. Perhaps the highest compliment to her beauty of character that the Taylors could bestow was to accept her in their hearts as a worthy mate of their adored Lewis.

To Lewis and Emily were born two children, Anna Hollenback and Margaret. Margaret died in 1896 at the age of six and half, and Lewis's grief over the loss of this lovely child was never assuaged.

When first married Lewis and Emily lived in a rented home on Main Street but in the spring of 1888 they moved into their own home, a fine brick residence on Franklin Street between the library and the Presbyterian church. Lew's offices were a part of the home. In 1894 he built an attractive summer home at Glen Summit Springs, a restricted residential colony up on the mountain about ten miles from Wilkes-Barre. This colony was started in 1882 by the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company who at that time organized the Glen Summit Hotel and Land Company. Lewis's father-in-law, Mr. Hollenback, was a member of the Board of Directors of this company and to him was due a large share of the credit for improving this beautiful summer resort. He gave generously of his time, talent and money in working out the project. Mr. Hollenback's own home, built in 1888 was the eighth one erected in Glen Summit. The Taylor cottage when first built was on the bare mountain side, surrounded by a fine plot of some three or four acres of sloping grounds which Lewis improved and beautified. He planted fruit trees and raspberry bushes, set out a strawberry bed, planned a garden and fenced it in to keep out the deer, planted shade trees and shrubs on the lawn and had a shady portion of it leveled off for a croquet ground.





*Lewis Harlow Taylor*





And how he loved this summer home! He enjoyed pruning his fruit trees and grape vines and watching his garden grow; he loved his game of croquet, his walks and drives and horseback rides through the winding woodsy mountain roads and he loved to share the beauty and restfulness of this home with the many friends and relatives who came all through the summer to visit with this hospitable household. This summer home was completely destroyed by fire in 1916. The second cottage, built on the same spot but somewhat larger than the first one, was completed in 1917.

A busy life was Lewis's from beginning to end. Earnest and conscientious, he threw himself wholeheartedly into whatever task was at hand. As stated above, his faithful work as a student at Millersville won the interest and assistance of President Brooks, and close application to his work, combined with his fine intellect won the high record made while studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. In a letter to his mother written at this time his good common sense and fine industry are revealed. Concerning the Jennings estate, that lost English fortune which enticed false hopes in many of the heirs and which was at that particular time creating much excitement, he wrote: "(I am reminded) of that story of Hercules and the teamster. When the teamster called upon the god of strength to help get his wheel from the rut he was advised to first put his own shoulder to the wheel and then call on the gods for help. In other words I have my shoulder to the wheel and can't afford the time to take it away to go hunting up a fortune that is evidently hanging on very slender threads. I guess all the fortune there is in store for me is that which is to come from hard work."

To the work of his profession he brought the same unflagging energy and zeal that had marked his scholastic career, and built up a large and successful private practice. Many were the fruits of his labors, both in monetary lines and in the more lasting rewards of affection and esteem. He made many gifts and loans to his family and friends, gave generously to worthy causes and made many donations to community, religious and professional enterprises.

Lewis served his profession not only through his wide private



practice but by filling many positions of responsibility. He was also elected to positions of trust and honor in his community and was influential in the promotion of many worthy causes. In a sketch of his life by his grand-nephew, Lewis Taylor Buckman, some of his many professional positions and achievements are cited: "His rise in the medical profession was gradual and uninterrupted. From 1885 to 1894 he was medical inspector of the Pennsylvania State Board of Health, and in this capacity studied and reported on the epidemic of typhoid fever in Plymouth. He identified the source of infection and his report, written in his own beautiful style, portrays as interesting a bit of detective work as can be found in many works of fiction . . . In his study of a subsequent typhoid epidemic, he again demonstrated the danger to the city by contamination of the water supply. By his insistence on preventive hygienic measures, he brought on himself the criticism and enmity of men of influence, which only a character such as his could ignore. . . He was a member of the Lehigh Valley Medical Association, of the Philadelphia Pathological Society, of the Medical Club of Philadelphia, of the American Academy of Ophthalmology and Oto-Laryngology, of the American Ophthalmological Society, of the American Otological Society and of the American College of Surgeons. These were not empty honors to him. He was a regular and frequent attendant at the meetings of all of them, besides being a member of several international congresses. Probably no man in his section of the country had so wide an acquaintance among the members of the medical profession of the nation as did Dr. Taylor. Attendance at meetings was a duty and a pleasure to him. Deafness was no deterrent, but the perfection in recent years of mechanical aids to the deaf made his enjoyment of the program more satisfactory to him. To a limited circle he was frank in his criticism of a poor speaker, but always kind. He himself developed an extraordinarily pleasing delivery and this, coupled with a marvelous memory, made him a welcome speaker on any occasion."

Other colleagues bore testimony to his ability as a speaker: "As a public speaker one was impressed with Dr. Taylor's commanding



presence, distinguished personality and absolute sincerity," said Dr. Mengel. "His presentation address delivered at the Pennsylvania State Meeting in Philadelphia, September, 1913, and written on a hike from White Haven to Easton, is an especially scholarly production. Many of the suggestions and recommendations made in this address have since been carried out or executed." Dr. Meyers wrote, "An alertness of mind, a resourcefulness of speech and a resoluteness of purpose made a strong appeal to people at all times, but more especially as a speaker at public functions, where his presence was always hailed with keen delight. He was a clear thinker, a gifted speaker, a joy and an inspiration to his audience, a student, scholar, teacher, physician, scientist, philosopher and philanthropist." And Dr. Miner had this to say: "His very active brain and broad vision made him a man in advance of his time. His public speaking was a delight to every one who heard him. He never seemed embarrassed, but was forceful, serious and humorous in turn, able to quote prose and poetry at will which gave evidence of an endless amount of reading and study."

In 1885 he was President of the Luzerne County Medical Society and later became its librarian and historian. Twice he was elected Vice President of the Pennsylvania State Medical Society and in 1913 served as its President. He was also a member of the American Medical association. For twenty-one years he was attending physician of the Wilkes-Barre Hospital and later became the Ophthalmologist of that institution. He also served as Secretary of the hospital staff and as member of the consulting staff of the Board of Trustees and of the Executive Committee of the Hospital Training School for Nurses. As chairman of the Training School Committee he was past master at correcting the petty disputes that were constantly arising between the superintendent and nurses and also between doctors.

He was a trustee of the Young Men's Christian Association, a trustee of the First Methodist Church of Wilkes-Barre, and also of the Osterhout Free Library of Wilkes-Barre and of the Wyoming Seminary in Kingston. He also served from 1890 to 1893 on the



Board of Trustees of the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society of Wilkes-Barre of which he was a life member.

One of his main interests was the library of the Luzerne County Medical Society which he started to build up many years ago. Of this his grand-nephew writes: "Probably the outstanding monument of his professional life is the library of the Luzerne County Medical Society at Wilkes-Barre, which he established by his foresight and enthusiasm about thirty-five years ago. He had been librarian from the time of its founding until his death. The last afternoon before he was taken ill he spent at the library with his beloved books. By his own efforts the nucleus was formed by gift and loan of books and periodicals. It was largely by reason of the growth of the library that the Luzerne County Medical Society erected a fireproof building to house the collection. Through Dr. Taylor's efforts the first sum for endowment was secured from the late John Welles Hollenback. Under Dr. Taylor's guidance the library grew to over eight thousand books and bound periodicals, and by his own legacy the endowment was increased to \$34000." (In a later paper Dr. Lewis Buckman, who succeeded Dr. Taylor as librarian, states that the number of books had passed the ten thousand mark.)

In recognition of his interest in the Training School for Nurses during the long years of his service on the Board of Trustees and as a Physician of the Wilkes-Barre General Hospital his wife, a short time after his death, gave as a memorial to her beloved husband a much needed new wing for the Nurses' Home. This beautiful addition was opened in 1933.

Lewis's ability as a writer was also recognized by his colleagues. One of them, Dr. Mengel, bears this tribute: "He was a great lover of books and read extensively. He loved to handle them, look at them, associate with them as with his best friends, he loved to read them. Being a great reader we naturally find he was also a great writer. He wrote in a manner most entertaining and illuminating. There are probably but few practicing medical men outside of the teaching profession who have written more extensively than did Dr. Taylor. We find that early in his professional life he wrote on



medical subjects and reported the interesting and unusual cases that occurred in his medical practice, and so all through his medical life he contributed liberally to medical literature. In his writings one is impressed with his utter friendliness, his excellent judgment, his honesty, sincerity and ability to exhaustively handle his subject. The historical sketches and papers prepared by Dr. Taylor are examples of careful, painstaking and extensive research. (His) papers were practically always published. Usually in one and sometimes several Medical Journals." Dr. Mengel then cites as complete a list of these written works as he was able to procure, which list comprises thirty-nine papers, addresses, reports and historical sketches, dating from 1885 to 1927.

As to Lewis's interest in community affairs the editor of the Times-Leader of Wilkes-Barre under "Parting Shots," said, "He never talked about being 100% as seems to be the thing nowadays. But he was . . . If you did not know him you missed one of the big things of life. He had an interest in everything. There wasn't a single thing in the community worth while that he wasn't for. You were perhaps on a committee. You went to him in his office. He smiled as you came in. There wasn't any argument. It was always a question of what he should do to the limit of his ability."

In the midst of his busy life, always filled to the brim with his many and varied activities in addition to the hours conscientiously devoted to his large practice and to the duties of his home, he had sufficient wisdom to leave his arduous cares at frequent intervals for needed rest and refreshment. He used to say that he regarded the money spent on trips as the best investment he ever made. The only absolute relaxation came, he said, when he put the ocean between himself and the telephone.

His trips were many and varied. He visited almost every spot of interest in his own country and trod the soil of every state. He spent a short time at a Wyoming ranch where he had ample opportunity to indulge in one of his favorite sports, that of horseback riding. He often spent weeks in Florida. He enjoyed the National Parks, visiting Glacier years before it boasted of the many drives that now



thread its wild beauties. Through this Park he rode on horseback most of the way. He explored the Yellowstone, the Yosemite, the Canadian Rockies, the Grand Canyon, the beauties of California and the Northwest and the interesting scenes of Mexico.

Time and again he crossed the Atlantic, making many trips through England and many to the continent. He visited the land of the Midnight Sun, made a cruise to South America and keenly enjoyed the last three months trip in the early part of 1928 when with his wife and daughter he visited Africa, a trip that for many years he had wanted to take.

But with all his distant travels and his enjoyment of the world's beauties he never tired of the pleasant ten mile daily drive in summer up the winding mountain road from his city office in the Wilkes-Barre home to his mountain home in Glen Summit—a drive with vistas of the Wyoming Valley hemmed in by mountains and Wilkes-Barre spread out in its midst, and with increasingly beautiful views of the mountains as one neared the summit. Nor did he ever tire of the mountain view from his own front porch in the Glen Summit home—a panorama of marvelous beauty with range after range of green clad heights and beyond the blue mountains fading away in the distance.

And how he enjoyed the short trips he often made to the scenes of his boyhood days! He too loved the tranquil beauty of the Delaware and the pleasant hills, fields and woods of friendly Bucks County. In a long letter to Father, written in 1904, he describes a walking trip to the old home neighborhood, telling of short visits to the friends of his youth and recalling incidents of the past: "The old road was very familiar; I thought of a thousand things on the way. The first thing I noticed (about the old place) was Jim's iron fence . . . and then I noticed that the old hickory tree is dead. It is still standing but dead. A reminder though of the many excellent shellbarks that we gathered from it. . . . It was twelve o'clock when I got there and I knew that according to all well established rules of etiquette in this artificial age I ought not to go in just at dinner hour, but remembering the generous hospitality that had been dis-



pensed from the old farm house in former days, I ventured in . . . (Jim was not at home but I received a cordial welcome from his son Harry). I wandered around the buildings and orchards till dinner was ready then went in and met Harry's wife . . . She seemed to know just what I would want and after dinner took me all through the house, even up to the attic where we had so many nights of blissful healthful slumber in boyhood's days . . . Then I went up the old road over which I had so often helped carry a bucket of water, to the school house. The building is different but the *place* is there. I wandered through the yard with its large shade trees which we saw planted by Robert Trego and then down the old road past Jim's magnificent field of corn, without exception the finest I have ever seen anywhere—he expects ninety bushels to the acre . . . Jim was home by that time and would hitch up and take me down to Taylorsville in spite of my remonstrance . . . We had a very pleasant visit together but it is all too long to tell you about . . .”

Neither were his play periods limited to his vacation trips. On our summer visits, if the day were pleasant, we were sure to hear his cheery call inviting us to a game of croquet as soon as he arrived home from his work in the city. Of course we lost no time in picking up mallets and balls and in less time than it takes to tell it the game was on. With him as one of the players croquet became an exciting match from start to finish. His hearty abandonment to any game he played redoubled its pleasures for the rest of us. To see him romp with his grand-nieces and nephews at the big Thanksgiving party “at Uncle Lew’s,” playing drop-the-handkerchief, Going-to-Jerusalem or Hide-the-thimble was an experience one never forgot. His love of fun was like a spring fed from the mountains, bubbling forth at one time in good humored teasing, at another in relating, apropos of almost anything, a joke or a good story of which he had a never failing supply. Or perhaps he would spring a puzzle or a spelling twister or on the spur of the moment, compose a whimsical bit of rhyme. He never came into our home for even a short stay without setting us laughing at some new piece of nonsense. He was splendid at memorizing—not quite so quick as his brother Sam,



Father says—but he remembered well and could quote verse after verse of poetry or favorite prose passages. An especial favorite in poetry was *The Lady of the Lake*, most of which he knew by heart. He was a great reader and for years systematically recorded in a little book that he always carried, the names and authors of the books he read.

He was a handsome man. Once when he was coming for a visit I spoke of him to a pretty girl who lived with us, telling her what a favorite he was with the family. After seeing him she said, "Why didn't you prepare me for meeting so stunning a man? How *could* you *keep* from raving about the looks of a man as handsome as that?"

His busy cares, his many responsibilities, and his miles of travel, whether alone or with wife and daughter—they were a wondrous trio—never crowded out the expressions of affection he lavished upon wife and daughter, upon his mother, his brothers and sisters, his nieces and nephews and friends. For the family tie held as strong with this youngest of the family as with all the others. When away from home for his first term at school he wrote, "Considering why I am here I am as well contented as I would be at home. But don't think I like this better than home. I never expect to find a place that I will like better than home nor a time that I will think more of than the time I spent at home. I often think of you all on Sunday evenings—how we used to sit around the stove awhile and talk before the lamp was lighted. I would not forget those times even if I could."

Underneath all his sparkling humor and jollity there was the serious strain that all who knew him felt and revered. For he was as good as he was good looking. This sheer goodness, to which Father paid tribute as a boyhood characteristic, combined with a splendid judgment, made of him a man upon whom others always leaned. Friends and relatives alike sought his advice, always sure of a sympathetic understanding and an honest opinion. Whether it was wholly to one's liking or not did not matter, and for that very reason was valued the more. And if perchance one aroused an outburst of temper, one knew there must be a provocation and wondered! (And regretted.)



Lewis joined the Taylorsville Methodist Church when but eight years of age and throughout his life was a faithful attendant and conscientious worker in that denomination, holding many responsible positions in the First Methodist Church in Wilkes-Barre to the day of his death. Many thought he should have been a preacher. His laughing reply was, "Why, how could I have been a preacher? Doesn't the Good Book say, 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of those that carry good tidings.' Just look at *those* feet!" (The only homely feature he possessed.)

In more ways than by participation in church and benevolent activities he served his God. His numberless acts of generosity and kindness were bestowed day after day. Of the many I hold in mind one stands out in particular: He, with his wife and daughter, visited me at the time of my graduation from Cornell University, when too far from home for any of my immediate family to be present. I procured rooms for them near the campus and arranged for our meals at one of the student boarding places. On leaving for home he handed me some money, saying, "Use this to settle our expenses and just keep the change for yourself as a little graduation present." Unrolling the bills after their train had pulled out I found to my amazement the sum of fifty dollars, the change from which, after the modest board bills were paid, seemed to a poor college student in debt for her college course, a marvelous sum. His life was full of sweet and unexpected deeds like this one which left a fragrant memory in all our hearts.

These traits of character, the serious woven with the gay, and his altogether lovable disposition, combined to make him a charming companion, a welcome guest whenever he came knocking at the door, a host one loved to visit, and the central figure in every family gathering. Each one of us cherished the opportunity for our own special talk with him—he was so responsive to one's own thought, enriching it by an added touch. As when once in a serious talk we were having I said to him, "It seems to me I never find time to really pray; I feel like a locomotive that cannot stop to take up water but scoops it up while running; I have to do my praying on



trolley cars and ferry boats. " At once came his ready response, "Well, just make sure, Mary, that you never let down your scoop in a dry place."

On the week end including the holiday of October 12, 1928, Father, Mary Shade and I drove up to visit him and his family in their summer home, always so lovely in autumn. Our host was in gay humor, and Father and I often thereafter spoke of this visit. Although he had not been in his usual health during the summer, he seemed hearty and well at this time. Mary said to him, "Lew, thee is looking so well," to which he replied, "I never felt better in my life, Mary." He talked over old time friends and happenings with Mary and Father, and after the rest of us had gone up to bed he and Father talked on together as they loved to do. Of the many charming times we had had in that home none was ever a happier visit than that one. As we started for home and waved our good byes little did we dream it was to be our last farewell to him.

Three weeks later came the tidings that he was at the point of death. He had been suddenly stricken with a heart attack and lingered but five days. On November fifth came the shock that we had been dreading since the first news—he had gone. It was unthinkable! The only consolation when the sad message reached us was the sure knowledge that he was ready. The preceding January when he and his family were preparing to take the African trip he had written to us, "We are quite busy and don't see how we are to get ready in time to go away, but if we don't we will have to go without being ready. In the matter of going to Heaven it is said 'It's better to be ready and not go than to go and not be ready'." The words seemed almost prophetic of the call that was to come before the close of the year.

The funeral services were held on November the eighth at the First Methodist Church, preceded by a short private service at the home for relatives and near friends and followed by the brief last words at the grave.

Many were the tributes paid after he had gone, bearing testimony to his beautiful character. The Wilkes-Barre Times-Leader wrote:



## THE DEATH OF DR. TAYLOR.

"Again this community, with deep sorrow, is witness to the passing of a beloved citizen, a man of wide and deep human sympathy, a man known throughout the State, and far beyond the State, among his professional brethren both for his own high standing in the fraternity and for his unusual and splendid endowment of personal quality. Dr. Lewis H. Taylor was a rare man. He had the gifts of mind and heart that made him of inestimable value as physician, as citizen, and as a friend.

"The testimony of grief at his death is universal and permeates every nook of the valley where he was best known, and sincerely respected and beloved.

"It was not merely the length of his privilege for work and for human association that had strengthened and made beautiful these earthly ties. It was more than that. It was the quality of the man himself, his outlook on life, his invariable and kindly humor, his capacity for friendship and his wisdom as to affairs of men. He was ever useful and active. A great privilege was his to work, and continue his usefulness through all his days, with faculties unimpaired. Optimistic, a radiation of cheer to those around, one who was himself example of what we mean in exalted citizenship he wrought for good, a decade or more beyond the time when most men of engrossing routine have to give over.

"It is difficult indeed to sum his qualities. His own record of years is his monument. He was steadfast, knowing no variation, loyal to his work, professional obligations, to his opportunities for good, loyal wherever and however he assumed responsibility among men, and loyal to the core in his friendship."

A friend said of his character, "Industry, perseverance, thoroughness, a thirst and inquisitiveness for knowledge and truth to an unusual degree have been the essence of Dr. Taylor's life . . . His unostentation, his self oblivion, his simple loving character, his great hearted friendliness, expressed in ever widening circles in such countless ways, these are all an imperishable heritage to us who remain."

His pastor praised "his unselfish devotion to good causes, his fidelity to every personal and official trust, his friendliness and democratic spirit, his unstinted beneficence, his boldness to face a duty, his promptness in responding to an appeal, his intelligent interest in the history of the Church, whose annals he collected and published,—in all these aspects of life and character, Dr. Taylor was an exemplar of the best standards of the Christian laity." A colleague bore this testimony:

"To write on his personality one should have an inspired pen, so remarkable is the subject. He had a wonderful bearing, a vigorous and sprightly step which seemed to typify the spirit of health. His splendid face like an open book revealed his lovable character, it fairly shone with kindness. His twinkling eye, keen and alert to see and catch the response in others, his thoughtful courtesy, his quick sympathy and his fund of humor all combined to give one a feeling of joy in his presence."

Another friend contributed this: "Among some of his papers I found this note, which I think describes the man himself: 'What our generation needs is more joy and not more pleasure and joy comes from work well done and from the accomplishments of the simple duties, involving forgetfulness of self, and life lived not for itself, but for what can be effected'."

His grand-nephew, Lewis T. Buckman, paid this tribute: "His exceptional personality, the exemplary habits of his private life, and his energy and intelligence early won for him valuable connections with older men. This interest and helpfulness he later returned many times over to the men younger than himself as he became the older practitioner, consultant and, finally, dean of the medical profession in Wilkes-Barre. Dr. Taylor was generous to a fault. He knew no jealousy or envy, and stood by his own efforts and his own goodness. His was a life sweet and full, replete with respect for God and cleanliness for his fellowman, desiring riches only for the means of happiness, and then usually for that of others. He leaves a void scarcely to be filled, but a memory sweet and lasting."

To us all he has bequeathed a "memory sweet and lasting." But



more than a memory. He was always so alive—we cannot think of him as gone. It seems even yet, as though any day he might call us up or come walking in as he did so many times in the past, with that cheery greeting, that sympathetic understanding, that contagious good humor and that dear, dear way of his.

## CHAPTER III

### OTHER RELATIVES

#### THE FOUNDER OF TAYLORSVILLE AND THREE OF HIS BROTHERS

Father remembers four of his grandfather's brothers, all of whom lived to a goodly age, and gives most of the following information concerning them and their families.

*Mahlon Kirkbride Taylor*, born June 4, 1791, and known as the Founder of Taylorsville, was in his day the wealthiest and most influential citizen in the little village named in his honor. He became the owner of the old Inn, then known as The Temperance House, which he greatly enlarged by an addition to the original Ferry House, owned the store, which was run by his son, was postmaster for many years and carried on a large shipping industry, both before and after the canal was built. Barrels of pork he shipped to Philadelphia. Logs in rafts he brought down the river from his tract of wooded land near White Haven, and owned some surrounding farms besides his own attractive home in Taylorsville with its extensive lawn sloping down to the river's edge and its five or six acre tract stretching south along the river.

Mahlon's first wife was Elizabeth Hough (or Hoff), the mother of his eight children. Perhaps the unfortunate lives of most of his sons, all but one of whom became enslaved by the old demon Alcohol, was his sad retribution for permitting one of the proprietors to open a bar in the Temperance House. As told in Part II he did this even over the protest of the group of ladies from his own Meeting at Makefield, of which he was always an influential member. Oliver, the eldest son, who never married, assisted his father in the shipping business and ran the store in Taylorsville before Benjamin, a younger son, took it over. Edward, who lived in Philadelphia was a tea merchant associated with Mahlon's nephew Joseph. The twins were Augustus and Tom, the former of whom owned a farm south



of Taylorsville. The latter was an excellent bookkeeper in New York. Benjamin, the storekeeper in Taylorsville was a most likeable personality, but was one of the sons whose life was marred by the sad effects of alcohol.

One grandson, an outstanding character, redeemed the records of the sons. This was Benjamin's son, George Yardley Taylor, who graduated from Princeton as one of the best-liked, brightest and most promising men of his class. His classmate Henry Welles, a cousin of Lewis Taylor's wife, says of him, "George, or Judge as we called him, was my best friend and by far the ablest man in his class. He was a great debater, a strong temperance man and a fine scholar. He was also very religious and while in college felt called to become a missionary. He was a rare spirit." After graduating at Princeton in 1882 George took a three year medical course at the University of Pennsylvania and upon the completion of this course in 1885 went at once as a medical missionary to China. He was stationed at Pauting Fu, where he did an excellent piece of work, which was cut short in 1900 by his death in the Boxer Rebellion.

Two of Benjamin's daughters died at the same time and were buried in the same coffin.

Mahlon's daughter Rebecca married John Brown and inherited her father's home after his death. Lizzie married Ed Sellers and lived in Philadelphia and Phebe married a preacher by the name of Shute and lived at Pemberton, New Jersey.

Sometime after the death of his first wife, Mahlon, when about seventy-five years of age, married Sallie Jane Walker, a widow who had for many years been keeping house for Sammie Holcomb, a bachelor living on the farm almost opposite the old Hibbs Place. On this farm Sallie brought up her family of four children, all of whom were married before her marriage to Mahlon, which was cannily conditioned upon his promise, on file at Doylestown, to make her a settlement of three thousand dollars at his death. This settlement may have been in Sallie's mind when she remarked, a few years after her marriage, "I thought Mahlon Taylor was an old man when I married him; I had no idea he would live this long!"



This uncle of Grandfather, always a great favorite with him, was in turn exceedingly fond of Grandfather and showed his affection for him in many ways, almost taking the place of the father he lost when a little boy of five. And the two, so close in life, died only two days apart. It might be said of them as David of old sang of Saul and Jonathan, "Lovely and pleasant were they in their lives and in their death they were not divided."

*Bernard Taylor*, Mahlon's older brother, was born September 7, 1786 and married as his first wife, Lydia Hough who was the mother of his five children, Maria, Jacob, Robert, William Smith and Hannah. His home was also in Taylorsville, where he was a much respected and influential citizen, sober, upright, industrious and kindly. An instance of his kindness and generosity is shown by his interest in John Graham, who was living in a small house on Bernard's farm, afterwards known as the "Pat McCarn house." John was a likeable man, but was fast becoming too fond of his drink, providing inadequately for his family and causing his wife much sorrow. When the Sammie Howell farm\* was for sale Bernard told John to buy it. John protested that he had no money but Bernard replied, "That makes no difference; thee go and buy the farm anyway" which he did, Bernard advancing the money. John moved to this farm, settled down and became a sober, industrious farmer, providing for his wife and family. His four sons helped with the farming and one of his two daughters, Nellie, was a popular character in the neighborhood and a successful teacher. She often expressed her great admiration for Bernard Taylor.

Bernard and Lydia's first home in Taylorsville was in the old Temperance House where they lived while Bernard was building his own home, the present Washington Crossing Inn. Their eldest child, Maria, who was born in the Temperance House, married Jonathan Brock, a Philadelphia lawyer. The names of Maria's five children are shown on the genealogical table.

Bernard's eldest son, *Jacob*, was born just after his parents moved into their new home in July, 1821. He and his family were closer

\* See page 175



to Grandfather's family than the other children of Bernard. In 1846 Jacob married Rebecca Pitman and they moved at once to the farm of one hundred acres north of Taylorsville, which Bernard gave to his son and on which he built for him the big comfortable farm house described on page 196. In 1851 Jacob left this farm and went into the brick business in Philadelphia with Jacob Justice Pitman, but in 1856, four years after his father's death, he moved back to Bucks County, occupying his father's home in Taylorsville. Jacob's wife, Rebecca, was very fond of Grandmother and so happy to return where she could be just across the street from Margaret. But that very year Grandmother's family moved to the Highland Farm. In 1864 Jacob moved his family to Yardleyville where he again engaged in the lumber business. In 1880 he moved back to Philadelphia, living at 1420 Franklin Street, at which time he entered the lumber business with his brother, Will S. Taylor. Later Jacob left Philadelphia and again returned to Bucks County when he and his wife went to live with their daughter Lizzie Pickering whose home was on a farm at Edgewood. In 1886 Jacob and Rebecca moved to Yardleyville and made their home with another daughter, Lydia Stockton, in the old Van Horn house until 1893 when they moved to Afton Avenue, Yardleyville, where Jacob died on February 26th of that same year. In 1902 Rebecca moved back to the farm with her daughter Lizzie where she died two years later.

Once when Jacob was with a group who were telling fortunes and his turn came he said, "O, my fortune's told—a wife and seven children." These seven children were Lydia, Justice, Bernard, Lizzie, William Smith, Florence and Annie W. Another son, Robert, died in infancy. The two eldest children, Lydia and Justice, were born on the farm where Jacob and Rebecca began housekeeping. Lydia married John Stockton and lived in Yardleyville as stated above.

*Justice Pitman Taylor* was born on April 12, 1849 and on June 17, 1874, married *Mary Simpson Hibbs*, daughter of Albert and Margaret (Simpson) Hibbs. Mary, who was born February 4, 1851, was one of the large circle of Mother's first cousins and, like her father, always a great favorite. She and her husband lived in Phila-



delphia, where her father and mother afterwards came to live with them. Mary survived her husband, who died in 1902, by several years as she did two of her children. Her son Norman who was an invalid for several years died in early manhood. After the death of her husband, parents and son, Mary and her only daughter, Mary Marguerite, moved to a cozy apartment home in the northern part of Philadelphia. This daughter, a beautiful character, and her mother's idolized companion, was stricken very suddenly with scarlet fever while teaching, and died within a few days.

The heart broken mother continued for a time to live on alone, her brave and indomitable spirit still unconquered in spite of a frail body and the many trials through which she had passed. In early womanhood she had suffered many serious illnesses and in later years had buried her husband, had seen her beloved father carried away by diphtheria, had nursed her aged and failing mother and an invalid son, and last of all had been called upon to part with her only daughter, the comfort of her later years. Her eldest son, Albert, is still living. To his home in Easton Mary often went for the visits she enjoyed with this eldest of whom she was so proud and so fond. Mary died here on June 30, 1919. For over thirty years Albert was with an engineering firm in Easton, from which position he has but recently retired. He and his wife, Mabel Elveth (James), and their only child, Margaret, who is a librarian, still reside in Easton, Pennsylvania.

Jacob's daughter Lizzie, who married Harry Pickering, survives her husband and is living in Jenkintown, Pennsylvania. The marriages and descendants of Jacob's other children are given in the genealogical table, as are those of his brothers Robert, Bernard's second son, and William.

Bernard's youngest son, William Smith, became the owner of his father's home and of several acres of land in and around Taylorsville. It was he who gave the acre of land for the Taylorsville church. He and Charles Betts were partners in the lumber business in Philadelphia for several years, but in the 90's this partnership was dissolved. Will was the last one of the Taylor family to own



his father's old home in Taylorsville which was first sold to Arthur Townsend and later to Mrs. Haven, the owner of the new Washington Crossing Inn, which she built as an addition to the old home.

Bernard's daughter Hannah married Watson Malone, a lumber merchant of Philadelphia. Associated with him in the firm, known as the Watson Malone Lumber Company, were his three sons. This firm is still being carried on by a grandson, Watson Malone. Watson the Elder became interested in Bucks County property when he bought from his brother-in-law Jacob Taylor, his farm north of Taylorsville, given to Jacob at the time of his marriage by his father, Bernard, as previously stated. After Watson's death this home eventually became the summer home of his son Edwin, after whose death it passed to Edwin's daughter, Elsie Burtnett Deakin, as stated in Part II. Edwin died suddenly in February 1935 when getting ready to go to Florida. He had not been well since the death of his wife the preceding September. Elsie's husband, Edward Deakin, is a broker in Philadelphia.

Bernard's second wife, Mercy Armstrong, proved to be a nagging and fretful companion, indirectly and unwittingly the cause of her husband's sudden death in 1852. See p. 141

*Benjamin Taylor, Jr.*, a brother of Bernard and Mahlon K. was born March 3, 1793 and on February 15, 1816, married Rebecca Knowles. He inherited his father's home, "the old Benjamin Taylor place" (see p. 160) on which he was born and on which he always lived. Benjamin was a wealthy farmer and of a generous and kindly disposition, respected by neighbors and friends. His wife died in 1865 and Benjamin himself in 1876. They are buried at Makefield. Benjamin's only child, Henry, was a good worker and a successful farmer, but as a young man was evidently a bit too proud of being the sole heir of a man of his father's affluence and honorable repute. Henry's oft-repeated, drawling way of boasting, "I am Benjamin Taylor's O-n-l-y son," amused his associates and became a neighborhood joke. Benjamin built for this only son a substantial addition to the big stone farm house which today is still one of the finest and most imposing of the many old homes yet stand-



ing in this section of Bucks County. Henry had two sons, Benjamin, who died at the age of three, and Will, who was the last of the family to live on the old home place that had been handed down through so many successive generations.

*David Barton Taylor*, the youngest brother of Mahlon K. and Bernard, was born February 9, 1795, and, with his wife, Elizabeth Field, lived on the place later known as the "John Eastburn Place," the second home east of Grandfather's Highland farm. This home Barton built about 1817, but later mortgaged it heavily to build a mill, for which he purchased the property willed to Father's grandmother, who pronounced the "widow's curse" upon his undertaking, as previously explained. He erected his mill, used the house as a home for the miller and for a time one of his millers, Jess Lukens, did a good deal of grinding and shipping. But the mill was never a success and was later abandoned. Barton lost the mill and his farm at sheriff's sale and moved to Philadelphia to go into the lumber business. He and Elizabeth had three sons, Ben, Barton and Marshall. Mary, a daughter of Ben's (Benj. Field), married Andrew Bye.

*Marshall*, the only one of the three sons Father remembers, was born in 1824. He married *Mary McMasters* and lived on the Highland farm where he built the house, barn and other farm buildings in 1850. In 1856 he sold this farm to Grandfather. For a time Marshall lived on the old Abdon Longshore place on the Dolington-Yardley road and in 1863 he was living on a farm at Milford, Delaware. Returning to Bucks County, he bought the property just south of the Taylorsville school house, where he owned a lumber and coal yard, with wharves on the canal. At one time he and Father's Uncle Sammie Baker were very intimate. Father describes their friendship and its dissolution thus: "For awhile they were so thick that Uncle Sammie never could go to Taylorsville without going by Marshall's to stop and talk awhile. About this time they decided to go into the lumber business together, but it didn't last long. After a time they fell out and then were just at one another's throats all the time." After this partnership was broken up, Will Taylor, Henry's son, went into business with Marshall and Uncle Sammie set up a lum-



ber yard in Titusville. Marshall lost his Taylorsville property about 1875 and moved with his wife and two younger daughters to Texas where he lived for the rest of his life. He survived his wife by some ten years and died on August 1, 1895 in his daughter Fannie's home near Christian, Texas. Marshall and Mary had three children, *Mary Frances*, who married Father's brother Hutchinson; Libbie, who married George Moore in Texas; and Julia, who married Harry Wood, a Pennsylvanian. They all lived in Texas. Harry survived his wife and children by many years, spending the latter years of his life in the home of his sister-in-law Fannie Taylor, where he died in 1935.

#### GRANDFATHER'S BROTHERS AND SISTERS

*Amos*, the eldest, married *Phebe Cadwallader*, a widow with two daughters, Rebecca, who married Alfred Lambert, and Mary Ann. Phebe was the daughter of Cyrus and Mary (Taylor) Cadwallader. Amos was a tailor and lived in the house next to the store in Taylorsville. Father does not remember this uncle and recalls but one or two things about him. One was told him by Grandfather who related that Amos came to him one day to bid him good-bye, saying as he left, "Well, Sam, I'm going away; I don't know where; you may hear of me in Haiti next for all I know." And sure enough some time later Grandfather received a letter from him from Haiti, although Amos declared after his return home, that he had no thought of going there when he jokingly made that remark to his brother.

Amos and Phebe had two children, Margaret, who married Billy Yates and Julia, who married a James. Margaret was brought up by her mother's brother, Sammie Cadwallader, who gave Margaret and Billy a home when they married. They had five children: Isaac, who lived on the "Mosey Van Horn place" and whose daughter we met a few years ago at the Bucks County Historical Society in Doylestown; Fannie, who married Samuel Wiggins; Alfred, who married a Wildman and lived on a farm west of the old Highland school; Edmund, who lived up near Wrightstown; and David Cadwallader, an industrious man who hauled manure to Trenton. When tramp-



ing down a load he fell, struck his head against the curb stone and died almost instantly. His wife, a Morrissey, was a Catholic and through her influence he had joined the Catholic Church. After her husband's death she went to look at him in his coffin and dropped dead.

*Charles* was the second son of Samuel and Eliza Taylor. Father has no recollection of him but remembers that he had a son Joseph who was a brick layer and helped to build the Taylorsville church.

*Benjamin*, the third son, never married. He was an intimate friend of Samuel Snyder, Mother's father, who was with him in Philadelphia the night he died of cholera. Fortunately Samuel did not take the disease from him.

*Mary* was the only daughter in this family of eight children. She married as her first husband, Charles Howell, and they had one son, David, who lived on a farm south of Taylorsville. David had three daughters, one of whom, Mary Lib, married and lived in Trenton. Mary's second husband was Scott Howell, a brother of her first husband. Mary ("Aunt Polly") died before Father can remember her but his father related a trifling incident concerning her which reveals an early custom. In those days before matches were invented, a fire was lighted by saving one's own coals or borrowing them from a neighbor, or by loading a gun with powder and shooting it on paper dipped in salt petre and dried. Once when Aunt Polly went to strike a fire, she picked up the gun which she did not know was loaded and killed the cat.

Mary and Scott Howell had three children: Eliza, who married Lewis Akers, Lydia, who married an Ayers and Susannah, who never married. Eliza and Lewis Akers had two children, Lizzie and Sibylla. Lizzie married Edgar Smith, a widower with two daughters. Sibylla married Harry Grover and lived for some years in the Mahlon K. Taylor home in Taylorsville, which her father had bought. While in this home Sibylla took boarders. We stopped there for lunch on our way to Makefield at the time of Mother's funeral, in 1916. Lizzie died in Trenton in 1936.

*Joseph H.*, the fifth of Samuel and Eliza Taylor's children, was



born in 1807. His wife was Anna Maria Armstrong, a sister of his Uncle Bernard's second wife. Joseph was a tea merchant in Philadelphia whom Father often visited on his weekly trips to Philadelphia "following the markets." When Father was a young man this uncle wanted him to live with them and attend the Crittenden business school, as his own children were all grown by that time. But Father could not be spared from his own home. He gave Father a well built black tool box, saying that his own boys made no use of it. Father always kept it on his work bench for his planes and some of the other valuable tools inherited from his father.

One of Joseph's sons, William, who as a boy often visited his Uncle Bernard in Taylorsville, went to sea. On a return voyage from China after a day out at sea, William had a dispute with the Captain, jumped overboard and swam back to China. Joseph's youngest son, Tom, was a cripple and confined to a wheel chair for years. The only daughter, Joanna, married a Mr. Hansell who was ill at the time and who died on the same night that they were married.

*James Clarence* was the next brother in age to Grandfather. He was born in 1812 and was more intimate with Grandfather than any of his brothers, frequently driving up from his Trenton home on Sundays to visit him. He too learned the cabinet trade from Stacy Pickering as had Grandfather, and was always a man of steady habits and good business ability. For years he was a successful undertaker in Trenton, having his home, with the funeral establishment in the same building, on South Broad Street. His wife, Mary Kitchen, was a reserved woman, rarely leaving her own home and apparently caring very little for company, but James always kept up the family intimacy. This one of Father's uncles on the Taylor side, is the only one I ever saw. He was a tall, handsome man with long white beard, stately and yet friendly. He frequently called on Mother when we lived in Trenton. Always genial, he was ever a welcome guest. A few months before his death in 1890 he married for a second time.

James and Mary had seven children, Emily, George, James, Zachary, Ed, Susan and Lizzie. Emily married Harry Stoll. George was an engineer, considered in his time one of the best on the Pennsyl-



vania Railroad. He and his family lived in New Brunswick. James (Jim) was in the Civil war and prisoner for eleven months in Libby and Andersonville prisons. When released he was so weak he could not walk, but during the time of his imprisonment he invented a corpse preserver which, on his return home, his father began using in their undertaking business. At first they employed a man who could make but two preservers a week. Then, as Grandfather had stopped his undertaking by that time, he let Bennett Bowman, his fast workman, go to help James. Bennett had to make but one preserver to learn how they were constructed and after the first one, could turn out one a day, receiving seven dollars for each one. Ed was associated with his father in the undertaking work and took it over after his father's death, leaving it at his own death to his son Raymond, who is still continuing it as a partner in the firm of Ivins and Taylor. They have given up the establishment on South Broad and now have their funeral parlors in what was formerly a fine old home on Prospect street in West Trenton.

The two younger daughters, Susan and Lizzie, spent their last years together. Lizzie never married. Sue married a Chandler who preceded her in death by many years. Their only child, Allie (Chandler) Ecles, died young, leaving her two boys, Clarence and Warren, in her mother's care. The elder grandson, Clarence died before Sue, who was the last of her family to go.

*Mahlon H.*, Grandfather's youngest brother, was born in 1814 after the death of his father, and died in 1878. He was a tailor and lived for a time in the house east of Grandfather's home in Taylorsville. Later he moved to Lambertville and afterwards to Philadelphia where he became a cutter at Wanamaker's. Mahlon and Phebe (Bennett) Taylor had four children. Their one son, Sam, was a splendid mechanic and devoted to his father. Mahlon's oldest daughter, Hannah, was a fine woman. She married Frank Gove in 1856 and lived in Trenton. Her daughter, Eva, married Joseph Wells. Their elder daughter, Jeannette, had a beautiful voice and for many years was a successful concert singer. Both she and her younger sister died several years ago. Mahlon's two younger daugh-



ters, Phebe and Emma, both married. Emma married a Roland and lived in Philadelphia.

### THE TIMOTHY TAYLOR LINE

*Timothy Taylor*, son of Benjamin and Hannah (Towne) Taylor, was born in Newtown Township June 6, 1729 and died August 26, 1780. On December 27, 1752 he married Letitia Kirkbride, daughter of Mahlon and Mary (Sotcher) Kirkbride and sister of Mary Kirkbride, the wife of his brother Bernard, our ancestor. Letitia died about 1770 and on November 19, 1772 Timothy married Sarah Yardley, the daughter of William and Ann (Budd) Yardley and granddaughter of Thomas and Ann (Biles) Yardley.

Timothy was a carpenter, living all his life near Newtown. In 1754 his father conveyed to him 150 acres of his Newtown plantation. Timothy was a prominent man of his time, Justice of the Peace, Justice of the Court of Common Pleas Bucks County in 1784, and an influential member of the Society of Friends. He and his brother Bernard, as previously stated, were two of the trustees appointed by Falls Meeting to purchase land and erect Makefield Meeting House.

Timothy's twelve children and some descendants are shown on the genealogical table. Speakman Buckman, who married Father's sister Mary, was one of these descendants. A Taylor Tree, of which several copies are extant, shows the numerous ramifications of Timothy's family.

### GRANDMOTHER'S BROTHERS

Grandmother's sister Elizabeth died in infancy and a younger sister, Jane, at the age of thirteen but all three brothers grew to maturity and outlived Grandmother.

*Henry*, the eldest brother, was born in Philadelphia March 2, 1808. A brief sketch of his life in the Pennington Seminary Review of December, 1895, gives most of the following information concerning his life and character. "He was adopted while yet a child by his uncle Henry who owned a farm in the neighborhood of Pen-



nington. (This must have been his great Uncle Henry Baker, who lived in New Jersey and who by the terms of his will, written in 1825, made this grand-nephew his heir.) Henry lived near Pennington till he came of age, then for a short time was a merchant in that village. He purchased a piece of land of about twenty-five acres including the plot of ground on which the Seminary buildings now stand. About 1843 he bought to the north of Pennington, just a little out of the village, the homestead on which he lived for the rest of his life. Here he brought up his children and "dispensed to multitudes, especially to the Methodist clergy, a sweet and charming Christian hospitality."

He was converted in 1832 during a great religious revival in Pennington, became at once an active Christian worker and was licensed to preach. He was admitted on trial to the New Jersey Annual Conference and appointed to a new charge but on account of poor health withdrew from the Conference during the year. He was a deacon, a man of unblemished character, a devout Christian, a good preacher, generous to the poor and "beloved by his family and neighbors and highly esteemed by all who knew him." Of his beautiful gift of prayer one of his son's friends wrote, "To hear one of the sturdy farmer's prayers before the sermon . . . one might suppose that he was hearing a great poet reciting his lines of blank verse rhythmically . . . His prayers sometimes discounted, not for length but for quality, the subsequent sermon."

Henry was closely associated with the Rev. John K. Shaw, the founder of Pennington Seminary, in its establishment. Mr. Shaw as pastor at Pennington conceived the idea of having the Seminary, which the Annual Conference of 1838 had taken action to have built in New Jersey, located at Pennington. Henry encouraged his pastor in the thought and advised him to submit the proposal to two brothers, Drs. Blachley, who had means and were friends of higher education. They promised financial aid and Shaw then canvassed widely for subscriptions, obtaining \$12,000 so that by May 1839 "the corner stone of Pennington Seminary was laid in the midst of general rejoicing by Bishops Hedding and Waugh." For many years



Henry was trustee of the Seminary and for seventeen years from its beginning was treasurer of the Board of Trustees.

Henry's first wife was Sarah Roberts, whom he married in 1827 and by whom he had six children. Isaac, his eldest son, never married; he lived with his father all his life. Henry's daughter Jennie married John Bolby and lived in Trenton. Henry's second wife, Anna P. Hoffman, of Philadelphia, whom he married in 1842, was the mother of their "distinguished son, the Reverend Henry Baker, Jr., D.D., who is known for his polished eloquence and beautiful Christian character." After the death of Henry's second wife he and his son Isaac lived alone on the farm home. His niece, Father's sister Sallie, after her mother's death, often spent months in their home in helping to care for them.

Henry's youngest son, Henry Jr., was graduated from Wesleyan University in 1864, where William V. Kelly was his classmate, roommate and closest friend. Dr. Kelly was also a Methodist minister of distinction and the author of some religious works. Henry, as a preacher for forty-five years, covered a wide range of pastorates, serving in ten different conferences during that time. "His migrations were the results of his reputation and the impression made upon laymen who were seeking for pastors. Also the Bishops considered him adapted to the more conspicuous churches and suggested him when a transfer was to be made." He entered the New Jersey Conference in 1865 and filled the following appointments: Bridgeton, Camden and Princeton in New Jersey; Covington, Kentucky; Cleveland and Akron, Ohio; Walnut Hills, Cincinnati; St. Paul's at Newark, New Jersey; Simpson in Brooklyn and St. James, New York City; Park Avenue and Arch Street, Philadelphia; Wilmington, Delaware; Christ Church in Pittsburgh; New Haven and Middletown, Connecticut; and Patchogue, Long Island, from which place he was superannuated in 1910.

By his first wife, Jennie, Henry had two children, Anna and Arthur. His second wife was Gertrude Ransom, whom we met at my sister's wedding, when this gifted cousin came to Leonia to perform her marriage ceremony. Gertrude was an attractive woman



and combined business ability with personal charm. For several years she and her sister Bessie were successful managers of the Minot House in Asbury Park. After retiring Henry made his home in Asbury although he died at Clifton Springs, New York, a few years after superannuation. Gertrude died several years later.

*Thomas*, the second brother, was born in 1817 in Upper Makefield, Bucks County. When but a lad he went to learn the printing trade under his uncle Stephen Ustick, of Washington, D. C., who needed an apprentice. Stephen, seconded by his wife, had written his sister, Mary, Thomas's mother, urging her to let young Thomas come for this purpose, offering him a home with his own family and promising to care for the boy as his own son. So the lad was sent.

Later Thomas became a printer in Philadelphia where he and his family lived for several years. Thomas and Margaret had three children, Tom, Sue, and Clara. Sue never married. Clara married Hiram Rice, a well-to-do business man of Trenton, who owned a large and attractive home on Clinton Street, afterwards the Friends' Home. (Here Mother's "Sister Phebe" spent the last seven years of her life and here she died in 1919.) Thomas lived with his daughter Clara and family in Trenton for the last years of his life. His intense interest in the "Jennings Estate," the lost family fortune in England, and his indefatigable efforts to obtain contributions for recovering this fortune have been mentioned in Part I. He died before the bubble burst.

*Samuel Baker*, the youngest brother, was born in Upper Makefield in 1819. His photograph indicates a man of good looks and kindly nature. He spent many years of his life on the old Baker farm south of Taylorsville and always kept up an intimacy with Grandmother's family. He and his wife, Elizabeth, (Lib), left the farm in 1866, moving first to Taylorsville and eventually to Baptistown, New Jersey, where Elizabeth died before Samuel. Their only child, Sallie, died in 1855 at the age of thirteen. Their adopted daughter, Annie Bowman, married a Methodist minister by the name of Miller and lived in Upper Pennsylvania.



## CHAPTER IV

### MOTHER'S ANCESTORS AND OTHER RELATIVES ANCESTORS

Mother's paternal ancestors were the Snyders, of whom she knew but little. Her father was an only son of an only son and he in turn had an only son, Henry. Henry's only son was Samuel Eugene Snyder, of whom we have known nothing since the death of his mother, Clara (Fox) Snyder, who outlived Henry by several years. Grandfather's niece, Mary, who married Joseph Ashton and lived in Trenton, Mother occasionally visited during our residence there, but lost track of her in the years that followed.

Mother's maternal ancestors were the Hibbs, Van Horn and Mode families, who all came to America in early colonial times.

*William Hibbs*, of Kent County, England, settled in Burlington, New Jersey, in 1677, but in 1683 moved to Byberry, Pennsylvania, where he was engaged in farming. As a member of the Byberry Friends Meeting he was one of those remaining with the meeting during the Keithian controversy. In 1686 he married Hannah Howell. A copy of their marriage certificate follows:

Copy of marriage certificate of William Hibbs to Hannah Houl (Howell)  
Dated December 2, 1686

(From the archives of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Vol. 71. Taken from the records of the Abington, Pa. Friends Monthly Meeting.)

Whereas William Hibbs of Byberry and Hannah Houl ye daughter of Thomas Houl of Southampton both of ye county of Philadelphia having declared their intentions of marriage with each other before several monthly meetings of ye people of God called Quakers according to ye good order used amongst them & also published their said intentions by writing according to law whose proceedings therein after deliberate consideration thereof being approved by ye said meetings.

Now these are to certify all whom it may concern that for ye full accomplishing of their said intentions this second day of ye twelfth month one thousand six hundred eighty and six they ye aforesaid William Hibbs and

Hannah Houl appeared in a publique & solemne assembly of ye aforesaid people met together at ye house of John Hart at Byberry aforesaid and he ye said William Hibbs taking ye said Hannah Houl by ye hand did openly declare that he taketh her to be his wife solemnly promising to be to her a faithful husband till death separate and in like manner she ye said Hannah Houl taking ye said William Hibbs by ye hand did declare that she taketh him to be her husband solemnly promising to be to him a faithful wife till death separate and ye said William Hibbs & Hannah Houl as a further confirmation of their marriage did then and thereto these presents set their hands and we whose names are hereunto subscribed being present at ye solemnizing of their said marriage & subscription in manner aforesaid were witnesses thereof ye day and year above written

Tho: Houl	Mary Ellis	William Hibbs
Job Houl	Susanna Hart	Hannah Hibbs
Walter Forest	Hannah Packer	
Jo: Carver	Hannah English	
Tho: Bingley	Ann Forrest	
Jo: Rush	Ann Conditt	
Hen: English		
Nehemiah Allen		
Jo: Gilbert		
Wm. Carver		
Wm. Walton		
Jo: Hart		

William and Hannah had three children, Joseph, William Jr. and Jacob. William Jr., born about 1700 and his wife, Ann (Carter), whom he married April 2, 1728 were ancestors of J. Fennimore Cooper, the novelist.

*Jacob*, Mother's ancestor, was born about 1702 and died in 1741. On June 15, 1727, he married Elizabeth Johnson, daughter of John and Margaret. Jacob owned one hundred ninety acres of land in Byberry township. He and Elizabeth had five children. The eldest, *Jonathan*, was born about 1729 and in 1753 married Sarah de Guyon, whose sister Elizabeth was the wife of Jonathan's brother Jacob Jr. These two brothers were vestrymen of St. James Episcopal church at Bristol, Pennsylvania 1762-1767. Jonathan was a Revolutionary soldier in 1775.

*Jonathan Jr.*, son of Jonathan and Sarah, was born about 1754 and in 1776 married Mary Lambert(?). They had two children,



Lambert and Sarah. *Lambert* was born April 26, 1777 and on May 7, 1801 married *Phebe Mode* (Moode).

On her father's side Phebe was descended from *John* and *Christian Palmer* of England, whose eldest daughter *Hannah* married *Joseph Headley* in 1706. Hannah and Joseph's sixth child, *Hannah*, married *Andrew Mode* (Moode) and Andrew and Hannah's fourth child, *Joseph*, was born December 22, 1751. He was a soldier in the Revolutionary War in 1775. In 1776 he married Charity Van Horn. Their fourth child was Phebe.

Phebe's mother, *Charity Van Horn*, was descended from Christian Barentsen Van Horn (or Hoorn), the date of whose birth is unknown. The Van Horns assumed their family name in the eleventh century. They were of Flemish origin and many of them in those early centuries were men of prominence and closely associated with royalty. Christian's parentage is not known but his grandparent was probably either Count John Van Horn or his brother Philip, Flemish soldiers and statesmen.

*Christian Barentsen Van Horn* came to America about 1640 from Hoorn, Holland, a pleasant city on the Zuyder Zee, and settled in New Amsterdam. On January 18, 1656 he was appointed as fire warden at Fort Amsterdam and on April 17, 1657 was made a small burgher in New Amsterdam, where he owned land at the corner of Broadway and Wall street. He was a carpenter and builder and later settled near Wilmington, Delaware, where he began to build a mill on his land on Sweet Nut Island opposite Newport, Delaware. He died while building this mill, on July 26, 1658.

Christian and his wife, *Jannetje Jans*, had three children, the eldest of whom was *Barent*, born August 30, 1651. Barent lived and died in Bergen County, New Jersey, where he owned large tracts of land at Pemmerpoeck and on Kill von Kull (Newark Bay). He also obtained a grant of 160 acres on the "Hackingsack" River and owned 550 acres of land in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, near the Neshaminy. He and his wife, *Gertje Dircks Claussen*, had eleven children some of whom lived in the same county in New Jersey as their parents and some of whom settled in Bucks County. Christian



and Gertje's third son, *Peter*, was born at Bergen, New Jersey, April 19, 1686, and was married in 1704 to Tryntje Van Dyke. His second wife, *Elizabeth Gabriels*, whom he married at Albany in 1708, was Charity's ancestor. Peter purchased from his father in 1707 a large tract of land in Middletown Township, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, where he settled, not far from Bristol. He joined the St. James Episcopal Church at Bristol, in which he served as a vestryman. He died in 1749-'50. His will is on file in Bucks County.

Peter's third child, *Gabriel*, was born in 1716 and married *Martha Bretsford* at the First Presbyterian church in Philadelphia in 1737. They lived in or near Bristol. Gabriel served from October 1, 1756 to October 1, 1757 as Representative of Bucks County in the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania and was also a private in the Revolutionary War with his brother Garrett and three of his own sons. Gabriel and Martha Van Horn's eighth child in their family of twelve was Charity who married Joseph Mode. These were Phebe's parents, as stated above.

*Lambert and Phebe (Mode) Hibbs* had interesting parallels in their ancestry: The parents of both were married in 1776. Lambert's grandfather, Jonathan Hibbs, and Phebe's great-grandfather, Peter Van Horn, were both vestrymen in the St. James Episcopal Church at Bristol where Phebe's mother, Charity Van Horn, sang in the choir. Phebe's maternal grandfather, Gabriel Van Horn, and her father, Joseph Mode, and Lambert's grandfather, Jonathan Hibbs, were all Revolutionary Soldiers and members of the same Company, The Fifth Associated Company of Middletown Township, which assembled August 21, 1775 under the captaincy of Augustin Willett. These three ancestors of Mother's, each from a different family, all fought side by side for their country's freedom in a company from the neighborhood of Bristol, where years later she spent her girlhood.

#### NEAR RELATIVES

Lambert and Phebe Hibbs, Mother's grandparents, had eleven children. *William*, the eldest, was born in 1802 and in 1822 married Elizabeth Holcomb. Their home in Upper Makefield, described



on p. 183, was taken over after William's death by his son George, who was stricken in 1872 with an illness from which he never recovered. George left the farm after the death of his son, William, in 1881, and moved with his family to Taylorsville where they lived for two years in the house part of the store, at that time run by James Jamieson. Then George moved to Newtown where he built a home on Chancellor street in which he lived until his death in 1894. His wife, Hannah (Stapler), and their two daughters survived him and continued to live in the home until after Hannah's death in 1903. The two daughters, Sadie (Hibbs) Richardson and Mabel Hibbs, still reside in Newtown. William had three daughters: Mary Eliza who married Robert Tomlinson (see p. 195); Della who never married and Anna, older than George, who married Chauncey Thorn. Both Anna and her husband were Quaker preachers and lived in Skaneateles, New York. Their two children, Marian and Luella, both died young. Luella was a graduate of Bryn Mawr. Mary Eliza's descendants are shown on the Van Horn Hibbs genealogical table.

*Joseph*, Lambert and Phebe's second son, born in 1804 died at the age of twenty-five, unmarried.

*Elizabeth*, the eldest daughter, was born in 1806 and in 1824 married John Holcomb. A brief account of their fine old home on the Newtown Pike and of their four children is given on p. 164.

*Anna Amelia*, the fourth child, was born Eighth Month 8th, 1808. She became the second wife of Samuel Snyder in 1850, six years after the death of his first wife, Mary, Anna's younger sister. The story of Anna's years after marriage is briefly recounted in Part I.

*Mary* was born in 1811 and in 1839 married Samuel Snyder. They were Mother's parents of whom more is given later.

*Abdon Buckman*, the third son of Lambert and Phebe, was born in 1813 and in 1836 married Esther Betts Lownes, daughter of James and Mercy (Betts) Lownes. Esther died in 1838, leaving a baby daughter, Phebe Mode, born February 4, 1837. After his wife's death Abdon and his infant daughter moved back to his parents' home where little Phebe was brought up by them until, at



the age of sixteen she went to live with her mother's brother and sister, Thomas and Eliza Lownes. In 1858 or '9 Phebe married Moses Harvey Tomlinson. They had two children, Maud, who married John Satterthwaite, and Harry who died in infancy. The elder of Maud's two sons, Harvey, is a lawyer in Trenton. Benjamin, the younger, is proprietor of the hardware store in Trenton formerly owned by his grandfather, Harvey Tomlinson, and his father, John Satterthwaite.

In 1844 Abdon married as his second wife, Emma Lownes, daughter of Hannah. Abdon and Emma had four children, Edwin Buckman, Richard Betts, who died at the age of three, Eliza Knowles and Charles Knowles. Edwin, Abdon's eldest son, born January 1845, was married on November 12, 1867, to Catherine Taylor Willis, daughter of Charles Emery Willis. Catherine (Kate) died early in 1876. Their daughter, Florence Willis, was brought up by her grandfather Willis and her step-grandmother, who was kindness itself and gave her a happy girlhood home. When Florence was seventeen her grandfather rented his own home and he and his family went to live with his married daughter, Mary E. Matthews. Later they moved to the home of his daughter Eva Wynne in Germantown, in whose home Florence was married in 1893 to Linton Satterthwaite, the brother of Maud Tomlinson's husband John.

Edwin, on December 25, 1876, married Marian Maud Hutchinson. Edwin's wife Maud died in 1890 and in 1897 he married Elizabeth Greer, who survived him. Edwin died in 1921. Edwin and Maud had two children, Mabel Hutchinson and Harold. Mabel married Frederic S. Withington of Rutherford, New Jersey, on September 1, 1900. Frederic was a successful insurance actuary. After several years in San Francisco, Des Moines and Kansas City, he and Mabel, after his retirement, moved back to Seymour, Connecticut with their youngest son, Edwin. Here Frederic died in February, 1939 and was buried at Rutherford, New Jersey, where he had served as a vestryman in the Episcopal church for many years. Edwin's son, Harold, was adopted by Tom Buckman when his name was changed to Harold Hibbs Buckman. In 1910 Harold married Georgianna



Cheney. They now reside in California. Abdon's grandchildren and families are given on the Van Horn Hibbs genealogical table.

*Samuel Hibbs*, seventh child of Lambert and Phebe, was born March 8, 1816. On April 15, 1841 he married Ellen Blackfan Smith, whose family belonged to the Smiths of Smith Corners, just over the township line in Buckingham. Samuel and Ellen lived in this vicinity for some years. Later they moved to Newtown where Samuel was President of the First National Bank which was organized in 1864. They left Newtown in the late sixties or early seventies and moved to Mound City, Kansas, where some of Ellen's relatives had settled, and thence to Pleasanton, seven miles away, where they spent the remaining years of their life. Samuel died there April 29, 1882.

Samuel and Ellen had three children, *Lambert*, *Jane* and *Anna*. Lambert married *Martha Simpson* and left Bucks County for Mound City in the early years of his married life. Later he moved to Sprague, Missouri, a little village eighteen miles from Pleasanton, and thence to Baxter Springs, Missouri, where he died. "Bert" and "Mattie" had four children, Samuel Willis, Russell, Fred and Walter. Willis was born in Bucks County; the other three in Mound City, Kansas. Willis married Kate Smith and they have lived for many years in Kansas City, Missouri. Russell married Elizabeth Smith, a younger sister of Kate. Their home is in Stafford, Kansas. One of Russell's two sons, Ben, is an Associate Editor of the "Country Gentleman," published by the Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia. The names of Willis's two children and of Russell's other children are given on the Van Horn Hibbs genealogical table.

Samuel and Ellen's elder daughter, Jane (Jennie), never married. She was always delicate and waited upon by all her family, all of whom she survived. After the death of her parents she lived with her sister, Anna Blaker, and later with Anna's daughter, Eleanor Withington, in whose home she died in 1929. Anna, the youngest child, with her pretty curls, was one of the most attractive and jolliest of all the family of Mother's first cousins. Mother tells of one of her pranks at boarding school, typical of her love of mischief:



Anna picked up a pillow from her bed one day and hurled it at her roommate as she heard her coming up the stairs, but just as the pillow left her hands she saw to her dismay that her victim was one of the professors instead of her roommate! Quick as a flash she rushed into a teacher's room and seizing one of the pillows from the bed there, replaced the one she had taken from her own bed. When the professor thought to discover the culprit by locating the room where the pillow was missing, the only empty space he found was in a teacher's room! Anna's love of fun and of games, her hearty laugh, her delicious cooking, her pleasant ways and her devotion to her home are well remembered by all who knew her.

In 1869 Anna married Alfred Blaker of Newtown, who at that time held a position there in the First National Bank. The bank was then located in the former County Office building which had been bought from the Judge Jenks estate. The west part of the building was a residence in which Anna and Alfred lived. Here their eldest son, Ernest, was born. A few years later they moved to Pleasanton, Kansas where they lived for the rest of their lives. Their daughter Eleanor and son Will were born in Pleasanton. Ernest, after his graduation at Kansas University came East to Ithaca, New York, where he became an instructor at Cornell University. Here he took his degree of Doctor of Philosophy and for a number of years was a much respected and much admired professor in the Physics department of that University. Shortly after the war, during which time he gave special courses in Aviation, he resigned his professorship at Cornell to accept a position with the Goodrich firm in Akron, Ohio, from which position he has but recently retired. On September 1, 1900, Ernest married Adelaide Marion Cornell and took her as a bride to Ithaca the first fall that I was in attendance at Cornell. As we were both strangers in the place we saw much of each other and a firm friendship sprang up between us. Their only child, Marion Adelaide Blaker, was born in Ithaca. She is now married and living in New York City.

Eleanor was Anna's only daughter. In 1901 she married Jay Withington, a Presbyterian minister serving charges in Kansas and Colo-



rado. After his retirement they settled in Emporia, Kansas, where their only son, Alfred, was in business. In the early fall of 1939 they settled near Portland, Oregon, where their son now resides. Anna died suddenly on March 30, 1907 and Alfred in 1916. Will, their youngest son, died in June, 1929.

*Ruth*, the youngest daughter of Lambert and Phebe Hibbs, was born February 27, 1818 and was married May 12, 1842 to Edward H. Welding. Their home was in Canada where Ruth died October 19, 1843. After the death of their only daughter about thirty years ago, their granddaughter sent to Mother some beautiful solid silver spoons, marked R H, that had belonged to Ruth for whom Mother was named. Nothing further concerning Ruth's descendants is known by the relatives.

*Daniel Mode Hibbs*, the ninth child of Lambert and Phebe, was born June 16, 1820 and on October 26, 1843 married Esther M. Wilkinson. Daniel and Esther had four children: Rosalia, Carrie, Anna and Ellen. Rose married Reuben Thomas on October 10, 1872 and moved to Illinois. They had five children, Eva, Howard, Carolyn, Edgar and Warren. After the death of her husband, Rose lived with a son in Oklahoma and her married daughter, Carolyn Waters, in Topeka, Kansas. Carrie, Daniel's second daughter, died very suddenly on the home place when a young woman. She had been greatly fatigued after a strenuous day's work, had eaten a hearty supper and within a short time was desperately ill and died a few hours later. The third child, Anna, married Alfred Washburn and lived at Chappequa, New York, where her two daughters, Mary and Caroline, were born. After her husband's death Anna taught school for some years. In 1904 she was teaching in Newtown. Later she married Robert Eastburn, of Yardleyville, Pennsylvania, whom she survived by a few years. Ellen (Nellie) Wilkinson, the youngest of Daniel's children, never married and was the last one of the twenty-four grandchildren of Lambert and Phebe to go. She died at the Friends' Home in Newtown, in June, 1937. The families of Rose's children and Anna's are shown on the Van Horn Hibbs genealogical table.



*Albert*, the youngest of the eleven children, was born December 11, 1826 and on January 17, 1850, married Margaret Simpson. When a young man he had a serious illness which confined him to the house for many months. During convalescence he busied himself with household tasks and learned to cook, bake and sew. His meals were delectable, Mother used to say; his pies delicious and his cakes "as light as a feather." He gave Mother a beautiful blue and white quilt that he himself had pieced and quilted. So highly did she treasure it that she kept it carefully wrapped and packed away in her best cedar chest. When she left us in 1916 the quilt, over fifty years old, was as clean, as fresh and as bright as the day it was finished. It is now a highly prized possession of my sister.

Although brought up a Quaker Albert became a regular attendant of the Presbyterian church after his marriage, and the family well knew the unfailing rule that on Sunday morning there would be no argument about going to church. When the carriage was at the door the members of the family were expected to be ready and no time was lost, behind the fast horses that Albert loved to drive, in reaching the country church some few miles distant. Albert was a handsome man, genial, full of animation and easily a favorite among his numerous nieces and nephews, all of whom loved a visit with "Uncle Bert." Albert and Margaret had two children, Simpson, who died in early manhood and Mary Simpson, a tiny woman but precious. Her strong and beautiful character has been referred to in the account of her husband, Justice Taylor, grandson of Bernard, given on pp. 271-'2.

Albert and Margaret left their farm home above Pineville (See p. 191) about 1891 and spent the remaining years of their life with their daughter, Mary, in her Philadelphia home. Here Albert died on January 10, 1896 and his widow in 1909.

#### PARENTS

*Samuel Snyder* was born in Nockamixon Township May 6, 1801. He met Mary Hibbs while he was teaching in the neighborhood near her home at the Paxton "Eight Square" school and they were



married April 13, 1839. Samuel was finely educated, especially in the classical languages, and wished to become a lawyer, but his father, a strict Methodist, had set his heart upon seeing this only son a minister and bitterly opposed the legal profession. Samuel felt no call for the ministry but out of deference to his father's wishes gave up the study of law, and became a sad illustration of too much parental influence. He turned to school teaching as a compromise, but his heart was not in the work and in spite of his talents and scholarship, he never rose to prominence in this field.

Like his father, Samuel was a devoted member of the Methodist church, usually serving as an official. He was always a regular attendant as long as his health permitted, especially on rainy Sundays which he emphatically declared was the time a person *ought* to go to church. Notwithstanding his uprightness of character, fine mind, scholarly education and devoted love for his wife and daughter, he had an unhappy disposition, no doubt largely because of his thwarted ambitions, and died as he had lived, a sad and disappointed man. The story of his later years has been told in Part I.

*Mary Hibbs*, the fifth child of Lambert and Phebe, was a beautiful young girl and with her gentle and lovable disposition was a great favorite in the large family of brothers and sisters. She and her three sisters were very popular in their day. Anna, who lived to a ripe age, passed on accounts of their early doings: "The young men of our day used to come in the mornings to ask for our company for whatever festivities were in the air. It was usually a case of the ones who got there first—they were the winners of the day," she would laughingly say. Winter was the season for many good times. The long evenings and fine sleighing made double attractions for numerous visits in groups and frequent parties at the homes of friends. Among the favorite diversions of these winter evenings were the "apple cuttings," when apples were brought in by the tub full to be pared and cut for drying, after which the young people danced until early morning. This good Quaker family, like all the Friends of that day, were fond of home dancing but bitterly opposed to public dancing and to the playing of cards.



In a poem written in honor of a wedding anniversary many years ago some of the games of those olden days were recalled years later by a reminiscient amateur poet:

"I recall to mind a parlor old,  
With narrow hall and doors without fold,  
Its wide fireplace with andirons bright,  
Its wooden mantel and tallow light,  
Its home made carpet and uncushioned seat,  
Yet scene of many a memory sweet,  
Of old time games which could not tire,  
(While chestnuts roasted before the fire),  
Of hunt the slipper (and catch it too),  
Of blind-man's buff and butter beans blue,  
Of rub the button and cross the sticks,  
Of twist the plate and grandpa's chicks.  
How over and over we played them all,  
Yet over again would be the call."

Mary with her sweet disposition was a young woman of talent and ambition. She was adept with her needles, both in sewing and knitting. A lovely old quilt with fine, even quilting, and knitted lace in delicate patterns, carefully treasured by Mother, are among my prized possessions, as is an old needle book with stitches so fine one wonders how a needle and thread fine enough or hands delicate enough could be found to produce such an exquisite bit of handwork.

Mary and Samuel had two children, Henry, born January 13, 1840 and Ruth, born August 14, 1841. After the birth of her little Ruth so tiny a baby that "a tea cup would cover her head," Mary was an invalid, confined to her bed and a great sufferer. She died in 1842 and was buried at Makefield, but no one knows the spot in which she lies, for she died before stones were allowed in this country burying ground, where it was then the custom to bury each in turn in a long row near the eastern fence.

During those three years of suffering, while she was tenderly cared for by her husband, who idolized her, and by her sister Anna, Mary not only knitted dainty baby caps of fine lace patterns and exquisite lace collars, but also wrote a series of little books for her





*Rose  
(Hibbs) Thomas*



*Anna  
(Hibbs) Blaker*



*Hannah Holcomb*

*The  
Grandmother  
and  
Six of Her*



*Granddaughters  
in  
Young  
Womanhood*

*Phebe (Mode) Hibbs*



*Mary S.  
(Hibbs) Taylor*



*Ruth A.  
(Snyder) Taylor  
Mother*



*Phebe  
(Hibbs) Tomlinson*

## Spring



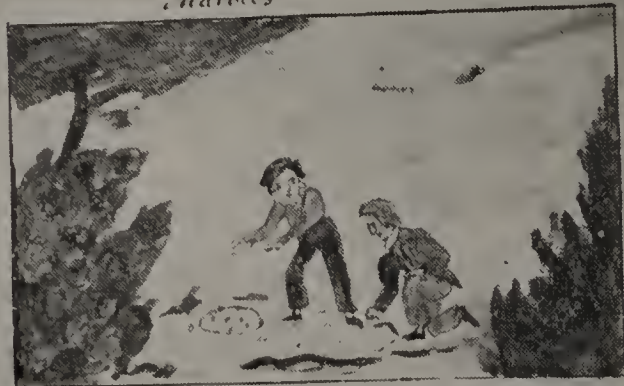
When the winter is over  
And the spring returns once more  
Our leisure hours will pass away,  
In sports and amusing play.

## Shuttlecock



This is of all the games that's play'd,  
Best suited for a pretty maid

## Marbles



At marbles two or three can play,  
At morning, noon or close of day

## Pages from The Little Booklet on Games



Come here little Puss,  
And I'll make you quite smart,  
You shall wear this gold chain  
And I'll wear this fine heart.  
And when we are drest,  
My Auntie shall see  
Who then will look best,  
Little Pussy or me.



There was once a nice little dog, Trim,  
Who never had ill temper or whim;  
He could sit up and dance,  
Could run, skip, and prance,—  
Who would not like little dog, Trim?



children, illustrating them by pictures in water colors. As she had never had painting lessons, the quaint pictures are often out of perspective, but show a native talent in her skillful use of colors and her perfection of detail. The little rhymes under the pictures, printed in her neat hand, as do the pictures themselves, reveal a remarkable understanding of a child's nature and interests, and portray a number of the childish games of that day. These little volumes with their hand-illustrated covers, so cleverly and neatly bound by hand, although serious in content and often pointing a moral, are no mean rivals of Mother Goose and deserve a wider circle of admirers than Mary's few descendants have afforded. Two double pages taken from the volumes as shown in the cut opposite, lose much of their flavor, lacking the soft tints of the water colors, which are still fresh and unfaded, although the paper, mellowing with the hundred years of age, is showing the brown spots that the years inevitably bring. However, the quaint figures and original rhymes give some idea of the picturesqueness of the little books—Mary's work of love for her children.

THE END.

## APPENDIX

The following Notes concerning Philip Taylor, Henry Baker and the Kirkbride ancestry are excerpts from two of several volumes of material collected by Bertha M. B. (Mrs. Stanton) Taylor of Philadelphia, who has for years been engaged in genealogical research. Mrs. Taylor is a life member of the Society of Genealogist of London, of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, of the Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania, of the Frankford Historical Society of Philadelphia, the New Century Guild of Philadelphia and others. She is the daughter of Joseph S. and Annie West Borgenski and granddaughter of James and Annie Wainwright Reid West. Her husband, Melburne Stanton Taylor, was the son of Robert Fulton Taylor and grandson of Bernard Taylor of Taylorsville as shown on the Taylor genealogy. Robert was born in Taylorsville in 1829 and for some years served as President of the 2nd and 3rd Street Passenger Railway of Philadelphia, where he died in 1873.

Stanton and Bertha's two sons are Melburne Stanton, Jr. and Marwood Bailey. Stanton Jr. married Katherine Marie Dippel in 1918 and their two children are Katherine Marie and Marwood Stanton. Marwood B. was married in 1909 to Frances Wood Kelly; their daughter, Mary Margaret, married Victor Freemont Lawson in 1937.

### DATA CONCERNING PHILIP TAYLOR

Philip Taylor, our American Taylor progenitor, was a Quaker preacher as early as 1679. About 1684 he was preaching at Colompton (Columbton) and Topsham, Devonshire. He was married 6-6-1676 at Eastern Division Meeting to Joane Dascombe, daughter of Katherine Bale of Tiverton. Concerning his second marriage at Eastern Division Meeting to Julian (Lyddon) Atkins of Withell, Somersetshire, who was born in 1660, the following records have been secured. They were copied from the Minute Book of West Somerset Monthly Meeting:

AT THE MONTHLY MEETING AT TAUNTON, <sup>Somerset</sup>DEVONSHIRE  
9th of 12th mo. 1684

WITHELL	An intention of marriage was also this day declared
PHILLIP TAYLER	to this meeting by & between Phillip Tayler the son of
JULIAN ATKINS	Gawin Tayler of Tiverton in the County of Devon and
	Julian Atkins widdow the daughter of Wm Liddon both partise being psent



and it is referred to Jno Holcomb Jno Alloway and Jno Cruze or any two of them to make enquiries as to ye clearnesse of ye sd Julian in respect of any other engagement and as to her father's consent and to make returne to ye next monthly Meeting at Taunton and that ye sd Phillip do also then bring a sufficient & full certificate from friends (2) Monthly Meeting for Collumpton in both respectes as to himselfe.

### AT THE MONTHLY MEETING AT TAUNTON

the 9th  $\frac{1}{\text{mo}}$  1685

WITHELL MEETING      Whereas an intention of marriage hath bin formerly  
JULIAN ATKINS      declared to the Monthly Meeting here at Taunton be-  
PHILIP TAYLER      tween Phillip Tayler and Julian Atkins and thereupon  
referred by the sd Meeting to certain p'sons to enquire into the clearenesse of  
each p<sup>ty</sup> with the consent of parents wch to this Meeting being fully  
answered to their satisfaction

This Meeting doth therefore consent and agree that the said Philip & Julian may in due time accomplish their intended marriage amongst friends in truth according to truth.

### ITEMS CONCERNING HENRY BAKER

(Furnished Mrs. Stanton Taylor by Niles White, Jr., of Baltimore)

The first record of Henry Baker is in the Records of Lancashire Quarterly Meeting of Friends which states that Henry Baker of Newton or Newtown, Lancashire, and Margaret Hardman were married 8-6-1667. The births of their eight children, some at Hindley and others at West Derby (near Liverpool) are also recorded. Henry, who was born March 1, 1634, was probably the son of Henry Baker (or Bowker) who married Mary Radcliff on February 14, 1632 at Manchester Cathedral. Henry and Margaret, six of their children and ten servants are mentioned as passengers on the "Vine" which arrived 7-17-1684 at Philadelphia. The children were Rachell, Rebecca, Phebey, Hester, Nathan, and Samuel, and among the servants were John and Henry Siddell for four years, James Yeates for five years and Deborah Booth for four years. Another daughter, Sarah, may have come over later when Henry visited England.

Various histories make mention of Henry Baker, one of the earliest settlers of Bucks County and a land owner in Upper Makefield in 1687. As late as 1692 when Lower Makefield was organized



Upper Makefield was still a wilderness. Henry's name appears among the owners of cattle in 1684; later he was dealt with by the Meeting for buying a negro. He was one of the original 14 lot holders of Bristol which was established as a market town in 1697 and became the capital of Bucks County; he was also one of the original purchasers of land in Wrightstown.

Henry was foreman of the first Grand Jury of Bucks County and the Court, following the suggestion made by the Grand Jury, decreed that Henry Baker and eleven others meet together at the Court House the day before the next court and then and there divide the county into Townships to be presented to the next court for approbation. For some reason this was not done. In September 1692 the Court again took up the matter and appointed the following, most of whom had been appointed the first time: Arthur Cook, Joseph Growden, John Cook, Thomas Janney, Richard Hough, Henry Baker, Phineas Pemberton, Joshua Hooper, William Biles, Nicholas Waln, Edmund Lovet, Abraham Cox, and James Bryden and ordered that they or the greater number of them meet together at the meeting house at Neshaminah the 27th day of this instant and divide this county into townships which they accordingly did.

At the houses of Henry Baker and a few others the Friends in the neighborhood held their meetings until the erection of Falls Meeting House in 1690. Henry's name was among the 200 who on 7-7-1692 signed a testimony against George Keith, a minister in the Society of Friends who had caused much trouble and brought about a division among the members, owing to the views he promulgated.

The creek south of Taylorsville known as Hough Creek for Richard Hough was originally known as Baker's Creek when Henry's son Samuel owned several hundred acres of land along the Delaware at the site of the present Washington Crossing. Samuel had purchased this land in 1722 when the 5000 acres of Penn's Manor lands conveyed 8-6-1707 to Tobias Collett, Daniel Duer and Henry Goldney were broken up and sold to various purchasers.

"Henry Baker through his son Samuel an ancestor of Johns Hop-



kins, the founder of Johns Hopkins University and Hospital in Baltimore and through his son Nathan an ancestor of Charles Robert Leslie R.A.—the distinguished author and artist so highly commended by Ruskin in his 'Modern Painters' gives an added general interest to any account of him and his family."

### THE ANCESTRY OF KIRKBRIDE of Kirkbride, Cumberland, England

Mary Kirkbride, who married Bernard Taylor, our ancestor, in 1746, and Letitia her sister, Timothy Taylor's wife, were descendants of the original Earl of Wigton as seen from the following Table: (Joseph, the eighteenth descendant was Mary's grandfather. Bernard and Mary were great-great grandparents of Father.)

1. Odard de Logis b 1205 First Baron of Wigton  
Sheriff of Carlisle Created Earl of Wigton by Henry I 1130  
|
2. Adam, Baron of Wigton b 1129 m Osanne \_\_\_\_\_  
|
3. Odard, Baron of Wigton d 1208 m Millisent de Blakeslee  
|
4. Adam, Baron of Wigton d 1225 m Joan \_\_\_\_\_  
|
5. Odard, Baron of Wigton d 1238 m Christine \_\_\_\_\_  
|
6. Walter, Baron of Wigton d 1286 m Isabel dau of Sir Richard de  
Forde of Norththumberland  
|
7. John, Baron of Wigton d 1315 m Lady Dionesse de Luvetot  
Member of Parliament 1301  
to 1313 Fought with Edward I "Was tower of strength in border wars"  
|
8. Sir Richard de Kirkbride d 1361 m Eupheme dau of Sir Richard de  
of Kirkbride "The manor of Levington  
Kirkbride, a parcel of the Barony  
of Wigton granted by Baron Wigton to Richard his son a knight"  
|
9. Richard de Kirkbride d 1405 m Elizabeth de Methlay  
|
10. Richard de Kirkbride d 1454 m Mary dau of Sir John Whytfeld  
|
11. Percival de Kirkbride d 1501 m Florence dau of Robert Sewell,  
Esq.

- |   |        |   |
|---|--------|---|
| 12. Richard de Kirkbride  | d 1566 | m Cyssey dau of Crystopher Monkers, Esq.  |
|   |        |   |
| 13. Richard de Kirkbride  | d 1592 | m Eleanor dau of Edmund Cliburne of Cliburne  |
|   |        |   |
| 14. Bernard de Kirkbride of Ellerton  | d 1622 | m Dorothy dau of Baron Dudley of Yanwith des from John, Duke of Northumberland cousin to Robert, Earl of Leischester and Ambrose, Earl of Warwick   |
|   |        |   |
| 15. Richard de Kirkbride<br>Col. reg. of foot in army of Charles I under Wm. Marquis of Newcastle   | d 1659 | m Bridget dau of Edward Maplate, Esq. (A Prebend of church of Carlisle)   |
|   |        |   |
| 16. Bernard de Kirkbride  | d 1677 | m Jane dau of Sir Timothy Fetherstone of Kirk Oswald (Beheaded by Cromwell)   |
|   |        |   |
| 17. Matthew de Kirkbride  | b 1636 | m Magdalen dau of Sir John Dalston of Dalston   |
|   |        |   |
| 18. Joseph Kirkbride<br>Sailed for America with William Penn in ship "Welcome" 1682. Granted 15000 acres in Pennsylvania by Penn. Member First Pennsylvania Assembly for 10 years | b 1662 | m Sarah dau of Mahlon Stacy of New Jersey Emigrated from Hull in ship "Shield" 1678. Granted 1-10 of New Jersey by Crown. Founder of Trenton. Descended from Stacy de Bellefield who accompanied William the Conqueror to England |























